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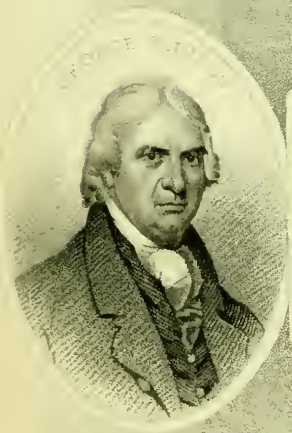

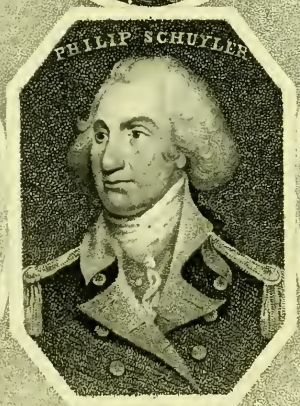

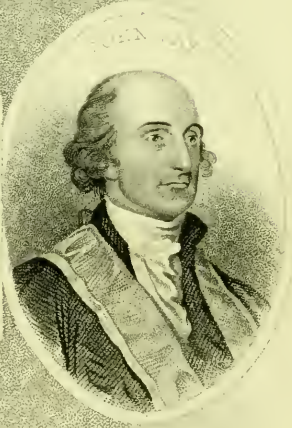

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Peter Stuyvesant, *the last of the Dutch Governors, died in New York in 1682, aged 80 years* George Clinton, *a General in the Revolutionary War, Governor of New York, Vice President of the United States, born in Orange Co. in 1739, died in Washington April 20, 1812.* Philip Schuyler *distinguished as a Civilian and General in the Revolution born in Albany in 1731, died in 1804.* John Jay, LL.D. *Chief Justice of the United States, rendered important national services: died at Bedford, N.Y. in 1829, aged 84.* — De Witt Clinton, *distinguished for his public spirit & enterprize: U.S. Senator, & Governor of New York died in 1828, aged 59 years.*

A

LEGACY

OF

HISTORICAL GLEANINGS,

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

MRS. CATHARINA V. R. BONNEY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND AUTOGRAPHS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

ALBANY, N. Y.:
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE LEGACY, WHY BEQUEATHED: Introductory. A Modest Request. Assertion of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Autobiographies, when Popular. Autographical Sketches. Gleanings. Historical Trail. Our great Progenitors, the Ish and Isha. St. Nicholas's Day. Oranje Boven in the Ascendancy. Dutchman's Perennial Standard. Santa Claus. Henry Hudson at the Fuyck. Patroons of 1629. De Herr Killian Van Rensselaer. Village of Beaverwyck. First House of Worship. Vigilance of Albanians. Indian Depredations. Citizens Scalped on Bethlehem Turnpike. Commerce of Early Times. Anneke Janse. Hendrick Van Rensselaer. Power of Attorney. Indians on the War-path. Rescue of Jesuit Priest. Destruction of Schenectady. Memorial Painting. Dutch Ancestry. Robert Sanders. Orders to Armorer 128 Years Ago. Quaint Letters,..... 1

CHAPTER II.

COLONIAL HISTORY: Robert Sanders to Sir William Johnson. The same to Col. Wendell. Same to General Lyman. Same to New Hampshire Committee. Same to Thomas Hubbard. Gen. Wolfe at Quebec. Robert Sanders to Richard Wibird. Aunt Schuyler's Mansion Burnt. A Spicy Letter. Death of Robert Sanders. Christian Stadle's Patent. Col. Philip Van Rensselaer. Affray at Boston. Destruction of Tea. General Schuyler to Philip Van Rensselaer. Robert Ray to same. Col. Ethan Allen. Firing from the Asia. Committee of One Hundred. Campaign in Canada. Interesting Letters. List of Officers and Spoils Taken. Capture of Col. Allen. Death of Montgomery. Teunis Ts. Van Vechten to Philip Van Rensselaer. Abraham P. Lott to same. Richard Varick to same. Daniel Hale. Henry Glen to same. Early Receipts. Declaration of Independence. Christopher Yates to P. Van Rensselaer,..... 24

CAPTER III.

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE: General Hendrick K. Van Rensselaer. Burgoyne at Ticonderoga. Hoisting Cannon. Battle of Fort Ann. Van Rensselaer Severely Wounded. Silver Balls. Battle of Saratoga. Van Alstyne Goes as a Spy. Surrender of Burgoyne's Army. Col. Nicholas Van Rensselaer Sent Express to Albany. Great Doings. Army Receipts. Col. Wagoner at Fort Stanwix. General Gansevoort. Han Yost. Daniel Hale to Philip Van Rensselaer. Capt. Frederick Visscher and Sir John Johnson. Attack of the Visschers. Aunty Putman. General Washington at Schenectady. Cornelius Ray to Philip Van Rensselaer. General Stephen Van Rensselaer. A Return to Lord Sterling. Letters from Yale College. Timothy Pickering. Gen. Gansevoort to Philip Van Rensselaer. Wedding Invitations 90 years ago. Dancing Assembly in 1791. Washington's *Bon Repos*. Union College Committee to Gen. Schuyler. P. Van Rensselaer to George Clinton,..... 58

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL WAYNE'S CAMPAIGN: Gen. St. Clair's Surprise. Appointment of Gen. Wayne. Solomon Van Rensselaer. Marching Orders from Gen. Knox. Far West. Abstract of Sundries. Commission for Captain. Capt. Campbell to Capt.

Van Rensselaer. Capt. Turner to same. Lieut. N. I. Visscher to same. Sorrel Troop. Gen. Wilkinson Tests the Metal. Garden Destroyed. An Offset. Indians Troublesome. Battle of the Miami. Indians Routed. Capt. Van Rensselaer Severely Wounded. Extract of Capt. Campbell's Will. Little Turtle. Capt. Van Rensselaer to Lieut. Visscher. The same to Gen Wayne. Several Letters from Officers. K. K. Van Rensselaer to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Henry Cuyler not Dead,..... 89

CHAPTER V.

EUROPEAN TRIP IN 1795: Lieut. Visscher to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Fort Wayne. Lieut. Posey to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Robert S. Van Rensselaer to his Sister. James Cuyler to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Letter from Amsterdam. Secretary of War to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Capt. Webb to same. Lieut. Blue to same. West Point Letters. Sol. Van Rensselaer to Secretary of War. Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Cousin. Dutch Letter. Mr. and Mrs. Church. Visit to Blenheim House. Duke of Malborough. Magnificent Park. Wedding Invitation. Maria Gansevoort. Abraham Hun. Tea Party,.....109

CHAPTER VI.

CUMBERLAND LINE: Tender Surveillance. Marriage. Marching Orders. Interesting Route. Letters and Diary. Down the Ohio in Flat Boat. Fort Washington. Lexington Letter. Gen. Wilkinson to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Knoxville. Cherokee Indians Dissatisfied. Lieut. Visscher to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Richard Varick to Philip Van Rensselaer. Secretary of War to Capt. Van Rensselaer. Letter from Fort Niagara. Major of Calvary,.....130

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLOUS TIMES: Death of General Washington. Mrs. Adams's Drawing Room Deferred. Funeral Procession in Albany. General Hamilton to Secretary of War. Same to Gen. Wilkinson. Governor Jay to Secretary of War. Gen. Wilkinson to Major Van Rensselaer. Duel in West Indies. "Shoot him on the Spot." Adjutant General. Death of General Schuyler. Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer. "Liberty and Equality." Political Elements in Albany. E. C. Genet's Counter Statement. Federalist's Meeting. Republican Meeting. Affray. Gov. Tayler to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Statement of facts by Federal Committee..... 150

CHAPTER VIII.

SPEECH OF HON. ELISHA WILLIAMS: Elisha Jenkins *vs.* Sol. Van Rensselaer. Solomon Van Rensselaer *vs.* John Tayler. The same *vs.* Charles D. Cooper. The same *vs.* Francis Bloodgood. Awards in the Several Cases. Elisha Williams. Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer. First Steamboat. Several Letters from Judge Van Ness. Gov. Morgan Lewis to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Several Letters. Gen. Van Rensselaer to the Public. Same to William Simmons. John P. Van Ness to Judge Van Ness. Gen. Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Death of General Gansevoort,.....170

CHAPTER IX.

DECLARATION OF WAR IN 1812: Maj. Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer in Command of Forces. Adj. Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer as Aid-de camp. Departure of General and Suite. Entertainments. John Lovett as Secretary and Military Aid. Interesting Letters. Sacketts Harbor. Ogdensburgh. Sol. Van Rensselaer to his Wife. Gen. Van Rensselaer to Governor Tompkins. Tour of Inspection. Queer Night Quarters. Oswego. Niagara Frontier. Destitute State of the Army. Head Quarters. Gen. Wadsworth. Armistice. "Solomon Van Rensselaer's

Diplomacy." Major S. S. Forman. Jacob Ten Eyck. Sol. Van Rensselaer to his Wife. General Brock. Surrender of Hull's Army. Gen. Van Rensselaer to Maj. Gen. Dearborn,... 194

CHAPTER X.

CRITICAL SITUATION OF THE U. S. ARMY: General Orders. Gen. Dearborn to Gen. Van Rensselaer. Gen. Van Rensselaer to Major Gen. Sheaffe. Maj. Gen. Brock to Gen. Van Rensselaer. Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Dearborn. Conscientious Scruples. U. S. Troops Should not be "*Hulled*." Gen. Brock's Proclamation. Spicy Letters. Contemplated Duel. General Orders. Major Lovett to Abraham Van Vechten. Captain Jennings's Poetical Order. Gen. Van Rensselaer to General Brock. Col. Van Rensselaer to Abraham Van Vechten. Capt. Whistler. Colonel Van Rensselaer to General Lewis. Major Cuyler to Col. Van Rensselaer. Prisoners of War. Revoking Sentence of Death. Major Lovett's Letters, ... 213

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS: Col. Marinus Willett to Gen. Van Rensselaer. Gen. Smyth to Gen. Van Rensselaer. "Rebukes Gen. Smyth's Impertinence." Proposed Council of Officers. Death of Major Cuyler. Col. Van Rensselaer to his Wife. Preparations to Cross the River. Lieutenant Sim. General Brock's Last Letter. Col. Van Rensselaer Visits the British Side. Brass Howitzers Recognized. Invasion of Canada. Col. Van Rensselaer Severely Wounded. Captain Wool in Command. Major Lovett's Battery. Loss of Hearing. Gen. Van Rensselaer to Secretary of War. Cowardice of the Militia,.....238

CHAPTER XII.

RESIGNATION OF MAJOR GEN. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER: Lieut. Col. Scott. Encounter with Indians. Official Letters. Gen. Wadsworth to Gen. Van Rensselaer Major Lovett's Interesting Letters. Col. Van Rensselaer to his Wife. Exchange of Prisoners. Gen. Sheaffe to Gen. Van Rensselaer. Regret that Col. Van Rensselaer was Wounded. Offers Assistance. Respect shown Gen. Brock's Remains. Brig. Gen. Evans. Several Letters. Capt. Wool to Col. Van Rensselaer. Governor Tompkins. Gen. Van Rensselaer's Public Reception at Albany. Removal of Col. Van Rensselaer to Buffalo. Noble Offer. New Song. Gen. Van Rensselaer to Col. Van Rensselaer. Return to Albany. Col. Van Rensselaer's Honored Reception. Judge Van Ness to Col. Van Rensselaer. Address of Washington Benevolent Society,.....260

CHAPTER XIII.

MAJOR JOHN LOVETT'S ELECTION TO THE 13TH CONGRESS: J. Robinson to Col. Van Rensselaer. Dr. Cyrenius Chapin to same. Generals Smyth and Porter. Review of Queenston Battle. Challenge from Peter B. Porter to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Major Lovett's Statement. Soldier's Friend. Maj. Lovett to Solomon Southwick. Robert Macomb to same. Governor Tompkins. Col. Van Rensselaer's Letter. Encounter between Maj. Lovett and Gen. Porter. Elected to Congress. Lovett's Letters from Washington. Prince of Schaghticoke,.....283

CHAPTER XIV.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON: John Lovett to Joseph Alexander. Same to Sol. Van Rensselaer. No Artist Represent a *Deaf* Man. Enemy Near. Peril to the Capital. Gen. Wilkinson Ordered North. Gov. Tompkins to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Major General. Invitation to accompany Gen. Wilkinson. Sol. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Wilkinson. General Hull's Court Martial. Sentenced to be Shot. The "Albany Quill." "George M. Bibb to J. J. Crittenden." Col. Fenwick to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Gen. Armstrong. Enemy at Washington. Defense of New York. Letters,..... 303

CHAPTER XV.

HONORS TO MAJ. GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY: Major Lovett to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Judge Van Ness to same. Gen. Van Rensselaer to same. Death of Gen. H. K. Van Rensselaer. Gen. Lewis to Sol. Van Rensselaer. General Orders. Adjutant General at Whitehall. Official Report. Bearers at Albany. Montgomery's Remains to New York. Death of Major Lovett. Gen. Van Rensselaer to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Judge Van Ness to same. Solomon Van Rensselaer Elected to the 16th Congress. Home Letters. Several Letters from Gov. Lewis and Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Judge Spencer to same,.....323

CHAPTER XVI.

MISSOURI COMPROMISE: Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Dr. Van Rensselaer to same. Visit to Mount Vesuvius. Several Letters from Governor Clinton. Visit to Mount Vernon. Death of Commodore Decatur. Judge McKown to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Impeachment and Acquittal. Falling of Chandelier. Election of Speaker Tayler. Missouri Constitution. "Rascally Post Masters." Gov. Clinton to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Judge Van Ness to same. Sol. Van Rensselaer to his Wife. Henry Clay's Resolution. Missouri Compromise. Charles G. Haines to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Home Letters,.....344

CHAPTER XVII.

APPOINTMENT OF ALBANY POST MASTER: Tribute of Respect. Removal of Adjutant General. Re-election to the Seventeenth Congress. Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Death of Major N. I. Visscher. Gov. Clinton to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Sol. Van Rensselaer to the Patroon. Judge McKnown to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Appeal to the Post Master General. Sol. Van Rensselaer to Dr. Bay. Appointed Post Master. "Billy Winne the Penny Post." Resignation of Sol. Van Rensselaer. John D. Dickinson to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Walter Patterson to same. 366

CHAPTER XVIII.

GEN. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER ELECTED TO CONGRESS: Correspondence about Albany Post Office. John D. Dickinson to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Walter Patterson to same. Alfred Conkling to same. Joshua Cushman to same. Fire at Mount Hope. Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Joseph Delaplaine to same. Gen. Van Rensselaer Takes his Seat. Suspicious Persons. Several Letters from the Patroon. Judge Conkling to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Joseph C. Yates Elected Governor. Letters. Death of Judge Van Ness. Henry Clay to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Eastern Section of Erie Canal Completed. Dinner and Ball at Albany. Gov. Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Several Letters,..... 388

CHAPTER XIX.

VISIT OF GENERAL THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE: General Orders. Arrival of LaFayette. Col. Elliott to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Gen. LaFayette's Visit to Albany. Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer. J. B. Stuart to same. Progress of La Fayette. Escort to Massachusetts Line. Lebanon Springs Hotel Register. Governor Clinton's Visit to Ohio. His Enthusiastic Reception. Dinner to Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer at Detroit. Speech of the Mayor. Gen. Van Rensselaer's Reply..... 411

CHAPTER XX.

ERIE CANAL CELEBRATION: Completion of Canal. Passage of Boats. Delegation from Albany. Celebration in New York City. Aquatic Procession. Ceremony by Governor Clinton. Grand Canal Ball. Several Letters. Visit to Queenston Battle Ground. Horrible Assassination. Visit to Albany Jail. Execution of Jesse Strang. Death of Gov. De Witt Clinton. Funeral,.....424

CHAPTER XXI.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA: General Harrison to Sol. Van Rensselaer, and his Answer. Departure of Rensselaer Van Rensselaer. Letter to his Father. Mona Passage. Preparations for Pirates. Frightened Frenchman. Boca Chica. Ship on a Reef. Approach to the Peninsula. Castle of St. Philippe. Carthagena. Liberty to Thirty Slaves. Cap of Freedom. Festivities of the Holidays. Further Progress. Cocoa Trees. Mahogany Trees. Crown of Beauty. Forest Birds. Black Monkeys. Canine Justice. Arrival at Barranquilla. Warm Welcome. Bolivar on the March. Popayan in Commotion. Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son, ... .436

CHAPTER XXII.

SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED: Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father. Visit to Santa Martha. Large Red Monkeys. Mangrove Trees. Fort at Point Savinilla. Contest between a Full-Grown Negro and Fierce Tiger. Tigress Killed by a Young Nimrod. Duck Gunning on the "Roza." Adventure with a Venomous Snake. Letters from Gen. Harrison. New Anecdote of Gen. Jackson. Phases of Society. A Christening Concluded with a Waltz. Cigars. Fencing Exercise. Spanish Funeral. The Carnival. Palm Sunday. Post Master General to Gen. Van Rensselaer. Thomas P. Moore Supersedes Gen. Harrison. Strenuous Efforts to Effect Gen. Van Rensselaer's Removal. Gen. Armstrong to Judge Spencer. Barranquilla Letters,.....455

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED: Sailing up the River Magdalena. John Glen Nearly Killed by the Caraccas Earthquake. His Campaign under Gen. Montillo. Antic Tricks of Monkeys. Crocodiles. Savannas. Arrival at Mompox. An Adventure with the Governor. Gov. Van Ness. Edward Livingston and Pierre Van Cortlandt to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Plumage of the Macaws. Orange Groves. Bannanas. Pine Apples. Alligators Hatching Place for Tent. Sylvan Nymphs. Indian Hamlets. Difficult Whirlpools. Nearly a Tragical Event. Steep Acclivity. Rattle Snakes Warning. Disembarked at Honda. Report of Gen. Harrison's Removal. Pleasant Letters. Governor Provides an English Saddle. Mounted on Sure-footed Mules. Ascending the Andes,....476

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED: Halt at Gauduas. New Tariff by Gen. Bolivar. Colonel Campbell. Bolivar in Peru. Picturesque Valley. Plain of Bogota, 8,220 Feet Above the Sea. Spanish Cavalcades. Appearance of Country. Arrival at Bogota. United States Legation. General Harrison's Warm Welcome. Splendid Rout on July 4th. Making Calls. The Duenna's Surveillance. Sunday the Gala-day. Gambling Universal. Visit to Natural Bridge of Pandi. Stair-case Mountain. Terrific Looking Hole. Novel Dinner Party. The Belles of Fusugazuga. Bull Fight,.....499

CHAPTER XXV.

SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED: Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father. Robbers Attacking Mail Boat. Spanish Customs. Fashionable Alaméda. Excursions. Lofty Andes. Gen. Bolivar's Country Seat. Threatening Placards. Home Letters. Serious Accident to Dr. James McNaughten, Daniel Webster to Sol. Van Rensselaer. Falls of Tequendama. Arrival of Minister Moore. Distrust in City. General Cordova. Presentation of Col. Moore to the Spanish Government. Speeches. Gen. Harrison Visits Her British Majesty's Consul at Anolayma. Venerable Arch Bishop's Reception. Depositions at War Office. An Ungrateful Miscreant. Singular Conduct of Moore. Gallant Espousal of Gen. Harrison's Cause. Intriguers at Work. Perilous Journey. Passports. General Cordova,.....516

NOTE.

In printing the correspondence which is presented in the following pages, it was decided to give each writer the benefit of his own peculiarity of style in every respect, as well in orthography, punctuation, and the use of capital letters, as in all other matters. The letters are faithful transcripts of the originals, and the reader will observe, not only the great extent of the correspondence and the wide range of topics embraced, but also the abundance of new facts in the history of these men and of the times in which they lived, here brought to light.

A

Legacy of Historical Gleanings.

CHAPTER I.

The Legacy—Why Bequeathed.

"Come, Aunty, now tell of the years that are past,
And those 'soul-stirring times' in which 'loved ones' were cast;
Of early campaigns when dear Grandfather fought
For American freedom so valiantly bought!
When firm hearts were wrung, as the battle raged wild
Yet, '*his lungs oozing blood, with complacence he smil'd!*' [1]
Give scenes of sweet peace where love's memories cling,

NOTE.

In printing the correspondence which is presented in the following pages, it was decided to give each writer the benefit of his own peculiarity of style in every respect, as well in orthography, punctuation, and the use of capital letters, as in all other matters. The letters are faithful

ERRATA.

Page 3, line 10 from the bottom, for become, read *became*.
18, line 19 from the top, for 1847 read 1747.
37, line 19 from the top omit "*and Elizabeth Schuyler*."
71, line 6 from the bottom, for came, read *come*.
91, line 14 from the top, for Henry R. Van Rensselaer, read *Henry K.*
103, 8th line from bottom is omitted "*more than 20 years before*" and should read, instead of the tender age, at *that* tender age.
106, line 9 from the bottom, for run down, read *sun down*.
119, line 6 from the bottom for 73, read 80 years.
182, line 22 from the bottom, for on advocate read *an* advocate.
182, line 17 from bottom, for suppassing read *surpassing*.
183, line 6 from the top for military poet, read *military post*.
184, line 10 from the bottom, for 1868 read 1808.
193, line 10 from the top, for was erected, read *were erected*.
195, line 17 from the top, for moved on, read *moved to*.
199, line 17 from the top, for Bendedict read *Benedict*.
211, line 9 from the top, for Buchephalus read *Bucephalus*.
230, line 23 from the top, for I hope, read I *have*.
230, line 10 from the bottom, for human man, read *humane man*.
251, line 22 from the top. the word "*of*" is omitted.
260, line 1 at the top, for and take, read *to take*.
309, line 20 from top, for the. read *he* nobly re-instated.
318, line 4 from the top, for to the securing, read to the *scrutiny*.
320, line 24 from the bottom, for 1861 read 1814.
324, line 11 from the top, for Wood read *Wool*.
324, line 28, for party, read *part*.
325, line 4 from the top for their epidemic, read *this* epidemic.
338, line 22 from the top, for Morrell, read *Monell*.
338, line 24 from top for Robert read *Albert*.
390, line 30 from the bottom, for 1322, read 1822.
392, line 2 from the top, for that the one, read *than the one*.
131, line 6 from the bottom, for Alden Trimble, read *Allen Trimble*.
443, line 17 from the top, for There read *These*.
456, line 2 from the top, for knew, read *know*.
473, line 2 from the top, for Mompo, read *Mompox*.
475, line 10 from the bottom "*to the*" is omitted (*to the contrary*).
475, line 9 from the top, for so beautiful read *so bountiful*.
487, line 22 from the bottom, for Hones read *Hone*.
502, line 2 from the top, for morning to, read *morning too*.

A

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CHAPTER I.

The Legacy — Why Bequeathed.

"Come, Aunty, now tell of the years that are past,
And those 'soul-stirring times' in which 'loved ones' were cast;
Of early campaigns when dear Grandfather fought
For American freedom so valiantly bought!
When firm hearts were wrung, as the battle raged wild
Yet, '*his lungs oozing blood, with complacence he smil'd.*'[1]
Give scenes of sweet peace where love's memories cling,
As bright visions of joy, or keen sorrow they fling;
Relate what you saw in the great globe you spann'd,
In Japan, quaint and mystic, 'The Flowery Land.'
And now as from Chaos, bright pictures you trace,
In my fond heart your record shall deep find a place."

Hattie said one morning, "Aunt Cuy, you have been now twice around the world, many very interesting scenes of that extensive tour are daguerreotyped, most certainly, on your mind; let the Legacy you bequeath to me, comprise a chronicle of the carefully hoarded incidents in your truly eventful life, interwoven with the traditionary antecedents of our most noble Dutch patriarchs, back from the very beginning!"

Humph! Quite a modest request from a pleasing young lady in the budding Spring-time of joyous life, to a serenely quiet Missionary widow, of over half a century, in hoary and chilly Autumn's sere decadence! I have been thinking over, during weary vigils, her expressed desire, shall I acquiesce?

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher makes this sweeping assertion against inactivity: "Each individual must produce something, must do something toward benefiting the condition of his fellow individual, in order to fulfill in some measure the ends for which he was created."

Yes, we fully agree with the clerical gentleman, and are convinced that even the "Little matters of daily occurrence are of greater importance in social life, than great matters of rare occurrence; and personal behavior in trifles is productive of the greatest amount of social and domestic pleasure and pain." Now as we are fully posted as to our duty

[1] "I beheld him (Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer), in a gallant charge at the head of his troop, shot through the body, and with the blood oozing from his lungs, still smiling with complacency."—*Wilkinson's Memoirs.*

in the premises, we are also impressed most forcibly with the reminder of these potent "Three suggestions: .

"*First.* Go to no place where you cannot ask God to go with you.

"*Second.* Engage in no business which you cannot ask God to bless.

"*Third.* Indulge in no pleasure for which you cannot return thanks to God."

Therefore, as we propose keeping these instructions in view, we will modestly yield to pressing entreaties and strive, as a graphic narrator, to portray "our past" in a *tableau vivant.*

"Autobiographies are not often very popular, but when supplemented by personal recollections may possibly be productive of benefit to others;" and realizing that all *your* sympathies will be enlisted, and harmonize with the incitement which finally determined me to comply with your flattering persuasions, I have cheerfully undertaken the pleasing task. Fearing I may not be specially well qualified for this work of delineation and cosmography, must trust to your partial indulgence to excuse any flagrant imperfections in not wielding skillfully the events portrayed.

"The ancients emulously encouraged one another, by the remembrance of the heroic deeds of their ancestors, to vigilance in peaceful times, and to intrepidity in the hour of danger. Every thing among the Greeks conduced to plant in their hearts the most heroic courage, by the remembrance of their ancestors, whose principles and sentiments were the spur to the noblest actions. The lowest Greeks were exalted to a level with their greatest chiefs by a glorious death; their memory was renewed by the most solemn offering to the latest posterity, and their images were placed next to those of the Gods."

The same clannish pride, produced by the remembrance of the heroism and valor of our ancestors, makes it a precious privilege to a daughter of the Van Rensselaer family to record, the "ways and means" or devious paths, by which its members, (together with the greater part of other illustrious personages, to whom allusion is necessarily made from the intimate linking and intwining of co-existent events,) have passed to, "That undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns," where "Immortality is their birthright and inheritance." With increased avidity and some degree of anxiety we shall "await the public verdict upon this work," and although laid open to, we would wish to disarm criticism by frankly confessing we do not expect our first and last essay in "book making" to be faultless, far from it. In 1831 my brother Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, under the signature of *Clio*, arranged some numbers of autographical sketches at the instance of an advertisement in the *Albany Daily Advertiser*, published by a Committee of the Albany Institute appointed for the purpose of collecting materials for a contemplated history of Albany. The communications seem to have been satisfactory from the following notice which soon after appeared: "The Committee of the Albany Institute, who are preparing a history of the city, acknowledge the receipt of some very valuable papers from an unknown correspondent, to whom they tender their thanks, with the hope that the residue of the information therein promised may be forwarded as early as possible.—C. R. WEBSTER, *Ch'n.*"

Clio requested, if it would not be infringing upon any of their established regulations, after the publication, to have his original effusions returned entire to him. This was accordingly done, and those sketches are now in my possession and interwoven in this record of historical

gleanings. "All books are properly the record of the history of past men." What thoughts past men had in them; what actions past men did; the summary of all books, whatsoever, lies there. "The past history of one's own native country is a broad beaten highway for every traveler."

As it is not pleasant to be charged with plagiarism I would frankly state, in this compilement of materials, I have had access to my father's letters and papers, with the benefit of Clio's journal as an auxiliary. And following in the footsteps of assiduous reapers in the historical field have also gleaned from General Wilkinson's Memoirs; Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution; Lossing's War of 1812; Stone's Life of Joseph Brant; Simms's Border Wars of New York; Thacher's Military Journal; Writings of S. Wells Williams, LL.D.; and gathered a cluster of extracts with selections from such other sources, which have been grouped together as best suited the gleaner's fancy. Leaving each admiring reader at liberty to consider any appropriations of their writings, to illustrate more fully what we wish to detail, as a compliment to their productions, for "Our wishes are presentments of our capabilities."

The greatest difficulty which the fox hunter experiences when engaged in his favorite pastime of reaping game, is to find the *trail*. That discovered, he follows "the true nosed pack" in its unerring course and eventually overtakes the object of his eager pursuit. Not so in the historian's sphere. His chief difficulty in finding the trail of circumstances best calculated to make his work yield solid, nutritive food, to be authentic, most useful, entertaining, complete and of course widely popular, is equally as great and onerous; he may glean diligently but he must depend in very many cases upon his own perseverance and ingenuity to trail out and to worry down his game. In ranging those vast and unfrequented hunting grounds of Memory, it is not extraordinary that many traditions and *viva-voce* narrations, with a "bit of personal history" which used to delight my youthful fancy "in auld lang syne," should have been daguerreotyped on my mind and still adhere to my recollections in unconnected fragments. Accordingly, as these "yesterday's telegrams" of our exploratory researches are received from the great storehouse, we will endeavor to put in a detailed account of persons and things. Thus from a mass of biographical matter we also will select the whole, or parts of letters penned by notable persons and others who are naturally grouped with them, interspersed with a few extracts of home letters, which portray the workings of the inner man; giving also a desultory survey of the political field at that period. As all our needed Prefatory is contained in this opening chapter, and being a first cousin of the ancient and veritable Diedrich Knickerbocker, will start as so authoritatively requested "back from the beginning" in historic gleanings. Our great progenitors, the Ish and Isha, were created perfect in the image of God, though most unfortunately after a time the Isha become a "Woman's Rights" convert and transmitted to posterity the seeds of disobedience. Their descendants, the great family of mankind, consisted of the "five races: the Caucasian, or white race; the Mongolian, or yellow race; the African, or black race; the Malay, or brown race; and the American, or red race;" the lineage of these is worthy of the parent stock.

If we put on our "seven league boots," after many long strides, we shall find, verified from the most authentic sources, that the clever inhabitants of Holland, our "Fadder leindt;" Mother England and our sponsor France (who chivalrously stood up for us in feeble infancy, forming

the three-cord nucleus of American strength or durability), constitute *our* little coterie of civilized Caucasians whose pedigree dates back from the notable Ish and Isha.

The incipient teachings of the "strong minded" were clearly demonstrated when a few of the wayward children broke loose from the wholesome, or arbitrary restraint of the good old mother's tyrannical exactions. Enlisting under the banner of King Immanuel and guided by a star from Heaven, "countless myriads" of our past ancientry, took their journey "into a far country." In the trying exigences of our noble Pilgrim fathers' first experiment in this "land of the free," many of the devoted band soon found their final resting spot in the forest hill cemetery where the entombed dead reposed beneath the gay autumnal leaves The Mayflower's passengers landed on Plymouth rock December 21st. "A dreary prospect was before them; on one side lay a vast wilderness covered with a snowy mantle, on the other, rolled the broad Atlantic, yet their trust in God remained unshaken on those inhospitable shores." The survivors "acquired their perfection only in the pure atmosphere and golden sunlight of Christianity." It is the patient narrator who records their prosperity as they rise; who blazons forth the splendor of their noontide meridian; who props their feeble memorials as they totter to decay; who gathers together their scattered fragments as they rot; and who piously, at length, collects their ashes into the mausoleum of his work, and rears a monument that will ever transmit their renown to all succeeding ages. Indeed events are nothing without the faithful delineatious of the impartial historian."

This, too, is December 7th, ST. NICHOLAS'S DAY; quite a happy coincidence. The annual return of the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the Dutchman, was always to me a jubilee, a pleasant retrospect, an epoch that recalled the delight of childish days, when permitted to go and see the beautiful room brilliantly illuminated — not with jets of gas — but sperm candles, and appropriately decorated in festoons and with clusters of choice ever-greens. The walls were tastefully draped with numerous flags, while the ensign of Holland, the society's banner of ORANJE BOVEN was conspicuously displayed and graced the head of the room; and from immediately above the ample chair of the venerable president, a large artificial sun shot forth its deep crimson rays with a fine effect. "The standards of the various societies of the city, and of the military corps, interspersed with the interesting and curious collection of rare paintings were really exceedingly attractive to both old and young."

On the tables, upon the walls, and along the ceiling, the notable Orange emblems were arranged with good taste. Conservatories contributed their choicest flowers to beautify and embellish the feast and shed their sweet fragrance around. "A numerous company sat down to a sumptuous entertainment at seven o'clock; good cheer and kind feelings were mingled with pleasing recollections of the history of the country of their descent and of their ancestors who settled in this good land."

Dutchmen "never do things by halves, especially when a good dinner is the object of their particular solicitude." The bountifully spread table was uniformly heavily loaded and groaning under the richly seasoned viands; the dinner prepared and served without fail, in a very superior style and decorous manner for the notable and worthy burghers of those "wassel days." "An abundant dinner and good living was from time

immemorial a fundamental part of the creed of an open handed and whole hearted shy Dutchman who was impervious to innovations."

The entire affair was always conducted with admirable success. Nothing seemed to be lacking of national dishes: *supaan en melk, hoofd kaas, rolletjes, hieltjes en pootjes, worst, krulletjes, kool sla, heet en koud, oli-koekjes*, and other primitive luxuries. At this "annual stuffing as a matter of course there were also myriads of foreign dishes: sturgeon or Albany beef, pickled and boiled; savory venison, turkeys, pigeons, pastry and dainties of all kinds. These respected sires "tenderly cherished the pious thought that they owed all their enjoyments to the Divine Source of beneficence, to whom they were finally accountable for their actions, and gratitude was now uppermost." The venerated Dominie invoked a blessing and then the pleased gormandizers discussed the merits of the splendid banquet according to their own maxim, "more than enough constitutes a feast." Yaas! yaas! the dinner excellent, the wine delicious, the toasts patriotic, the fine band discoursing music most enlivening, all contributing to their pleasures and no occasion to vent any stock of spleen. Abraham Van Vechten, Esq., president of the society, presided with his usual urbanity and accustomed acceptance to all; for there was, in this just assemblage, a tacit acknowledgment of his superiority and pre-eminence even with his honored compeers. After removing the cloth, "Standing toasts and volunteer toasts" were given, among which: By the president, "Holland the land of our fathers, and the cradle of civil and religious liberty beyond the Atlantic." Many of the toasts were choice and pithy.

"Het Vaderlandt, The land of the free and the home of the brave."

"Santa Claus, the warm hearted friend of children; long may he travel and find good roads.

"The fair sex of Holland — the fairest volume in the library of Nature."

By General Solomon Van Rennsselaer: "*Gesontheid en voorspoed aan St. Claus en syn nageslachten*" (health and prosperity to St. Nicholas and his posterity).

By the plate of each true born aristocrat, (united to each other by the strong ties of consanguinity,) was placed the snow-white clay pipe with stem half a yard long, and the bowl of it decorated with wide orange color ribbon, *Oranje Boven*, of two yards long. After the appetite was fully satiated, they seemed to expend all their vivacity in the much loved pipe, well stuffed with the fragrant *tobak* as they tranquilly smoked; puffing away the vapor with an impetus, that sent it in graceful wreaths, floating above and soon forming an impervious cloud. What a solace one whiff from that long pipe appeared to give! The countenance had an air of tranquility and decorum, as they contemplated, with evident satisfaction, the orange colored cockade as a badge on their coats, or the same color ribbon through the button-hole of some buckish scion. These good burghers were happy; "the inner man was at peace with himself," and every thing went off charmingly as a decided success, even though they were so far away from the fatherland. "The inhabitants of a city built on the foundations of Fort Orange have a grateful recollection of their Dutch forefathers; and a just estimate of their quiet way of doing things, together with the noble achievements of an ancestry which can never be sufficiently praised while

> 'The Orange banner as of old,
> Still waves in many a flapping fold,
> The patriot heart to draw."

Then, too, the good St. Nicholas was not oblivious of the "little ones" either at the Anniversary Festival or the merry Christmas time.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads."

His coveted gifts were always found in the well filled hose hung up so conspicuously in the chimney corner, making many little hearts joyous beyond expression at the stirring sight before them.

"They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents Old Santa Claus brought in the night."

But woe to the luckless children who had been disobedient or naughty, for a proper punishment and salutary mortification was sure to await them as a reminder in the shape of a trim little birchen rod; piece of hard black coal nicely enveloped in paper; or a pig's tail dried, ensconced under the truly choice dainties! What a flush of crimson suffuses the astonished countenance, what a throb of subdued anguish shakes the sensitive and conscious little one chilled by the failure, herself the chief accuser in her credulous simplicity and giving voice and pathos to the intensity of deep regret, that the good Santa Claus should have known her fault. This is not an ideal sorrow but a trying experience of dreamy yearning to the trustful child as her heart fluttered with this trying disappointment! Sad that the time-honored festival of St. Nicholas should have fallen into such disrepute, for we ever took pleasure in it, and felt a proper pride that our forefathers hailed from the "Vaderland."

In the early part of the seventeenth century — September 1609 — Henry Hudson, while exploring the river which now bears his name, ran his vessel aground on the south point of the "middle ground" opposite the present city of Hudson. But being unwilling to leave his task unfinished, he manned some small boats and with them continued the expedition up as far as where the city of Albany now stands. Here he found a large number of Indians engaged at fishing, and from the circumstances called it the *Fuyck*, the fishnet or the fishing place, also from the crescent form of the bay. From this he dropped down to the south point of Van Rensselaer island and bivouacked for the night. In the morning the party were very much alarmed at finding themselves surrounded by a number of "the tawny sons of the forest," but the pacific deportment of these unexpected and certainly unwelcome visitors, allayed their apprehensions. With an almost reckless hardihood the whites accompanied them through the ford by which they had gained the island and landed at the foot of that classic mount of legendary story, *Kiddenhooghten* or treasure hill of Captain Kidd, the pirate and freebooter. "The hills were then covered with the pine, the maple, the oak and the elm. The wild-vine clambered in rich luxuriance on the forest trees, and threw its graceful festoons from the mossy banks of the river. The slender deer bounded undisturbed through the tangled thickets or bent his antlered head to drink from the limpid streams that crossed his path. The beaver sported unmolested in the bright waters and slept in conscious security on the low grounds." After gazing at the beautiful prospect, the yellow haze on the near elevations, and listening to the musical birds they proceeded again by land

together in perfect safety to the fuyck. It is supposed that a little trade was carried on at the time and, perhaps, something of a *talk*, but not very much accomplished. The delay of the adventurous exploring party on this second visit to the future site of Fort Orange and home of the true Dutch Knickerbockers, subsequently Albany, was not of long continuance, and when the intrepid but ill-fated navigator left it now, he never saw it more. "On 22d of June, 1611, a mutinous crew took command of his ship after his return from England, put Hudson, his son and seven others into a frail boat, turned them adrift in the trackless ocean, and abandoned them to their fate. They never were ever heard of more as they drifted slowly away, and were soon hid by the lonesome and to them dismal nightfall from the gaze of their cruel murderers."

In 1614, six years before the landing of the May-flower at Plymouth, a fort and trading-house were erected on the spot where Albany now stands, called Fort Orange, and about the same time another fort and trading-house were established on the south-west point of Manhattan island, called New Amsterdam. "The whole colony received the name of New Netherland. The first permanent agricultural colony was established along the Hudson in 1623 by the 'Privileged West India Company,' with a direct view to colonization. A number of settlers during this year were sent out from Holland, who were most heartily welcomed by the few previous inhabitants. Before these arrived the old sojourners had been two years without the necessary supplies, and had been obliged to cut up the sails of their boats for the clothing absolutely required. Their yoke of experience had indeed been very trying, in such an isolated situation to the entire little company, and they hailed with delight the new arrivals." "In 1629, the company adopted a charter of 'Liberties and exemptions for patroons, masters, and private individuals, who should plant colonies in New Netherland, or import thither any neat cattle.'" "The terms of encouragement to those who should send out settlers were great. Such as should undertake to plant a colony of fifty souls, upwards of fifteen years old, were to be acknowledged PATROONS, a name denoting something baronial and lordly in rank and means." "They were also allowed to select lands for many miles."

Our pedigree in the Dutch dynasty dates from DE HEER KILLIAN VAN RENSSELAER, the pearl and diamond merchant of Amsterdam in Holland. "He was also a director in the Dutch West India Company and determined with others, to engage in colonization and thereby to avail himself of the peculiar privileges and munificent provisions extended under the charter. He selected in 1630, through Wouter Van Twiller, his nephew and agent, a princely tract of land at Fort Orange consisting of forty-eight miles broad and twenty-four miles long on both sides of the Hudson. This domain was granted to Killian Van Rensselaer by patent from the States General of Holland after he had purchased from the Indians their native right to the soil, and a colony was at once planted here of which he was the head or patroon. The privileges of the patroon on his manor were similar to those of a baron of old England, and he was endowed with baronial honors." The patroonships of New Netherland may justly be regarded as nothing less than an odious form of feudal aristocracy transferred to American soil. "Desirable locations for manorial grants were purchased of the Indians 'for a few parcels of goods.' De Heer Killian *gestoreen* (died) at Amsterdam in the year 1645. His descendants in America cultivated the soil and became extensive farmers, but were very

plain people, as may be inferred from the caution uttered by Sir Peter Warren, in a letter to his nephew (afterwards Sir William Johnson), 'do not make fun of the Patroon's horses.'" "In 1664, Charles II, of England, disregarding the Dutch claim on New Netherland and finding them powerless to the aggressions of the English and his final usurpation of the territory, made a grant to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany, which included all the mainland of New England. Governor Stuyvesant was exceedingly loth to surrender without an attempt at defense, but the favorable terms offered to the inhabitants disposed them to an immediate capitulation and the province surrendered August 27th, 1664, upon the most liberal terms to the vanquished. New Amsterdam was now called, in honor of the Duke, New York; and Fort Orange, Albany. The articles of surrender were framed in a very generous spirit. It provided that inheritances should remain as under the Dutch law, and all records should be carefully preserved. Very little disturbance of the existing order of things took place in the Dutch colonies. The colonists carried on their trade as before, but with greater freedom; they went to and fro between Holland and the provinces as they had been accustomed to." Then too at home a ferry had been established in 1642, between Albany and *het groen bosch* or the pine woods (now Greenbush).

In August, 1683, Col. THOMAS DONGAN arrived in New York as the successor of Major Edmund Andros, governor of all the territories here. Among our family papers is a very ancient Patent to ABRAHAM STAATS from Gov. Thomas Dongan, dated "4th Day of November, Anno Dom. 1685, and in the first year of his Majesties Reign" (James II). Signed: THOMAS DONGAN. It is, however, too long to copy, but is one year *prior* to the incorporation of the city of Albany, the original document of which bears date July 22, 1686. "Governor Dongan purchased from the Van Rensselaers a concession of their feudal rights over the colony of Beaverwyck and sixteen miles into the country, because it was contrary to the spirit of English institutions to have subjects possessing such boundless rights as the patroon of Rensselaerwyck had, and then incorporated Albany. The first mayor was Peter Schuyler, the clerk Robert Livingston, and the recorder Isaac Swinton. The village of Beaverwyck was comprised within very narrow limits. All the houses at this time nestled closely under the guns of the fort, for protection from the ever prowling Indians. From Fort Frederick, which stood about half way up the present State street it extended in the form of an equilateral triangle, of which the fort was the apex, down to the margin of the river, along which the base line of the triangle was drawn. A heavy board fence strengthened with palisades, inclosed the village, and mounted on the only church which it boasted were three pieces of artillery. This edifice stood at the foot of State street and was the second house of worship that had been erected. On the arrival of the first pastor sent out from Holland, Dominie Johannes Megapolensis in the year 1641, the *first* building for public worship was constructed near the old fort situated in Church street." The good Dominie writes: "The first year I came here there were so many turkeys and deer that they came to the house and hog-pens to feed, and were taken by the Indians with so little trouble that a deer sold to the Dutch was equal in value to a loaf of bread, or a knife, or even a tobacco pipe. The trade of the town was almost wholly with the Indians, though agriculture was also pursued to some extent. The whole country was a perfect paradise for hunters. The creeks and rivers abounded in

fish; pike and sturgeon were abundant in the Hudson, and the woods were alive with deer and other game. The Albanians appear to have been always vigilant in maintaining a guard over the city, and no Indians were allowed to remain in it at night, with the exception of such sachems as might be present on public business. The several gates of the village were defended by block houses, and the walls were holed for musketry. At night a watch was kept, consisting of four citizens, who patroled the streets around, and provided with a rattle, whereby to summon assistance in case of urgent need. This curious instrument gave the patrol the name of rattlewatch. Certain *fyerhooks* and ladders were provided in each ward for use in case of fire. The inhabitants drew their water supply from wells, and during its infant weakness the city enjoyed peace, and immunity from actual attack by the savages; but any tricks practiced by the traders upon the Indians were speedily played back with fearful vengeance."

Though the Indians had ceded a tract of their country to the settlers of Fort Orange, they evinced so much jealousy at the improvements which were daily making in the forests, that the enterprising cultivators of the soil thought it prudent to erect fortifications in the vicinity of their *clearings* as a place of refuge in times of need. The cellar of one of these, is still visible under an old apple tree a few rods north of the family road to Cherry-Hill, in the meadow west of the Bethlehem turnpike, one mile south of the venerable elm tree at the corner of State and Pearl streets. (Alas for those ancient landmarks! *the Bethlehem turnpike*, and most desirable *old apple tree*, with the notable *cellar*, in 1875 are among the things that *were*. Rail roads and city lots have superseded the beacon lights of other days.) In this cellar the neighboring farmers were wont to assemble with their families during the *French war*, and from it they would issue in *armed bodies* to secure their crops, or to visit the city. Notwithstanding this caution they could not on every occasion guard against the lurking, wily savage. The little brook meanders through the meadow in question and is the scene of a tragedy which took place at the period mentioned even within half gunshot of the fort. Three worthy citizens on the way to the *stadt kerk* on the Sabbath were pounced upon by a party of savages while crossing the rustic bridge over the brook, murdered and scalped before the garrison perceived the transaction, and the murderers gained the woods at hand in safety. Several occurrences of a similar nature took place about the same period near the castellated building on the Greenbush banks. The stadt kerk stood near the fort, in what is now called Church street. It was the first house of worship in Albany, and was built on the arrival of Rev. Dr. Megapolensis. It was a plain wooden building thirty-four feet long, by nineteen wide, and was used for thirteen years.

"The medium of commerce was the well known wampum, or seawant, as it was sometimes called. These shell beads, if black, were reckoned by the Dutch at three to the stiver; if the interior white, at six. The petticoats of the Indian women, made of deer skin, were highly ornamented with these various kinds of shells, gay-colored, and wrought into curious and artistic designs. These dresses were worth eighty dollars in the currency of the present day. Sewant was used for Indian money, hence its value as trimming. The Indians for a long period knew no other currency, and it was in common use among all the British and Dutch settlements. The beads were strung on thread and made into belts. The latter were exchanged on all occasions of making treaties, and played an import-

ant part in the economy of the Indian nations. With the wampum the Dutch bought the beaver skins, deer hides, and other peltries of the red hunters; and sold them blankets, duffels, arms and ammunition, kettles, axes, etc. The extensive traffic in liquors was a constant source of trouble to the local authorities, and regulations for its sale were constantly made and apparently as persistently evaded. The barter with the Indians who came to the city to sell their peltries was carried on in certain houses set apart for the purpose, and all citizens were forbidden, under severe penalties, to entice the Indians into their houses to make secret bargains with them. Traders who went into the Indian country to buy, could only do so after obtaining a license. These regulations were undoubtedly necessary. The city was an exposed frontier town, liable to attack from Canada, and constantly subject to surprise by the neighboring Indians, if they chose to assume a hostile attitude. In its familiar, social aspects, Albany continued in all respects a Dutch town till late into the last century. Even a few years prior to the revolution, the large majority of its inhabitants spoke only the Dutch language. The court records were kept in the same tongue for many years after the English took possession."

Jeremias, son of De Heer Killian Van Rensselaer, was the proprietor of Rensselaerwyck; he died in 1674 leaving two daughters and two sons; *Killian*, born August 24, 1663, and *Hendrick* born at Greenbush, October 23, 1667. The oldest son, Killian, being the lineal descendant of Jeremias and consequently Lord of the Manor of Rensselaerwyck, was married October 15, 1701, to Maria Van Cortlandt; from this branch General Stephen Van Rensselaer descended. "Killian conveyed to his younger brother Hendrick, on the first day of June, 1704, the Claverack or Lower Manor, together with 1500 acres from the upper manor, including Greenbush, running back one mile, together with an island in the Hudson river."

The *New York Church Record* says: "Married May, 1689, Hendrick Van Rensselaer — young man of Rensselaerwyck to Catrina Van Brugh — young woman." Her baptism was also found, "daughter of Johannes Pieterse Van Brugh and Katrina Roeloffsen;" the godmother was Judith Bayard. Catharine Roeloffsen was a daughter of the celebrated Anneke Jans and Roloff Jansen Van Maesterlandt. She married Johannes Van Brugh and their daughter Catrina was the wife of Hendrick Van Rensselaer. The second son of Hendrick was Col. Kiliaen who *getrout met* (married) Arriaantie Schuyler, he had four *zoons* and three *doegters*. Major Gen. *Henry K. geboren* (born) *den* 25 July, 1744; *getrout met* Alida Bratt, September 19, 1764. *Philip* born 1747; married Maria Sanders Feb. 15, 1768. Nicholas born 1754, married Elsie Van Buren. Killian K. born 1763, married Margaretta Sanders. Catharine married William H. Ludlow. Elsie married Abraham Lansing. Maria married Leonard Gansevoort. Col. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer was chairman of the general Committee of Safety.

Power of Attorney to Abrm. A. Lansing Dec. 1784 *by P. V. R., K. K. V. R., Nichs V. R. & Henry K. Van Rensselaer respecting the estate of their Father, Col. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer.*

Know all Men by these Presents that We: Henry K. Van Rensselaer, Philip Van Rensselaer, Nicholas Van Rensselaer, Killian K. Van Rensselaer and Leonard Gansevoort Junr. do for divers good Causes us thereunto moving hereby nominate, constitute and appoint Abraham A. Lansing of the City of Albany, Merchant, our true and lawful Attor-

ney for us — and in our Name and Stead to take Charge of all the Business relation to the Estate of Col. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer deceased to bring Suits in our Names as Executors to the said Estate, to call in all Debts due to the said Estate and to pay all such Debts as are due to any Person or Persons who have just Claims against the said Estate all which Acts and Things to be done relative to the said Business we do hereby ratify and confirm.

In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our Hands & Seals this twenty-seventh Day of December in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred & Eighty-four.

HENRY K. V. RENSSELAER,
P. VAN RENSSELAER,
NICH^S. V. RENSSELAER,
K. K. VAN RENSSELAER.
LEONARD GANSEVOORT, JR.

Sealed & delivered In the Presence of,
Henry Van Rensselaer, 1784.

A melancholy thrill is the result of drawing from the files of dusty papers, as found in its appropriate nook on the shelves, this document showing the intellectual powers of those who have been resting peacefully, for generations, in the quiet grave. Yet once, in this now ancient domicile they yearly counted the milestones passed on their road to rest.

My maternal grandmother, Maria Sanders, daughter of Robert Sanders and wife of Philip Van Rensselaer, together with Margaretta Sanders, daughter of John Sanders, and wife of Killian K. Van Rensselaer, were descendants of Rev. Lawrence Sanders who suffered martyrdom at Coventry, England, 1556, during the reign of Bloody Mary. He was confined in the same prison with Archbishop Cranmer. "A pardon was offered him if he would recant; but he rejected it with disdain, and embraced the stake saying: '*Welcome, cross of Christ! welcome everlasting life!*' One of his descendants writes: 'I always feel a glow of devotional dignity, when I read this last dying offering of unwavering faith, from one, who is to both of us a common ancestor, for none suffered more heroically than Sanders.' Cranmer, having less courage at first, signed a paper subscribing to the doctrine of the papal supremacy and the real presence." "Queen Mary, however, with great perfidiousness determined his recantation should avail him nothing; but when required to acknowledge his errors in church before the people, he surprised the audience by declaring his deep regret for signing that paper. When led to execution, as the flames encircled his body, he stretched out his right hand in the blazing fire till it was utterly consumed saying: '*This hand has offended.*' When it dropped off he discovered a great serenity of countenance; he died with perfect composure: thus, the two friends were soon again together where there was no more sorrow or pain. The widow and two sons of Rev. Lawrence Sanders, immediately after the martyrdom, in great distress, escaped to Rotterdam in Holland, the nearest protestant point of refuge to the English coast. Those bereaved and terror stricken refugees, there found a genial and safe home, for little Holland, with her brave churches and free people, backed up by ships, dykes, sand-bars and swamps, was the fearless defender and defiant refuge of the protestant world." And from the moment a religious victim planted his foot in Rotterdam, or any part of Holland, he became the guest and protege of this unique and highsouled people. It was in this haven of rest the wanderers were kindly received, entertained, and ultimately settled.

After residing in Holland about ninety years, a descendant named Elsie Sanders with her two children came to New York, one moved south and the other son married into the family of Captain Alexander Glen of Schenectady. "In 1765, by the purchase of the interest of both John Glen of Albany, and John Glen jr., of Schenectady, for £4000, Johannes Sanders became sole owner of the Glen estate in the present town of Glenville." Whenever the original patentees of the surrounding soil, branched out into the wilderness from Fort Orange to cultivate their estates, a fortification was invariably erected, sufficiently convenient to their dwellings for refuge, and strong enough to protect them from the dreaded visits of their savage foe. The first establishment of this kind "over-the-pines," flourished so rapidly, that it was soon dignified with the name of *Dorp* (literally, the "city at the end of the pine woods"). On each side of its beautiful river — the Mohawk — numberless other ones soon likewise rose, though on a smaller scale, and became the frequent resort of those friendly Indians who wished to dispose of peltry, to procure necessaries, to conclude treaties, or, perhaps, to celebrate their pagan orgies. "These Mohawk Indians, were the Spartans of North America, the head nation of the Iroquois confederacy, the chivalrous knights-errant of the western world. The chase was mere pastime; war and its surroundings was their element. The redress of real or imaginary wrongs to themselves or others, was pleasure to these high strung knights; and when duty called, from the three castles on the silvery Mohawk, their warriors issued forth. They went, zealously bent upon errands of mercy, generosity, plunder, murder, no matter what, so long as glory awaited them, and the terror of their name ensured a safe passage and hospitable entertainment from the Mohawk valley to their barbarian enemies, the Chippewas and other nations from the north, or from the Mohawk valley to the lands of the defiant and unprincipled Cherokees and Seminoles of the south. Alexander the Great was never more venturesome, in his desperate marches into unknown lands, than these wily sons of the forest. Even since Scotia was settled, these knightly warriors visited North Carolina on an errand of mercy, punished the Cherokees by an overwhelming defeat, rescued the Tuscarora Indians, who had been nearly extirpated by them — and strange magnanimity — returned with all the survivors to their own valley, and adopted them as the sixth tribe in the great Iroquois confederacy; nor is that a tithe of their powers, for three weeks the Mohawks held Montreal in full possession, control and plunder. Such were the Mohawks of Scotia's early days, and always devoted friends to the Dutch; but, they were barbarous after all, and the whole white population were too sparse, weak and timid, to interfere with the chivalric customs of these noble knights of the tomahawk, blunderbuss, bow and arrow. There is a hillock not far from the present Scotia house, where, after their return from warlike or plundering expeditions, they were wont to sacrifice their victims; even so late as the time of Colonel Jacob Glen, a Mohegan Indian was burned on the spot. This surely was revolting, but the monarchs of the valley, owners of the soil, willed it so, and nothing was left to civilization, but to mitigate or ameliorate. And this the Christian pioneers accomplished, when possible, and many acts of kindness, which according to the accounts of the French themselves, were rendered by the Glens of Scotia to parties captured by the Mohawks."

At the time of the destruction of Schenectady by the French and Indians, on February 8, 1690, the Glen family, then residing at Scotia, in Glenville, were all preserved because of previous kindness to French

captives. About five years before the burning of the city, towards sundown of a beautiful summer's afternoon (when the original large stone house at Scotia was still standing), a large party of Mohawk Indians just returned from one of their marauding expeditions near Montreal, encamped on the Scotia flats, just before Mr. Glen's residence. In that day of aboriginal power they claimed clear right to do so as the original sovereigns of the soil. The party was in a high state of elation and triumph, having captured a Roman Catholic Jesuit priest, against whom they entertained extreme antipathy. The reason of this was; the Mohawks were protestants after their own fashion, *because the Dutch were;* and this priest with others had proselyted among them, and caused some as a catholic party to remove into Canada; eighty of whom from the north, under their Great Agnier, chief of the Iroquois, returned in 1690 with the French to destroy Schenectady. Wishing to be absent for a few days, the Indians brought their captive to Capt. Glen, requesting he might be safely locked in his cellar during their absence; as on their return it was intended to have a jubilee, in torturing and other savage cruelties, before he was put to death by a grand roasting for their pious sacrifice. The philanthropic Capt. Glen '*did not see it in that light*,' but (determined to effect his rescue if it could be done without exciting the enmity of his formidable visitors) with inimitable composure said the Mohawks were his friends, and he felt pleasure at all proper times to oblige them. Capt. Glen was aware of the confidence the Indians placed in him, also of their credulity and superstition, he therefore raised this *clear sighted, well intended*, and formidable objection: "In this case I cannot take the responsibility, the prisoner is a priest, and *priests are wizzards*, different from a mere man, and could go through any key hole. Suppose the priest was gone in the morning, what then?" He further remarked "that they could not hold him, the Great Spirit would assist him, he was sure to escape, and then they would blame him. *No I can take no risk.*" But one thing he proposed *with wise solemnity* (giving the Indians the key) if they would lock the prisoner in the cellar, keeping the key themselves, and not hold him responsible, they might do so. This being satisfactorily arranged, the wretched clergyman, their destined victim, was locked in the cellar, and the Indians left in quest of further plunder, having the key with them. Mr. Glen had also suggested at a proper time, in a quiet way and to the proper ears, *that early in the morning before day light*, he should send his team to Albany with peas, to bring back salt, so as to excite no suspicions about movements contemplated. The noble Mohawks, as was customary after a campaign, got their rum from Schenectady, then feasted, drank, danced, shouted and sang, until the *wee small* hours in the morning, when exhausted nature *and even their dogs settled* into stupid repose; while the imprisoned one was suffering a degree of mental agony easily imagined. This lull, Capt. Glen, his wife and faithful slaves having watched, the prison door was opened with a duplicate key, and the captive priest placed on a wagon in a hogshead with the lower end out, and the bung-hole to breathe through and with a good team. The wagon with two negro men was soon passing close by the Indian encampment containing, as was supposed, peas for the Albany market. When safely arrived in the city, on delivery of a letter from Capt. Glen to friends, he was taken in a sloop to New York, and from thence sailed to Quebec. On his arrival he reported himself to the governor general of Canada, telling of his capture and the extreme kindness of Capt. Alexander Glen

The morning came and the Mohawks having an important mission on

hand, rose earlier than usual and came for their victim to immolate previous to their departure. They found the cellar closed, *but the priest flown.* The shouts were awful and the agonies of disapointed justice *simply diabolical;* but when the captain appeared, he only said to his friends, "*I told you so, I told you so. Priests are wizzards;*" and they reluctantly responded that Condac (his Indian name) was right. Publicity, after such a joke on warriors, was impolitic, nor was it ever known that any of the Mohawks of that generation discovered the deception; but this kind act bore abundant and blessed fruit to the Glen family. Subsequently, during King William's war, or the seven years' war, Count Frontenac, governor of Canada sent out several parties against the English colonies. One expedition, consisting of Frenchmen and Indian allies, was dispatched for Schenectady with express directions not to injure or molest Captain Glen of Scotia, or any of his relations, in consideration of his humane conduct, and to spare all his property. The people of Schenectady, though they had been informed of the designs of the enemy, were in the greatest security; judging it impracticable for any men to march several hundred miles, in the depth of winter, through the deep snow, bearing their provisions on their backs. After two and twenty days' march, the enemy arrived near Schenectady, and were reduced to such straits, that they had thoughts of surrendering themselves prisoners of war. But their scouts, who were a day or two in the village entirely unsuspected, returned with such encouraging accounts of the absolute security of the people, that the enemy determined on the attack. They entered on Saturday night, February 8th, 1690, about eleven o'clock, at the gates, which were found unshut; and that every house might be invested at the same time, divided into small parties of six or seven men. The inhabitants were in a profound sleep, and unalarmed till their doors were broken open. Never were people in a more wretched consternation. Before they were risen from their beds, the enemy entered their houses, and began the perpetration of the most inhuman barbarities, with the most dreadful slaughter of the citizens. "No tongue," says Colonel Schuyler, "can express the cruelties that were committed. The whole village was instantly in a blaze. Women with child ripped open, and their infants cast into the flames, or dashed against the posts of the doors. Sixty-three persons were massacred at the midnight hour; the Dutch church and sixty-three houses were burnt to ashes, the whole place destroyed with the exception of five houses left standing, and no more. Twenty-seven men and boys capable of walking were carried prisoners to Canada. A few persons fled naked towards Albany, through a deep snow which fell that night in a terrible storm; and twenty-five of these fugitives, lost their limbs in the flight, through the severity of the frost."

"Symon Jacobse Schermerhorn rode to Albany by way of Niskayune to carry the sad intelligence of the massacre, although shot through the thigh and his horse wounded. His son Johannes together with his three negroes were killed on that fatal night. The news of this dreadful tragedy reached Albany about break of day, and universal dread seized the inhabitants of the city. A party of horse was immediately dispatched to Schenectady, but the enemy, in the meantime, pillaged the town of Schenectady and then went off with the plunder and about forty of their best horses. The little garrison at Scotia witnessed the conflagration and took every precaution to make good their defence against the attack they anticipated on themselves. Before leaving the village, a French officer summoned Captain Glen to a council, upon the shore of the river, with the

tender of personal safety. He at length adventured down, and had the great satisfaction of having fifty captured friends and relatives delivered to him, stating the instructions received before leaving Canada, and the enemy departed making good the promise that no injury should be done him. All these destitute ones were housed and fed by that generous man during the remainder of that exceedingly severe winter. He had gained much by good will. James W. Beekman, Esq., of New York city, whose mother, Catharine Sanders, was also a descendant of Rev. Lawrence Sanders, has a large and valuable memorial painting at a cost of $1600, representing Capt. Alexander Glen receiving the company of relatives from the Indians."

The scene is illustrated with much vividness and power, and reflects high credit on the chivalric character of Captain Glen. When visiting the old Scotia Mansion, I have often felt the cold chills creep over me, as I saw the deep indentation from a hatchet which struck in the baluster of the stairs, as it was thrown by one Indian, who had a quarrel with another, as he fled up the stairs for protection; it came very near braining Mrs. Sanders, who at the moment, was coming down. It might have proved a sad circumstance, but for providential interference. It occurred thus: "Shortly after the commencement of our Revolutionary war, and soon after the marriage of Judge John Sanders in 1777, he and his young wife lived at Scotia, while his father's family resided at their city mansion. At this time the Mohawks, siding with Sir John Johnson and other loyalists, had removed to Canada, where a small demoralized body of them still resided at St. Regis, etc., they are blots on the escutcheon of their old heraldry, and the mere victims of debasement, profligacy and rum. The Oneidas, siding with the settlers of the Mohawk valley, were much among the farmers, and often located in one of the two kitchens of the old Scotia house. It was on such an occasion, that two Oneida braves quarreling, one of them so wicked, that he was called stout Nick, chased the other with a tomahawk up a flight of stairs. The deadly instrument fortunately missed both Mrs. Sanders and the Indian, but showed the Oneida's fidelity of intention by the deep gash in the baluster. This affair drew much attention at the time, but the lady would not allow the savage to be punished, and this incident illustrates that the early pioneers of this beautiful and romantic valley sometimes had rather strange associates."

WALTER WILLIE, in his *Ballad*, "In which is set forth the horrid cruelties practised by the French and Indians on the night of the 8th of last February, the which I did compose last night in the space of one hour; and am now writing, the morning of Fryday, June 12th, 1690," gives this interesting relic of antiquity:

"The news came on the Sabbath morn,
Just att the break of day,
And with a companie of horse
I galloped away.

"But soon we found the French were gone
With all their great bootye;
And then their trail we did pursue,
As was our true dutye.

"Our soldiers fell upon their rear,
And killed twenty five;
Our young men were so much enrag'd
They took scarce one alive.

"And here I end the long ballad,
The which you just have redde;
I wish that it may stay on earth
Long after I am dead."

We truly "rejoice that we are Americans, and feel proud that we are the descendants of Dutchmen," for with gratitude and great equanimity we can trace far back our Dutch ancestry, engaged in chivalric achievements and wonderful acts of bravery in defending their country and homes,

with the liberty to worship God. We perceive that the shadows have all passed away, and the luminous track they have left behind them, has lost none of its brilliancy. Filial affection incites me to record, as a just memorial of their innate heroism, virtue and intelligence, that amidst all the various trying vicissitudes of "soul stirring times," they have undoubtedly deserved the highest plaudits of honor and respect.

In this chronicle of past days, the brave deeds and calm fortitude displayed by our "honored dead," in their heroic achievements and trying exigencies of almost daily occurrence, you cannot but notice that their services were of a marked character. Also in what a very remarkable manner God smiled upon, and prospered our army and fleet; emancipating from thralldom those who were willing to encounter the troubles incident to that fearful struggle, thus proving the American people would "never consent to a semblance of monarchical government but only to be governed by just law." A generation and more has passed away since those thrilling events midst scenes of peril during the revolutionary war, and war with England; and thousands who could boast of a venerable aggregate of years, and were cognizant of the very important services rendered by our "loved ones," have also become tenants of the silent tomb. "It is time that the reminiscences of the pioneers were gathered together, before the last of them shall have passed away, for one by one the landmarks are falling and the records of memory are fast being obliterated, leaving little enough to be gleaned at the present time. Much that transpired in the American revolution in the great struggle with England for American *nationality* when the halter and not the laurel was the promised meed of patriotic daring, are already lost and forgotten in the quiet graves of their authors. Time is leaving sad and mournful testimonies of the havoc which death is making in the old generation. Much valuable information relating to the 'time-yellowed documents' and early chronicles of old Albany and its ancient families could only be obtained from 'those honored relics of the past,' and with their decease will inevitably perish every memorial, tradition, reminiscence, and important historic facts connected in a tender veneration with the colonial chronicles of the country and the ancestral records of families." Therefore "let us garner up our notices of past ages, and preserve them in the archives of the country: we shall please and instruct ourselves by so doing, and make posterity lastingly indebted to us for the deed." These details, however, even when "penned under the most favorable auspices," are not always satisfactory. "What pleases one will not always please another, and that which some readers would be most desirous to retain would possibly be the first rejected by others; portions may be too prolix to suit fastidious tastes." But "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," so we will decidedly give the precedency to a few antiquated family letters, a relic of the "genuine Knickerbockers," they will serve to reunite the thread of generations, which has been deeply buried in the rubbish of years. I prefer to transcribe the literal specimens out of a host of correspondence — so intensely interesting as to be difficult to make a selection — without correction though frequently abbreviated. Since that time orthography has undergone great revisions and superfluous letters have been discarded. Dividing sentences by points or pauses was but little understood, while capital letters were constantly introduced to make the meaning more effective, yet in a couple of centuries, *our* present lexicons may seem very antiquated, and our orthography quite as obsolete.

The venerable patriarch on our maternal side, ROBERT SANDERS, was

born in Schenectady July 15th, 1705. He was married January 10, 1747, to Elizabeth Schuyler daughter of COL. PETER SCHUYLER, the first mayor of Albany. Colonel Peter Schuyler was also the grandfather of Gen. Philip Schuyler. He was called *Quidder* by the Indians, instead of *Peter*, which they could not pronounce; "his influence over them was so great, whatever he recommended or disapproved, had the force of law." In times of unusual danger, or cases in which both English and the Five nations were interested, Peter Schuyler, who was a man of sound judgment and great moderation, conducted councils with the Indians at Albany. "Lieut. Robert Sanders, a member of the Albany Convention, the highest official body in the province, was commander of Indian forces; his sagacity and true knowledge of Indian character, had called him to this office. Robert Sanders was one of those highly trusted messengers sent with all possible speed to Onondaga, that especial care should be taken to state in the Indian's General Council at Onondaga 'that Albany is the prefixed house to treat and speak with all sorts of people, and those who strive to make peace or cession with the French, must be looked upon as persons who design to make a breach in the silver covenant chain which has so many years been kept inviolable with the government. Arnout Cornelise accompanied Lieut. Sanders." Mr. Sanders was a true philanthropist; no man had broader sympathies, or could have been more devoted to the interests of his distracted country. His energy, prudence and judicious adjustment of abstruse points, together with his marvelous activity, was seen in the labors of his every day life. *He* loved the soil that gave him birth, and *we* reverence him for his efforts to advance the interests of the land.

"December, 1669, Robert Sanders paid 9 gilders, 16 stivers [about four dollars] for the use of the great pall at the burial of his mother, Maria Wendell. In April, 1682, Robert Sanders's wife was paid 36 gilders for 9 cans Canary wine for sacramental use in the old church of Dominie G. Schaats. The acting deacon in 1683 for the year was Peter Schuyler. In 1693 Hendrick Van Rensselaer officiated and carried round the *kerk sackie* or collection bag." September 30, 1715, Grandmama's Journal says: "The first child was baptised in the new church, E. V. Angen; the widow of Jonas Oothout, at the Flats, and died and was buried fryday, the 28th feb'y 1806. The last Service the bell of the old church did was for her funeral in the Old Church. She was 90 years, 5 months in Sept. 1805." A funeral appeared more like a festival, than the solemn sepulture of the dead; it was the custom to provide refreshments at funerals, a practice which continued in vogue for one hundred years, and even as late as 1825. *Koekjes* (small, sweet cakes), were carried round at such times in large baskets. Wine was carried out in pails, freely drank, and many would go home from a funeral drunk. The reason for it was given that its inhabitants were sparsedly settled over a large territory, and many had to go a great distance to attend funerals.[1] Smoking, too, was an attendant on the prevailing habit as the following order from Col. D. Claus will show:

"Sir: "Monday, 27th May, 1770.

"I have sent the bearer for four dozen of Pipes and a few pounds of Tobacco, for the burial of Mr. Raworth's child wh' please to charge me. To Maj'r Jelles Fonda. D. CLAUS"

[1] "Schoerie, March 29, 1738. Then Received of John Schuyler the sum of Twenty Shilings for the five galing (gallons) of Rum at the Bearing (burying) of Maria Bratt. Recd by me, John Lawyer."

"It is notorious that men did not always write their own names correctly in these early times and they knew nothing in reference to philology."

An Order given 128 years since to return the money advanced by Robert Sanders.

Boston 17 day Dec., 1747.

Exchange for £91. 3. 4 sterling.

At Thirty days Sight (or as soon as Money shall be raised By the Parliament to pay the Officers & Soldiers raised for the 'Late Intended Expedition against Canada.') Be Pleased to pay this my Fourth Bill (first, Second & Third of the same Tenor and Date not Paid) Unto Messrs Storke & Champion, or order the sum of Ninety-one Pounds, Three Shillings, & four pence. Subject to the usual Stoppage or Deduction made at the pay office, Value Received of ROBERT SANDERS, it Being my full pay as an Ensign of foot in Col. Joseph Dwights Regiment for the Expedition afores[d] as certificate on the other side may more fully appear.

To The Right Hon[ble] the Paymaster General of his Majesties Forces.

STEPHEN KING.

Colony of New England.

Pursuant to His Majesty's Commands, signified to us dated the 30th July, 1847, to defray the expenses of the Troops raised for the *Late Intended Expedition against Canada*, and settling the Pay due to them. We do hereby Certify the Right Honorable the Paymaster General of His Majesty's Forces, That Stephen King Gentlem[n] was an Ensign of Foot in Colonel Joseph Dwight's Regiment, raised within the Province of the Massachusets Bay for the said Expedition; and, that there is due to him for his Pay ninety-one pounds, three shillings & four pence Sterg for which we have given him this Certificate, till Money shall be raised by Parliament for paying of the Officers and Soldiers levied for the said Expedition, and defraying all other Expenses thereof: Which Certificate is to Entitle him to the full Sum above Specified. Subject to the Usual Stoppages or Deductions made.

Given under Our Hands this 17th day of November, 1747.

CHAS. KNOWLES.

(Wen) Shirley.

In April 1748 the war was ended by the treaty of peace signed at Aix-la-Chapelle "by which restitution was made, on both sides, of all places taken during the hostilities, and the colony enjoyed a period of general tranquillity. The inhabitants vigorously pursued the arts of peace, and by industry, economy and enterprise, repaired, in a great measure, the losses sustained in the preceding war. But no sooner was peace concluded, than the English parliament resumed the plan of taxing the colonies; and to justify their attempts, said, that the money to be raised was that the colonies might erect fortifications, raise troops, etc., with power to draw on the British treasury to defray the expense of the same, *the whole ultimately to be reimbursed by a tax from the mother country on the colonies.* This plan was objected to by the sagacious Franklin who said the Americans would never submit to a tax that would render them *servile.* In 1750, the entries at New York were two hundred and thirty-two, and the clearances two hundred and eighty-six. Above six thousand tons of provisions, chiefly flour, were exported, besides large quantities of grain, but unfortunately the flour for the present seemed to rank among the worthless treasures owing to stringent restraints."

Henry C. Bogart to Robert Sanders.

"Kingston, Jamaica, 2d October, 1753.

"Sir.

Your Thirty-two Barrels Flour which you were pleas'd to address me with, I receiv'd pr Capt. Thomas Hill, which I'm Sorry to acquaint you are come to a Deplorable Markett have now about three Hundred Barrels Flour of my first Cargo on hand, & see no Prospect of Markett rising so that I fear will be oblig'd to Stay here the Winter without being able to Encourage my Friends to Ship me a Cask of Goods however if Times shoul'd take a Turn shall make bold to ask your further Favours This being the Needful beg leave to assure you that none will be more ready to Serve you than "Sir Your Obedt.

"Humble Servt,

"HENRY C. BOGART.

"Fine Flour 17*s.* 6*d* to 20*s.* Common 12*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* Bread 11*s.* to 12*s.* Pork 75*s.* Beef 30*s.* Hams 6*d.* to 6½*d.* Sugar 28*s.* to 32*s.* 6*d.* Rum 3*s.* 1½*d.* to 3*s.* 3*d.*

"To Mr. Robert Sanders, Esq. In Albany."

"Peace was of short duration. The French possessed Canada and made encroachments upon the English possessions and mutual injuries succeeded. They took pains to secure the friendship and assistance of the natives and by their measures excited a jealousy in the English nation, which soon broke forth in open war. The next year several expeditions were undertaken in America against the French but all were not successful. In 1755, General Braddock marched against Fort Du Quesne, but in penetrating through the wilderness, he fell into an ambuscade, suffered a total defeat and he was killed. A part of his troops were saved by flight under the conduct of Col. George Washington. This ill success, and other equally disastrous enterprises, left the English settlements in America exposed to the depredations of both the French and Indians. Fort Edward was built this year and 6000 troops stationed there; it was a military post of considerable importance and was at first called Fort Lyman in honor of General Lyman who superintended its erection. On September 8th, the celebrated battle of Lake George was fought between the provincial troops under Major Gen. Johnson, aided by a body of Indians under Hendrick, the Mohawk chieftain, and a body of French Canadians and Indians. Gen. Johnson proposed to divide his forces into three parties. Hendrick took three sticks, and putting them together, said to him: 'Put these together, and you can't break them. Take them one by one, and you will break them easily.' The hint succeeded and Hendrick's sticks saved the party, but the Indian warrior, Hendrick, was slain. On June 9, 1756, war was declared between England and France, it was called the *Seven Years War;* the colonies furnished supplies of men and money to carry on the war, but the *right* to tax was not allowed."

We select the following record of an early order from the military accounts, together with extracts from letters to my maternal great grand sire, ROBERT SANDERS, being 119 years old; they contain interesting items of this early French and Indian war.

"Rec[d] this 6th July, 1756, from Robert Sanders Twenty Inch White pine Boards for the use of The Massachusetts forces. I say Rec[d] p[r] Me.

"DAN[l] HILL."

Robert & Richard Ray to Robert Sanders.

"New York Jany. 25, 1757.

"Dear Sir.

"Your always agreable favour of the 12 Instant pr: Mr. Tenbroeck we Duly Reed as also one hundred pounds in Cash which you sent down pr: him for which we have given him a Receipt and have Credited you therefore: we have not been able yet to find a bill Exch: of £30- or £40- Sterg: or should have purchased it to send to Mr. Bonbonous as you desired: we have now in the harbour Capt: Garrisons' Snow and a packet who will both Sail for London in about three weeks: in which time We shall endeavour to get such a bill: but if it should fail: shall then send one of £50- Ster'g as we Can always have them of that Sum: unless you should in the mean-time order the Contrary that fifty pound would be more than you would Chuse: but we think ten pound more Could not be amiss, the three pipes of wine formerly mentioned to you we have Bought at £23: 10: pr: pipe and we Realy think them as good as them sent you last fall, observe what you Say in Respect to your Pork: and that you would not have Bought it had you known of the prohibition laid on provis: from home which we well believe: and are Sorry you medled with it: we gave you Notice of the prohibition as soon as we knew it: but as it is now so it Can't be helped: and as you now give us order to barter sd: pork for Rum &c: you may depend on our best endeavour therewith: the same as though you were here yourself to do it: unless you should order it to Antigua as we Recommended you in our last pr: the post; at present here is little or no business done, no provisions bought or sold: that Cannot at present Inform you of any price, observe what you Say in Regard to Mr. Spencer: Depend when any thing Can be done in that Affair shall take Care not to neglect it: are Very Sorry to hear your Father [Barent Sanders] and my Elsie's Father Continues poorly [Richard Ray married Elsie Sanders] hope the Lord will support him in his Sickness and give him an Easy and happy change: the letters Inclos'd for Mr. Franks etc., shall be duly forwarded. As your Brother John and you have a great many goods with us in Store: please to let us know by who you would have them sent in the Spring. We are now to Inform you that a few days ago we have unexpectedly Ingaged in Common with Seven Merchants to purchase a Vessel for a Certain Voyage and have agreed to put on board £500: ster:g Cargo each owner; the Vessel is already bought: this Resolution we Could not have so Suddenly undertaken had it not been for a dependance on you for great part of the money: and this dependance we fixed on you from yours of the 7th Sept^{r}: which Accompanied your Chest now in our house: in which you Say was a large Sum of Money and desired us to put some out to good hands at 6 per ^{ct}: as such we shall now want from you Eight hundred pounds Currency say £800: —: — So we desire you will send down the key of S^{d} Chest by the Return of the post: and we will joyntly give and send you our obligation for the above Sum: and will Repay you the money any time on three months Notice. You may Depend your Money is quite Safe in our hands: as we are determined to Insure our whole Interest as Such large Sums are frequently let out here at 5 p ^{ct}: p^{r}: Annum: we leave that to you to say whether it must be 5 or 6 p ^{ct}: hope you will not Disappoint us in sending the key by the post: as we have made Intire dependance on you for the money, if you should be any ways Doubtful we Can give you further Security.

"As to News we Can Inform you that the Ship pretty Betsey, Capt. Edwards from London to this place loaded with goods for the merchants is taken by the french: lucky you nor we had any goods aboard. We have within few days past Arrivd: here 3 large transport Ships from Ireland with abt: 300 men each: one Store Ship loaded Intirely with powder and the Sutherland man of Warr of 50 Guns who with great Diffienlty got in the harbour through the Ice after being several times aground and in danger of being lost: 5 or 6 more transports: 2 More Men of Warr and some Store Ships belonging to the Same fleet daily expected: the Soldiers that are Arrivd: are quartered on the Inhabitants: and are all hearty well looking Men: and it is S: another fleet was to Sail a few weeks after these with 5 or 6 thousd: land forces and a Number of men of Warr: it appears from this as if the English had determined to Strike a blow: but from their usual Slothfulness it is to be feared they wont do much: every thing seems to be Conducted here with great Secresy: Lord Loudon is gone to Boston: it is Currently Reported here that these transport Ships are to lay here till Spring and then transport the Soldiers elswere: what all this will turn out to: time will tell: in my last I wrote you I was Indisposed: but thank God we are all in good health: we Conclude and are with the greatest Regard to Self and family. Sr: Your Affectn: Kinsmen

"Robt: & Richd. Ray.

"To Robert Sanders Esqr: Merchant in Albany."

"Lord Loudoun was the commander in chief of all the British forces in North America in 1757, he was also Governor of Virginia. He was a man of no energy of character and totally deficient in the requisites for a military leader. He was recalled and Lord Amherst appointed in his place." During this year August 9, 1757, the capture of Fort William Henry and the fearful massacre by the Indians created a great sensation in all the northern states. "The French commander, Marquis de Montcalm, utterly disclaimed all connivance in the bloody work, but it left a deep stain upon his character."

Robert Sanders to Richard Wibird.

"Albany, June 6, 1758.

"Dear Sir:

"I am most Ashamed to trouble you so often, But it seems I cannot Annually avoid it, while our forces Come this way, so that I am again obliged to Trouble you to convey you Colo: John Hart Esqs Bill of Exchange for £117: 6: 9 Sterling on George Jeffreys Esqr money by me Advanced him to Enable his Regiment to March Pursuant to yr Generals Orders to him on the 4th Instant wh he was obliged to do & did, & his Sloop not yet heard of, tho' this Evening Arrived. I must therefore Desire you to get Sd. George Jeffrey's Esqr Bill of Ex'ge: payable to me or my Order in London for the s'd Inclosed Bill & Please to send them to me pr: the post that is Now Established.[1] Between here & Boston & you will add to the many favors Rec'd.

"Our Army started yesterday morning from Lake George 1600 Strong—your forces were not there, I believe then, yet I believe scarce yet this day.

[1] This post was a rider on horseback. In 1792 a bold scheme was undertaken to run a line of stages between Albany and the Connecticut river valley at Northampton. Before this the mountain was only crossed on foot or on horseback — *Annals of Albany.*

"My Wife Joins me in love to Mad'm Wibird, be pleased to accept the same yourself from your affectionate Kinsman & most Obedt.

"Hble. Servant,

"The Hon'ble Rich'd Wibird." "ROBERT SANDERS.

Richard Wibird was "one of the Commissioners from New Hampshire, appointed to meet in the grand council or convention, to be held in Albany June 19, 1754. It was composed of committees from the several colonial assemblies for a renewal of treaties with the Six Nations." The forces that left Lake George were for the expedition against Carillon (Ticonderoga) and Crown Point; they met the enemy but the engagement resulted in the total defeat of General Abercrombie, before Ticonderoga on July 8, 1758, and the death of Lord Howe. "When the preparations were making for the assault, the troops were marched from Albany in detachments past the Flats. The road was in front of the house and followed the margin of the river. Each detachment quartered for a night on the common or in the offices. The Flats was a fertile and beautiful plain on the banks of the river, the residence of Colonel Schuyler's widow. Madam, or as she was called Aunt Schuyler, was distinguished by her dignity and many virtues, and her hospitality during many years to the officers of the British armies sent to contend with the French on the northern frontier. She was the friend and benefactress of the army. Lord Howe slept at this celebrated mansion when on his way to Ticonderoga. Only a few days after Lord Howe's departure, in the afternoon, a man was seen coming on horseback from the north, galloping violently, without his hat. The man rode express and galloped on, crying out that Lord Howe was killed. It was too true; two thousand men were killed, wounded or taken on this disastrous day. General Abercrombie saw the fruitless waste of blood that was every hour increasing and after the troops had been standing four hours under a constant discharge of cannon and musketry, he ordered a retreat. On the next day, those most dangerously wounded were sent forward in boats and reached the Flats before evening. Aunt Schuyler had her barn instantly fitted up into a temporary hospital, and a room in her house allotted for the surgeon who attended the patients. She tore up her sheets and table-linen for bandages; and she together with her nieces were constantly employed in attending and cheering the wounded, while all her domestics were busied in preparing food and every thing necessary for those unhappy sufferers. One of the officers swore in a vehement manner, that he was sure there would be a place reserved for Madam in Heaven, even though no other woman should be there."

Robert Sanders to Sir William Johnson.

"Honoured Sir: "Albany July 27th, 1758.

"I hope this will find you with all yours in Perfect health & yourself some what at your Ease after a Tedious Journey. I Embrace this opp'y to send you here in your Acco[t] Cur[t] with me, whereby you will find I charg[d] you for the freight of your goods Brought up & down by Cap[t] Jacob Van Benthuysen in the years of 1754: 1755 & 1756 which fell to my Share when we Settled & Broke off Slooping In Conjunction, the Acco[t] of the particulars thereof I am not able to send you Now, as he has The Sloop Book with him to Collect some small Debts in at New York, But will send them you as soon as he comes up, which wont be Long I believe. By the Ballance of the Inclosed Acco[t] is due to me from you

£130 : 4 : 10½ for wch sum I Debit your Accot on New, wch please order to be Examin'd & if free from Errors please to order it to be Noted in Conformity with one in yr Book. my Espouse Joins me in Kind Compliment to you and all yours, believe me, to be Sincerely Hon[d] Sir,

" Yr Real friend & am Respectfully
Sr Yr most Hum. Servt

Robt Sanders

" To Sir Wm Johnson Bar[t]."

Sir William Johnson had just returned to his home at Fort Johnson from an important mission to a great Indian council in Pennsylvania. He was greatly respected by the Indians and had much influence over them; having studied their manners and learned their language he carried on a large traffic with them, supplying them with goods, and receiving in return beaver and other skins. Not long before, in May, he attended a grand meeting of the Six Nations at Onondaga in which "speaking with the belt of wampum" their grievances were made known.

Robert Sanders to Thomas Hubbard.

" Albany, Sepr. 18, 1758.

" Sir :

" I have recd your Esteemed favour of the 4th Current & agreeable to yr Request therein I have given John Erwin Fifty Shillings this Currency on yr Accot for wch you are Debited or we Judged it a Sufficient sum to Carry him home. I Gave him no more, But told him if he fell Short to Draw on me as far as 10 Dollars, he seemed very weak & it may be he wont Be able to hold it out till home, he has his Dismission & I believe him to be Unfitt for Service this Campaign. I wrote Col Wendell last post the News abt the Reduction of *fort frontenac* & Desired him to acquaint the Comrs of war with it which I suppose he did, I have no News at present to Communicate But what you will Receive Next Saturday from New York in print, which is great if true otherwise I would write it you. But in the Print you Shall have it at Large & we believe it to be true, it is Expected here that there will be another Attempt made this fall on Carillon & Crown Point, you are quite welcome to lay your Commands on me, if you think me Capable to do you or your Friends any Service here Assure you that I am with much Esteem

" Honbl Sir Yr most Obedt hum : Servant

" To Thomas Hubbard Esqr." " ROBERT SANDERS.

" It was not until the campaign in 1758, that affairs assumed a more favorable aspect in America. But upon William Pitt being at the head of the British ministry a fresh impulse was felt by all. Fort Frontenac — now Kingston — was erected by Count Frontenac, governor of Canada, in 1673, and for eighty years it was one of the strongest military posts in America. In 1758, Colonel Bradstreet with provincials of New York and New England captured it. The commander of the fort was exchanged for Col. Peter Schuyler of New Jersey, then a prisoner in Canada."

Robert Sanders to Moses Emerson.

"Albany, Sept. 29, 1758.

"Dear Sir:

* * * "Col. John Broadstreet with 3000 men hath Taken Frontenac and brought Considerable Booty there you must Doubtless have heard the particulars by the papers therefore Desist must only add that we Expect they will make another attack on fort Carillon [Ticonderoga] this fall wish them better Success as last Spring I fear that they will meet the Strength of Canada there at this Season for I Cant think they Can be under any apprehension of our fleet Coming up to Cubec [Quebec,] this fall. My Espouse & Children Join me in Love to yourself, Mrs. Emerson & young Mr. Emerson who I hope may grow up & be a better man than Ever his father was before him. I remain with Respect Sir,

"Yr Real friend & obedt Servant

"Mr. Moses Emerson." "ROBERT SANDERS.

Robert Sanders to Moses Franks.

"Albany, Octobr 11, 1758.

"Sir:

* * * "We have been this past Summer pretty successful here we have Taken Louisburgh, and fort Frontenac, & would herein give you some particulars Thereof, but believe you will have them fully ere this Reaches your hands, our forces I believe will soon go into Winter Quarters, there was a talk a few days ago that they Were going to make a Second Attempt on Ticonderoga, But heresay they wont go there this fall, from Ohio we hear Little or Nothing here, only that they had a Small Skirmish with the Enemy there wherein we lost & missing somewhat Better than one hundred as is said, the loss the Enemy then Sustained We have not yet learnt. * * *

"Sir Yr Obedt Servt,

"Mr. Moses Franks." "ROBERT SANDERS.

The French general, Montcalm, occupied Ticonderoga and Crown Point till the next year.

CHAPTER II.

COLONIAL HISTORY.

Robert Sanders to Sir William Johnson.

"Albany Octor 23rd 1758.

"Honoured Sir:

I recd of yr 21 Instant yesterday by Mr. Jacobus Clement, the apologie you therein make about not answering my Letter of the 27th July Last I believe to be true But am astonished to see you therein say that I Doubtless must have heard that the Assembly only Allowed Ten Shillings

a day for the time I was in Canada & that you thought it a very small allowance as I believe Every body with you & me must, & if I thought proper Now to settle the Acco' so, you would be Ready to pay the Ballance Immediately & with pleasure, I own it would be hard for you to pay me out of your own pocket, But I thought you Long ere Now would Reimburse what you had agreed to pay me by the Governm' & how Could I well think otherwise — Since it is above Nine Years that I went at your Request & our then Mutual Contract to Canada, & have Since often Settled Acco'ts with you & so now & then had the pleasure of being in your Company, & you Never mentioned one Single Word to me About it & you I believe still will Remember that I would By no means go on the Generosity of the Assembly — you then told me you would not have me or advise me to go on their marcy — and that tho Assembly had Allowed a Certain sum of money, & that you had or was soon to Receive it from Cap' Petrus Douw for that purpose & that you would agree with me & pay me accordingly, as I think you Honourably did for on the 13 Sept' 1750, I not only Settled that Acco' with you Sworn to by me I think before John Baptist Van Eps, Esq But also your particular Acco' with me, & you did that day give me your note of hand of your own accord, on Demand for the Ballance due to me from you & on the 17 Aug' 1752 we Settled all Acco's Between us again & you of your own accord gave me then your note of hand on Demand for the then Ballance due to me & in 1754 May 28th I Delivered you again my Acco' Against you & you sometime after Came to my house & paid me of within a Trifell I may say & kept mute all that time What you now wrote me & on the 27 July Last I Came to send you your Acco' Current as usual to mention Now an Affair which has been Settled so Long ago Between us, I think Strange as I knew I had nothing to do with the Assembly — I Never Intended or did apply to them for my pay & perhaps if I had & Acquainted them Rightly of my Journey & Transactions I believe I am apt to think they would have Allowed me more honorably as you write they did — But if I had applied to them I must own & Confess that I should not have used you well & that I have hitherto Endeavoured to do & hope so to Continue. I wish you with all yours health & am with Compliments & much Esteem Hon^ble Sir, y^r most hum : & most obed' friend & Serv't.

"ROBERT SANDERS.

"To The Hon^ble Sir W^m Johnson Bar^t."

Money in those days was a scarce commodity, so that even services performed on hazardous business were not always well requited if at all. The valuable tract of land, one hundred thousand acres, owned by Sir William Johnson, was obtained from King Hendrick, the great chief of the Mohawk nation in the following manner: "Being at the baronet's house (Fort Johnson) the sachem observed a new coat, richly embroidered with gold lace, which the former intended for his own person; and on entering his presence after a night's rest, he said to him, 'Brother, me dreamed last night.' 'Indeed,' responded the royal agent, 'and what did my red brother dream?' 'Me dream,' was the chief's reply, 'that this coat be mine!' 'Then,' said the sagacious Irishman, 'It is yours, to which you are welcome.' Soon after this interview, Sir William returned his guest's visit, and on meeting him in the morning said to him, 'Brother, I dreamed last night!' 'What did my pale-faced brother dream?' interrogated the sachem. 'I dreamed,' said his guest, 'that this tract of land

was all my own!' The chief replied, 'Brother, the land is yours, but you must not dream again!' It was a check-mate."

Robert Sanders to Col. Jacob Wendell.

"Albany Novr 3, 1758.

"Dear Sir,

"I Recd yrs of the 10 Ultimo, with the Inclosed Letter To Mr. Humphry Chadbourn which I forwarded to him & have since Delivered him Agreeable to yr Desire Ten Dollars & have taken his Bill therefor on his Brother Mr. Benj. Chadbourn which you have Here Inclosed Endorsed by me to Debit yr Accot therefor Your Regemt are all come down & major part on their way home I Can't but acquaint you that they have Cut a great Deal of wood for the service on yr Land at the Jser Berg, & as Every body suffers from Cutting wood here on their Land for the service I Daren't speak a word, must therefore Desire to let me Know your Sentiments thereabout. Here is a Town Talk that General Abercrombie is Superseded by General Amherst & we have News that the King of Prussia gained a Victory over the Russians, the Express came Last night & says the Packet is arrived at New York. I hear Nothing as yet abt Col. Peter Schuyler & our other Prisoners that were to Come in Lieu of Them that we took at fort Frontenac when I do I shall Enquire & write Mr John Mico Wendell abt the Gentlemen He gave me In Charge of, wch please to acquaint him as I have no time now to write him. I Never Expected our Prisoners Before the Armies of Both sides went Into Winter quarters as I know French Policy too well, altho our people here are very Uneasy & Expect they wont come. But I think we shall now soon hear from them. I hope this will find you with all yrs as this Leaves me with all mine & friends here entirely well.

"My Espouse Joins me in Duty to yr self, Madm Wendell all yr Children & friends with you. Believe me to be Sincerely Dear Sr Your Affectionate Kinsman.

"ROBERT SANDERS.

"The Honble Jacob Wendell."

Elihu Lyman's Bill.

"1758 The Colony of Connecticut pr Elihu Lyman } Dr.
For yr forces Under Maj: General Abercrombie }

June 25. To 1 pr Blankets.....	£12 :	:
Do. 28. To 3 pr Do @ £ 12 pr : & 1 Single Blanket 16s....	36 :	16 :
Albany Novr : 6th, 1758, Errors Excepted,.....	£48 :	16 :

ROBERT SANDERS.

"Gentlemen,

"Please to pay the Above Acct of forty Eight pounds Sixteen Shillings New York Currency Unto General Lyman or his order & his Receipt Shall be to you a good & Sufficient Discharge & you will very much oblige, Gent Yr most hum: & most

"Obedt Servant, ROBERT SANDERS.

"Sir:

"I Beg the favour of you to Obtain & receipt the Above Acct of £48: 16: for me & on Receipt thereof please to Deduct thereout for your Trouble what is Reasonable as also the Charges you should Be at & Remit to me here the Remainder, & if you should have No oppty for this place you may then send it to New York to Messrs Robert & Richard Ray Merchts there, Near the Old Dutch Church & if I Can be of Service here

be Assured that on Receipt of y^r^ Commands I will Endeavour to Execute them to the Utmost of my ability Interim I am with profound Esteem Hon^ble^ Sir.

" Y^r^ most hum : & obed^t^ Servant

" To General P. Lyman." " ROBERT SANDERS.

" General Lyman was a brave and energetic man, yet most unjustly he received none of the honors which were deservedly his due. At the battle of Crown Point in 1755, the whole engagement was directed by him for five consecutive hours with great skill."

Robert Sanders to General Lyman.

" Dear Sir. "Albany November 7th 1758.

" I Just now heard from Mr Sheldon that you was on the wing going off with y^r^ : Regim^t^ : this day. I am sorry I had Not the pleasure to see you at my house as I Expected to have Done by what you told me when I had the pleasure to see you at Col. Rensselaer's, so have now only to Convey you here in v^r^ : Goverment Accott : of Blankets fitched at my house by Mr Elihu Lyman since Deceased, & my order for you to Receive the money, I trust you will use y^r^ : Endeavour to Receive it, I wish you would add to the obligations Laid on me by this if you would Let me Know by a Line from you how you Succeed herein. I wish you a good Journey home & that you may find yours all in Health is the present Needfull from Hon^ble^ : Sir

" Y^r^ most hum : & obd^t^ Serv^t^

" To Gen. Phineas Lyman at Green Bush." " ROBERT SANDERS.

This is the General Lyman who was engaged in the celebrated battle of Lake George on September 8, 1755. " In the vicinity of the *Bloody Pond*. Hendrick, the noted Mohawk chieftain, with a body of French Canadians and Indians assisted the provincial troops under Major-general, afterwards Sir William Johnson. Gen. Johnson, at the commencement of the battle, received a flesh wound in his thigh and the ball lodged in it. General Lyman then took command, and continued it during the action, but Johnson not willing to divide the honors of the event, did not even mention in his report, the name of General Lyman, the real leader in the victory. It was immediately after the battle that with evident jealousy of Lyman, he changed the name of Fort Lyman to that of Fort Edward. The English government, elated by the victory, created Gen. Johnson a baronet and gave him $20,000."

Robert Sanders to Col. Wendell.

" Dear Sir. " Albany April 30, 1759.

" My last to you was p^r^ Capt. Grange wherein I Desired you to send me some pots & Kittles w^ch^ I Doubt not but was Delivered to you, Since arrived several Gentlemen from your place & not a line from you, hope it is not for want of health. Having now a favourable opp^y^ w^ch^ I Embrace & make bold to Trouble you again with the herein closed Note of Capt. Abra. Keen for £13 : 10 : 10½ this Currency & my order & Acco^t^ of one Capt. French of the 48 Regim^t^ if he is in Boston as I hear say he is I Desire you to order both sums of them to be rec^d^ & Credit my Acco^t^ with you for the same. If Capt. French Should be gone off then please to forward him this Inclosed Letter after you have Read &

sealed it. I hear Capt Keen is Going this year Eastward so am obliged to send you his Note, he is a good honest man & will pay you Immediately for me. Abraham Jacobs Lansing Came home fieu days since I had no letter by him from you he tells me that you & he were Discoursing about Stone Raby & that you askt him £600 for it, if you are Inclineable to sell it for what people tells me it is worth, since it was derived from both my Grandfathers Robert Sanders & John Wendell, they were the first owners thereof I will buy it of you for myself and will pay you Immediately for it but no more then the Real Value & send you the Consideration money on Receipt of y^r^ Conveyance to me.

"There is one Perez Tillson, a sutler last year to Col. Doty's Reg^t^ who owes me by bond I believe Between £70 & £80 Inform me what you know or think about him. Tho' Col Doty Contracted most part of the Debt. I am Glad to hear you are Better. I heartly wish you with all y^rs^ health. y^r^ most Affe Kinsman

"ROBERT SANDERS.

"Col. Jacob Wendell."

Robert Sanders to Thomas Hubbard.

"Sir, Albany June 3 1759.

"Mr Isaac Gridley's letter of the 28 Ultimo on your Behalf with the these Inclosed receipts for the Sundry Stores you had Shipt on board of Capt. Freeman for Albany I have this day rec^d^ & post as soon as Capt. Freeman Arrives I shall receive them in Store & Deliver them to Messrs Woodbridge & Savage as you shall Direct me in yours of the Next post w^ch^ I hope will be before Capt Freeman arrives as Mr. Woodbridge is still at home. General Amhurst went up to the army this morning the few Remaining forces yet in Town are to set out to morrow The Army to the Westward Destined did not delay, but set out from Schenectady yesterday. I pray God to Grant them success. You Doubtless must have seen by the news papers that General Amhurst hath forbid the Carrying up of any Spirituous Liquors to the Army yet this day believe his prohibition will be of no long Duration for I Cant think the Army can be without any a long time, I am with the Greatest Esteem. Hon^d^ Sir Y^r^ most obt Hum: Serv^t^:

"ROBERT SANDERS.

"Hon. Thomes Hubbard."

"The skill, bravery, and activity of General Amherst, exhibited in the capture of Louisburg (on the island of Cape Breton, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, then the strongest fortification in America, and the rallying point of French power on this continent) in 1758, gained him a vote of thanks from parliament and commended him to Pitt, who in 1759 appointed him to the chief command in America. He collected his army of eleven thousand men at Fort Edward and its vicinity and on July 26 appeared before Ticonderoga. He met with no impediment but soon had possession of the fort as the French had fled, after they had dismantled the fort, down the lake to Canada."

Robert Sanders to the New Hampshire Commissioners.

"Gentlemen, "Albany Aug. 3, 1759.

"Col. Zecheus Lovewell Deliv^d^ to me on his Coming down from Ticonderago an ord^r^ to go In obedience to Gen. Amhurst's ord^r^ with his Regiment to Oswego. Your letter of the 16 May last, wherein you are Pleased to Recommend him to my favour for advice & assistance, & if he should

have occasion for money his Bill on you for £100 sterl^g should be punctually paid, but Col. Lovewell found it by Experience Impossible to go on from Albany to Ticonderoga & from there again to Oswego with his Regim^t with the £100 Sterl^g, Applied to me to assist him as several of his men would or Could not go without a Little Cash, they said to Enable them to march. I did advance him the sum of £311 : 14 Sterl^g for w^ch I have sent his Bill on you to Rich^d Wibird Esqr. : to whom you will be pleased to give your Bills for said sum of £311 : 14 Sterl^g payable to me or my order in London.

"I cant Enlarge on the Above with my heart full of Joy, must let you know that Ticonderoga is taken and in our possession July 26, without our firing one Cannon against it, and that yesterday 3 o'clock P.M. we had an Express come in Town from Niagara who brings us the agreeable News that the Fortress is also in our Possession after an Engagem^t with 1500 french and Indians near by the said Fort w^ch Came from Ohiho & Ottowawa to assist the fort of w^ch Number our forces, under Johnson and Genl. Prideaux (the latter was killed) Kilt in the wood 400 & have taken prisoners 17 officers. After s^d Battle the fort Surrendered prisoners of war & in a few days we Expect in Town from there 700 prisoners & 300 Scalps: & this morning we had an Express from Ticonderoga, that the french had Abandoned Crown point. Carried off all they could & Burnt all that would Burn there by all w^ch we can plainly see that our fleet is at Quebec, they left Crown point the first Instant & we took Niagara the 25 Ultimo. I give you all Joy with the news and Could not omitt Communicating it to you. I am with the Greatest Regards,

"Gen^l Y^r most Hum: Servant

"To Rich^d Wibird Daniel Warner & Henry Sherburne, Esq^r." } "ROBERT SANDERS.

The above gentlemen were members of the "Convention that assembled at Albany, in the old City Hall, on the 19th of June, 1754 for the purpose of uniting upon some scheme for the common defense. Major Henry Sherburne was killed in 1777 at the Battle of Germantown. In 1776 he was sent by Arnold from Montreal with one hundred and forty men to reenforce the garrison at Cedar Rapids. About five in the evening the whole of Foster's (English) Canadians and Indians burst from an ambuscade and fell upon the republicans They made a brave defense for nearly an hour and a half, when the Indians, in number greatly superior, formed a girdle around them, and at a given signal rushed upon the devoted band, and infuriated by the obstinate resistance of the Americans butchered nearly all. The fortress of Niagara was an important acquisition for the English as it was at the mouth of the Niagara river. On July 25, 1759, General Prideaux invested Niagara but was killed by the bursting of a mortar, before the surrender of the French. The fort, was, however, captured by Sir William Johnson, who succeeded him in command. The seige was continued more than a fortnight, and the beleaguered garrison, despairing of succor, surrendered; a large quantity of ammunition and stores fell into their hands. The capture has been ascribed to treachery."

Robert Sanders to Jacob Wendell.

"Dear Sir: "Albany, Oct. 17, 1759.

"I have y^r Esteemed favours of the 8 & 12 Current. by the first See what you say About Stone Rabia [Stone Arabia] & its Bounds & that it was worth more money then I thought it was, therefore you Believed I

would not buy it, and it is Some Years Since when you sold it to your Kinsman at Albany for £1200 York money & you Esteem it at Least worth now £1500 York money & if Canady was taken as you Expected it soon would rise more and by my last to you & by your all ways agreeable to me of the 12th (We had agreeable news on the 13th p^r^ an Express from Oswego, that they had taken 3 french prisoners who say that the City of Quebec Surrendered on the 18 Sept^r^ to the English. General Amhurst went off from Crown point last week Thursday with 4500 forces without Counts the Marines.) It is Confirmed that the City of Quebec is through God's Blessing in our Possession, and believe & hope soon to hear all Canada to be, So give you Joy therewith, So that you Think it is worth more now than £1500 :—:— I hope you will be able to sell it at that price if you ever Intend to sell it. But I have as great Reason to believe you wont sell it by Valuing of it as you believe I wont buy it, I must own that I wont buy it at £1500 this money nor Nobody Else I believe as I have Before wrote you the reason & my sole Inducem^ts^ I would have Bought it & if you & yours intend to keep it I am Content. I am glad to see by yours that you Intend once more to Come & see your friends here when please God We may live to see Each other we shall talk further together. In mean Time if you can sell it for £1500 I would Advise you so to do it if you Intend to sell it, for I Can Assure you that I have never hitherto seen the man yet here, (Except Abraham Ooms sons) that would give so much for it as they offered you. All our friends here are well and I am very glad to hear that you & your good Espouse also Continue to mend Dayley, I hope you both may Enjoy your perfect health again. With my Espouse & own best regards to you both & service to all friends I conclude I am D^r^ S^r^ Y^r^ Lov^g^ Cousin & Obed^t^ Serv^t^

"Col. Jacob Wendell."

"ROBERT SANDERS.

Robert Sanders to Thom^s^ Hubbard.

"Albany, Oct. 28, 1759.

"Dear Sir:

"I have by the Courier yesterday y^r^ Exceeding kind favour of the 22 & thank you for the Trouble you took to write me the Agreeable News it Contained. In my Turn must let you Understand hereby, that General Amhurst with his Army Returned to Crown Point, without doing more then I wrote p^r^ the last Corrier; and Sir Wm. Johnson, Bart. is come home so that we Expect Nothing will be Done more this fall, unless the Articles of Capitulation made at Quebec Induces the Inhabitants of Canada in order to keep their estates to give the south part of Canada over, as we are possessed of the North part I can't but think they will Surrender it. I believe the General will keep the Provincials as Long as the weather will permitt them to work at the forts & then By what I can hear yours will go home by the way of No. 4. Mons^r^ Vaudreuil the governor general in my oppinion will take care Not to be taken for he is as well Governour of Mesisipé as of Canada. The hhd Cloths Mr. Woodbridge brought in store seemed wet I therefore got a Cooper this morning, he took it out & found it much worse than I thought it was, had it Dryed & put up again otherwise it soon would have been Rotten. I think your Government sends every year too much clothing. My Sincere Regards to you and all friends. With you I am with Profound Respect.

"Hon^ble^ Sir y^r^ most Obliged Hum Servant

"Hon^ble^ Thomas Hubbard Esq."

"ROBERT SANDERS.

."Gens. Amherst and Wolfe had been very successful this year in their engagements against the French, and, at the beginning of 1759, Quebec was the only place of considerable importance in possession of the French. Gen. Wolfe was in command of the English forces sent against Quebec. The French General Montcalm was in command of the strongly intrenched camp as head quarters and a strong garrison in the city. General Wolfe had his army of five thousand British troops before sunrise, September 13, 1759, drawn up in battle array upon the plains of Abraham three hundred feet above the St. Lawrence The appearance of the English troops upon the heights was the first intimation Montcalm had of the real intentions of his enemy. The English had waited four hours for the approach of the French, and were fully prepared for action. Wolfe ordered his men to load with two bullets each, and reserve their fire until the French should be within forty yards. These orders were obeyed and did terrible execution. While cheering on his men he received his third ball which brought him to the ground mortally wounded. He was taken to the rear while his troops continued to charge. Shortly before he expired rallying himself inquired, 'How goes the battle?' Col. Donald Campbell, one of the officers who supported him on the field of battle and on whose shoulder he was leaning exclaimed, 'They run, they run!' The dying hero asked with emotion, 'Who runs?' 'The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere.' 'Now God be praised, I die happy!' These were his last words; just at the moment of victory he died. Gen. Montcalm also received a mortal wound, and died the next morning. Wolfe and Montcalm were both able commanders, and were idolized by their respective troops. Five days after the battle the city of Quebec capitulated and passed into the hands of the English on September 18, 1759, which terminated French rule in Canada."

Robert Sanders to Hon. Richard Wibird.

"Albany Nov. 18, 1759.

"Dear Sir,

"The bearer Col. Lovewell is Just on the wing going home being afraid for the small-pox of which the City is pretty full, leaves me only time to write you these few lines to Acknowledge the receipt of the Set Sterling bills you forwarded to our mutual friend Mr. John Mico Wendell of Boston and he to me without a Line from your Self or the Committee, at which I was a little astonished and did not know what to think. On your Regiment Coming down they applied again to me for Cash Dollars to Carry them home to Defray the Officers and mens expenses by the way; and as they Could not get their Billeting money from Col. Bradstreet, and Rather then to Detain and Keep them here on Great Charge of them and the Government, I Suffered Col. Lovewell to prevail on me to let him have for the above Purpose £341 : 14 : Sterling for which you have his bill here Inclosed on the Committee. Must therefore Beg of you once more to obtain for me in Lieu and Stead of the Inclosed bill from your Committee 2 Setts of Sterling bills. The 1 for £200 Str : the other £141 : 14 : Str. payable to me or my order in London, as Expeditiously as you possibly can. I am sorry to let you know that our Aunt Schuyler's Mansion-house and Kitchens were lately all Consumed by fire, but Goods Saved. I Doubt not but you must have heard it, as I wrote to Col. Wendell at the time of it. My wife Joins me in Love to Madam Wibird and yourself. I am Dear Sir, Your Aff. Kinsman and Obt. Servt.

"Robert Sanders.

"To The Honble. Richd. Wibird, Esq."

"In the summer of this year as General Bradstreet was riding by the Flats one day, and proposing to call on Madam Schuyler, he saw her sitting in a great chair under the little avenue of cherry-trees that led from her house to the road. All the way as he approached he had seen smoke, and at last flames, bursting out from the top of her house. He was afraid to alarm her suddenly; but when he told her, she heard it with the utmost composure; pointed out the likeliest means to check the fire; and ordered the neighbors to be summoned, and the most valuable goods first removed, without ever attempting to go over to the house herself, where she knew she could be of no service; but with the most admirable presence of mind, she sat still with a placid countenance, regulating and ordering every thing in the most judicious manner, and with as much composure as if she had nothing to lose. When evening came, of that once happy mansion, not a single beam was left, and the scorched brick walls were all that remained to mark where it had stood. Madam could not be said to be left without a dwelling, having a house in Albany rather larger than the one thus destroyed. But she was fondly attached to the spot which had been the scene of so much felicity, and was rendered more dear to her by retaining within its bounds the remains of her beloved partner [Colonel Philip Schuyler who died in 1757]. She removed to her brother's house for the night. The news of what had happened spread every where, and the next day people came from all quarters to condole, and ask her directions where and how she would choose to have another house built. And in a few days the ground was covered with bricks, timber and other materials, brought there by her friends in voluntary kindness. General Bradstreet sent some of the king's workmen to assist in building, and the house commenced in August was ready for her by the early winter. Aunt Schuyler was very fond of birds and to make them secure nests procured the skeleton heads of horses and cattle, in great numbers, and stuck them on high poles much to the delight of the feathered warblers."

In my mother's note-book is an entry. "Aunt Schuyler at the Flats died on Monday December 6th, 1802. Buried Thursday 9th." The old road after crossing the Patroon's creek, passed down to the river, over it marched all the armies for the North.

Robert Sanders to Richard Wibird.

"Albany Dec. 3, 1759.

"Dear Sir:

"I have y^r^ Esteemed fav^r^ of the 3^d^ Instant p^r^ y^r^ Carrier & note y^r^ Contents, that you would honour the Drafts on you in favour of Mess^rs^ Lee & Clarke & that you Apprehended there would be no need for me to send in a petition to y^r^ Court as you trusted Mr. Woodbridge would attend. But if you Judge it Necessary or Best to petition the Court I must beg of you to do it in my Behalf & you will very much oblige me. Inclosed you have a receipt of Mr. Simon Leaking I had no time to take a Duplicate of him therefore send you his original for the p^r^ shoes & money I have Debited the Governm^t^ The other things therein Mentioned are of your Governm^t^ Clothing Pickt Last Spring by Mr. Woodbridge so not of the best. At foot you have what I Deliv^d^ for the use of y^r^ Sick, the Sugar Chocolade &c I took out of my own store, as I did not chuse to open y^rs^ In store, shall replace it when you open or Recall y^rs^ in store as I hear no further of the Sick, I have ordered the Cask raisins that I opened in Store to be headed up again I suppose Ebenz Cox by my Advise had them Carried in wagons to Sheffield, but have as yet not

seen his draft on me, I suppose it still to be among some of our farmers at Kinderhook. General Amhurst with part of his Army came to town the first Instant tarryed here to the 3d when the river was frozen over, he then Crossed the River & went afoot to New York in company with a few of his Officers, he Came down afoot also from Lake George so that he is of good Example to Officers & Soldiers, we have no news, so Conclude with best regards. Dr Sr Yr most hum & Obedt Servt

"ROBERT SANDERS.

"Honble Richd Wibird Esq."

Robert Sanders to Thomas Hubbard.

"Albany, Sepr 24: 1761.

"Dr Sr:

"Yesterday I recd your favour of the 16 Instant pr Mr. Sam Blodgett with st Blodgett's Receipt for nine Cases of Clothing & two hhds hats wch you had Shipt to me pr Capt. Littlefield who is also arrived in this harbour but the goods not yet landed. I have this day wrote up to Col: Salstonstall & Hoar at Crown point & acquainted them of the Arrival of the Cloths & that I would be glad of their order about them, but if Major Ashley In the meantime Should come for them I shall Deliver them to him. I thought to have sent you by the Return of this Vessell two old Medicine Chests, yet in my store of yr government & one old Bed-pan, the other bed-pan I Delivered last fall for the use of the Sick soldiers at Green Bush to Doctr Mather, but the Capt is going from here to Philadelphia so says Can't take them.

"I see by yours as also by the prints that my honoured Uncle Col: Jacob Wendell Departed this Life sometime Since & that he was Buried on the 16 Instant to my great Grief, and am Astonished that Neither myself nor any of his Sisters or Brother-in-Laws here have one line of his family About him. I make no Doubt but that he is gone to a Better Mansion then here, & I know it be the way of all flesh, & I pray God to prepare us all for the Like Change.

"I have the Honour to be with profound Esteem

"Dr Sr Yr most hum: & Obed Servant

"ROBERT SANDERS.

"Thomas Hubbard, Esqr., Boston."

Robert Sanders to Richard Wibird, &c.

"Albany, 27 Octr, 1761.

"Gent:

"My last to you was on the 3 Augt under Cover of Mr. Jno M. Wendell Via Boston in wch I sent you my Accot Current with yr Governmt Ballce thereof in my favour £15: 14: 1½ this Currency for wch Debit on new, also Col. Goff's order & Mr. Oothout made Before he was paid, as also Col. Goff's on you in my favour for £37: 10 Sterling wh I Doubt not but met with due honour, I hope you all have Recd & to w referr, have Veritably heard it was to yr hands otherwise you would have Duplicates herin again. Col. Jnº Goffe is Come Down from Crown point & is going down to New York to the General for the Billetting money & applied yesterday to me to Assist him with money to give to his Officers & men to pay & Bear their Expenses by the way going home & to Enable him to Enlist & pay Bounty. In obedience to Governour Wentworth's order to him to forty Eight private men & three Officers as yr Governm's proportion to Remain in the Service Untill the Month of July next Ensuing wch I knew was Impossible for him to do without money, so paid

him yesterday in half Johanneses[1] [$4] & Dolls: in all £345 : 17 : 1d Sterling for wch he gave me his Bill on you wch I here Inclose & send to Richd Wibird Esqr & Desire you to give him yr Bill or Bills payable to Messrs Champion & Hayley, Merchs in London for & on my Acct with them. You may if you Please add to this Last Bill, if you have not yet to the first of £37 : 10 Sterg the Ballance of £15 : 14 : 1½ due to me from yr Governmt trust Mr. Wibird will be so good as to forward two of sd Bills by two Different opptys to sd Gent. in London, if any there Should be at Portsmouth, otherwise to send them to Mr. Jno Mico Wendell at Boston or to Messrs Robt & Richd Ray in New York & the other pr a good oppty to me here. With the greatest Regards

I Remain Gentlemen Yr most hum. & Obedt Servt

"The Honble Richd Wibird, Esq., "ROBERT SANDERS.
"Chairman of the Comtee of War Portsmouth."

Robert Sanders to Peter Miller.

"Albany March 1, 1762.

"Sir,

"I am Sorry to let you know hereby that I am Credibly Informed, that you have & are still busy In Cutting & Carrying away Wood from my Land at Poghkeepsie altho' my Cousin forbids you Cutting & Carrying of it away from my lands, I Intend to be at Poghkeepsie next Spring, Please God I Live and will not only Sue you But every other that I can prove to have Cut wood from My Land Except my Tennant on Possession for the use of himself on my farm. Take this Precaution from me In good Earnest & Leave the wood on my Land otherwise you will bring yourself to great Trouble and Cost. I am Sir, your Humble Servant

"To Peter Miller." "ROBERT SANDERS.

The following was rather a *spicy*, gentlemanly letter from our venerated progenitor:

Robert Sanders to Dr. Godfrey Smith.

"Albany Jany 24, 1763.

"Sir,

"I have yesterday pr post from New York Recd your Extraordinary Letter of 3 Ultimo postage 2s. 6*d*., & am surprised to hear and see you Run out to such a length against me for Not sending to you the Vinegar and Turnips which you and Col: Salstonstall Desired Last November to be sent to Crown Point. I did then own & Confess to Col. Salstonstall that I had no Interest Enough in this Country to prevail on Waggoners to go up to Lake George that time of the Year with their Waggons and horses with Turnips as the Roads then were. He then Seemed Sensible of it and as to Vinegar I could not get it In the whole City. Desired Mr. Blodget to Enquire and search the Town for common Vinegar he was so good as to do it (as I was not able to as the Doctor would not suffer me on acct. of my leg) but could find none under 6 Shillings Pr gal: and I Was advised Then to send none at that price, and at the Same Time Assured that Good Vinegar was Plentifully to be had at Crown Point for that selfsame price if not under, and you was sensible I would pay your Draft on me for it.

"You are pleased to say in your Letter ('perhaps you will send the Desired articles In the Month of February when they will be Destroyed by the frost and not worth a farthing and the Governt must have your

[1] A Johannes is a Portuguese gold coin of the value of eight dollars.

Expense'). I am Glad to know your sentiments thereabout, and you may Depend I will send no Turnips unless you Possitively order me by a line or two from you to do it this Winter. Vinegar I believe is still to be *not* had in Town unless I pay here 6s. p^r^ gallon and I Chuse not to do When it is to be had at that price where I had orders to send it to. I all ways do for my Employers as if they were personally present. I wish you the Complim^ts^ of the Season.

"Sir, y^r^ most hum : & obt Servant

"To Doctor Godfrey Smith." "ROBERT SANDERS.

Robert Sanders to Abraham J. Lansing.

"Albany Jany 15 1763.

"Dear Sir.

"I send p^r^ you to Boston *three* Province Notes which carry Interest from the Date Each Note of the Treasurer there (viz) one of £6 Lawfull Dated the 11 feb^y^ 1760 to J. Tyng, one of £6 L^r^ In dated the 11 feb^y^ 1760 to J Tyng. One of £9 L^r^ In Dated the 13 May 1760 to R. Tyler, for which please to take of the Treasurer Spanish mild Dollars or pistoles, & be so good & bring them with you here & you will oblige me. My Compliments to all Enquiring friends & wish you a pleasant prosperous Journey to thero & safe home again. "I am Sir, y^r^ most humble Servant.

"Mr. Abraham J. Lansing." "ROBERT SANDERS.

In 1763, the celebrated controversy with New Hampshire, respecting boundaries commenced. The disputed territory is now called Vermont.

Robert Sanders to John M. Wendell.

"Albany Aug^t^ 15, 1763.

"Dear Sir,

"I did write to you last p^r^ Dominie Rowman on the 26 Ultimo to which am Constrained to Refer among other things I did therein by way of Posteript Let you know that Mrs. Sanders was then Dangerously Sick of a feaver To my Great Grief and Sorrow Must Hereby let you know That it hath Pleased the Great Ruler of all things To take to himself after 9 or 10 Days Sickness on July 30 my Dear Valuable Wife Mrs Sanders [Elizabeth daughter of Col. Peter Schuyler, she was born January 1, 1725] which Great Loss is most hetherto Insupportable to me I pray God to take it some what from me & that God will prepare and fitt us all for the Like Unavoidable Change. I trust you will be good Enough to communicate This my great Grief and Loss to our mutual friends with you & to Mr. Wibird & his Espouse if You have Occasion to Write to him. I cant as yet write much you can Well Think tho' it may Come too again Mrs Sanders left me Sitting with 5 children one Son & 4 daughters the Eldest Daughter going in her 14 Year [Wife of Philip Van Rensselaer] & the Youngest Daughter going in her 18 months a Suckling yet when her mother Died. I Intended to have Come & see you & to have Collected my Just Debts in your part Next month But Now give over all thoughts of it and must Rely on Every man's Honesty that owes me Money. I shall now only add that I am with kind Salutations to all friends with you Dear Sir, Your Affected Cousin.

"ROBERT SANDERS.

"Mr John Mico Wendell Boston.

"It is very probable we shall be obliged to carry on a war the next Year against the Ottawawa Indians and some of our five Nation Indians for they or some of them commit daily murders on our People in our Garrison. R.S."

Robert Sanders to Sir William Johnson.

"Albany Novembr: 15, 1764.

"Honble Sir:

"I have Just Now Recd your favour of the 8 Curt Noted you would take up the Bond wch you Executed Jointly & severelly with Mr. Wells to me on the 7 June 1762 for £700:—:—Two Years & 4 months Interest thereon due the 8 June @6½ Pr Ct 106:3:4—Amounts in the whole to the 7 Instant to £806:3:4 which sum you or they Can pay & Discharge when you please But as I have at present no Occasion at New York for it I would Chuse to Receive it here In New York Money—Jersey Money I find Good Deal of Trouble into pass it here Among our farmers As you Doubtless will with me Daily Experience. I have Labored above Two years under a Malady which Rendered me Spring and Summer past Incapable to write much or hardly at all But It seems I mend something Dayly at Least I think so & thank the Great Ruler & Disposer of Heaven & Earth for it and am In Great hopes of Recovering my Former State of health again. I Cant At this time Enlarge Shall only Add that I am with Greatest Regards Dear Sir—

"Your hum, & most Obdt friend & well wisher

"Sir William Johnson, Bart." "ROBERT SANDERS.

Robert Sanders to Messrs Champion & Hayley.

"Albany April 13, 1765.

"Gentlemen,

"The Enclosed Memorandum I Confirm to be Copy of my Last to you This Serves purely to hand you the 2d Bill thereof to Serve in Case of need and to Assure you I am very Respectfully, Gent, Your Most

"Humble Svt ROBERT SANDERS."

The following month, May 24, 1765, Robert Sanders the veteran champion of his country's rights, passed away from the stirring scenes of life at the age of 60 years, for the lamp of life ceased to burn.

Among the family effects is a singular Patent for CHRISTAIN STADLE, engraven on parchment, having attached to it the great Seal, stamped on one side with the "Lion and the Unicorn."

"*New York Secretary's Office* 30th July 1765—The within Letters patent are recorded in Lib. patents to reduced Officers, &c., page 123.

"Go BANYAR, D. Secr'y."

"*New York Auditor Generals Office* 30 July 1765—The within Letters patent are Docqueted in this Office.

"Go BANYAR, Dep. Aud."

"GEORGE The Third, by the Grace of God, of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland;* King, Defender of the faith, *and so forth:* To all whom these Presents shall come *Greeting:* KNOW YE, That of Our especial Grace, certain Knowledge, and meer Motion, *We*, have Given, Granted, Ratified, and Confirmed; and Do by these Presents, for Us, our Heirs, and Successors, Give, Grant, Ratify, and Confirm unto Our loving Subject CHRISTAIN STADLE being a disbanded non Commission Officer having serven in North America during the late War and last belonging to our Fifty-fifth Regiment of Foot: All that certain Tract or parcel of Land situate lying and being in the County of Albany on the East-side of

Hudsons River within our Province of New York: Beginning at the Southwest Corner of a Tract of Land Surveyed for John McDonald and runs thence East Sixty Chains and sixteen Links; Then South Thirty-five Chains; Then West Sixty Chains and Sixteen Links and then North thirty-five Chains to the place where this Tract first began Containing Two hundred acres of Land and the usual Allowance for Highways."

This curious Patent is too lengthy to be further copied but it is closed by "IN TESTIMONY whereof, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of our said Province to be here unto affixed. *Witness* our Trusty and Well beloved CADWALLADER COLDEN Esquire our Lieutenant Governor, &c., &c. * * *

"CLARK."

PHILIP was the second son of Col. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer and Ariaantie Schuyler. In the old family Record I find in my maternal grandfather's own writing these notices:

"1747 May 19th New Style was I, Philip Van Rensselaer born in Albany."

"1749 October 15th N. Style was Maria Sanders born in Albany."

"1768 February 24th, Philip Van Rensselaer *getrout met* Maria Sanders and Elizabeth Schuyler, by Dominie Eilardus Westerlo at the house of her grandfather Peter Schuyler, at the Flatts."

Col. Philip Van Rensselaer was appointed in July, 1776, commissary of military stores of the Northern Department by General Schuyler, and

CHERRY HILL.

Built by Philip Van Rensselaer, in 1768.

confirmed by congress. We see from his private papers, the hard times they had to contend with in raising money and getting supplies for the army. He was an upright and successful merchant and well deserved the high consideration in which he was held. When on a visit to New Orleans, he was prostrated with yellow fever; though able eventually to return to his home at Cherry Hill, a beautiful site overlooking the Hudson

river and commanding a fine extended view. He never recovered perfect health. In this mansion, built by himself the year of his marriage, he died. The following notice cut from a newspaper was pasted in grandma's scrap book: "Died, on Saturday last (March 3, 1798), Philip Van Rensselaer, Esqr., aged 51 years, at his Seat at Cherry Hill. His funeral rites were solemnized on Wednesday." He left a large and valuable property to his wife, and children, six *zoons* and three *doegters*, only seven of whom survived their father. The conversation of my grandparents was conducted principally in Dutch. *Yah Mynheer* and *Yah! ya vrouw* was often interspersed in their English familiar discourse.

"The troops quartered in New York and Boston, were a constant source of irritation and difficulty with the inhabitants. On March 2, 1770, a fray took place in Boston between a British soldier and a man employed at a rope walk. The former was supported by his comrades, the latter by the ropemakers, till several on both sides were involved in the consequences. This quarrel was renewed by the citizens on the evening of the fifth when a more dreadful scene was presented. A part of Captain Preston's company when under arms were pressed upon, insulted and pelted by the mob with snowballs covering stones. They were also dared to fire, which they finally did, killing three of the multitude and wounding five others. The town was immediately in commotion. The ringing of bells, the beating of drums, and the shout *to arms!* by the people, soon brought together thousands of citizens. A body of troops sent in the meantime to rescue Preston's men, would doubtless have been massacred, had not Governor Hutchinson and some of the leading citizens, among whom was Samuel Adams interfered. The result of the trial reflected great honor on John Adams, and Josiah Quincy, Esqrs., the council for the prisoners; and also on the integrity of the jury, who ventured to give an upright verdict, in defiance of popular opinion. Three days after the massacre, the obsequies were solemnized. Every demonstration of respect was manifested. The stores and work-shops were closed, the bells of Boston, Charlestown and Roxbury were tolled, and thousands followed the remains to their final resting place. The bodies were all deposited in one vault. The consequences of this tragical event, sunk deep in the minds of the people, and were made subservient to important purposes. The anniversary of it was observed with great solemnity for thirteen years and tended greatly to widen the breach between the colony of Massachusetts and the mother country."

Philip Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

"My Dear Wife, "Wednesday N. York, July 31, 1771.

* * * "I now take this opportunity by Capt. John Fryer, to Acquaint you that we arriv'd here Safe a Sunday Morning about three O'Clock in a very good State of health hoping that this will find you and our Dear Little children and all the family in the same. I hope to Sitt out for home next Tuesday if the weather will Permitt us to Coast the Sloop after our Cargo is Sold. I have Sold my Peas most all att 7*s* pr: Bus. and my Wheat is all Sold but not Settl'd Cause I am to have what Capt Valkenburgh of Claverack gits — he has about 600 Bus. and he stands out for a Dollar. But I am of opinion that he will not git more than 7*s*. 10*d*. pr: Bus: — is no demand for flour, what has Been Sold last fitch'd 21*s*. & 20*s*. 6*d*, but I am in a fair way to git 21*s*. on Condition of Six weeks

Cr: Here is nothing Strange — but the Country Suffers Very much, of all the Rain it has had of Late, a great a Bundance of Wheat is Spoilt on the fields, flax and Indian corn likewise. I was a Sunday three times att Church. I Dined att Mr. Rays, a Monday at Mr. Shaws, this day I am to dine att Mr. Ludlows.

"No more att present But I Remain Your Loving Husband till Death "Departs us, and Humble Servant

"Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer, at Albany."

P. Van Rensselaer

These reliable entries are valuable as showing the names of merchants doing business; the prices of articles of merchandise; as well as other facts more or less important, not otherwise to be obtained.

The colonists had become greatly exasperated with all their grievances, the taxation system was obnoxious, and a "rigid observance of the non-importation resolves" was enforced. "The popular voice decided that while the *right to tax* tea was maintained, it should not be landed. In New York hand-bills were circulated, threatening with ruin those who should vend tea, warning pilots, at their peril, not to conduct ships into that port laden with the article. The same spirit pervaded the people from New Hampshire to Georgia. In the meantime, several ships, containing thousands of chests, arrived on the coast. So determined were the people not to allow the tea to be landed, that ship after ship was compelled to return to England. The tea ships designed for the supply of Boston, were consigned to the son, cousins and particular friends of Governor Hutchinson. On December 16, 1773 (the British Governor Hutchinson having refused a pass for the return of a number of vessels laden with tea which had just arrived), a person in an Indian's dress gave the *war whoop* in the gallery of the assembly rooms at Boston. At this signal, the people hurried to the wharves; when a party of about seventeen persons, dressed as Mohawk Indians, protected by thousands of citizens on shore, boarded the vessels, broke open and emptied the contents of *three hundred and forty-two* chests of tea into the ocean, without tumult or personal injury. When the intelligence of this summary proceeding reached England, it was condemned by the government as enormously criminal. They me-

VAN RENSSELAER COAT OF ARMS.[1]

[1] The above COAT OF ARMS of our ancestors is remarkable for a cross bearing the motto "*Niemand Zonder*," "No one without" (a cross).

naced our province with the most exemplary vengeance because their government was deprived of a revenue from this quarter, and formed a scheme still to introduce tea under cover of the East India Company. The American people, however, would not be imposed upon and they firmly adhered to the resolutions not to import or consume tea at all. In consequence of this step, the parliament passed the *Boston Port Bill* to discontinue the landing of goods at Boston. The first of June, 1774, was kept as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer asking Divine direction and aid."

General Schuyler to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Saratoga, Nov. 18th, 1774.

"Sir:

"Please to bring for me from New York five Dozen Mill Saw files, and 2 Barrs Nails 2 Barrels 20d nails & 2 Barrels 10d nails. I would have get them from Henry White, Esqr., If he has them and get the Bill of parcels that I may settle It with him or from whom you get them.

"Please to ask Philip Livingston, Esqr., for the Bell he was so good as to promise for the Saratoga Church. I wish you a good passage and am

Sir Your most

Obed Servant

"To Capt. Ph: Van Rensselaer."

Robert Ray to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"New York, May 6th, 1775.

"Sir:

"My last to you was 21 Ult. to which refer. Since recd none from you. The Gentlemen concerned in Hogestrassers Bond are anxious for the £300 which you received for them; they say they would long ago have drawn on you for the Money according to your Order; they would have drawn on you by Mr. Seagrove but they were fearful it might be taken you to a Nonpluss, which they chose to avoid. Cousins Deborah & Betsey (who are the Bearers of this) arrived in a troublesome Time, the particulars of which, I shall not enter into, as you have had them long since in the Newspapers, as such I could not advise Cousin Betsey to stay here. I have had thoughts to have sent my Wife, Sister & Caty to your place for safety, and some of my principal Effects; but I am entirely at a Loss what to do; however I have taken the Liberty to send pr. Mr. Vanburen twelve hhds H. S. Rum, which I desire you will store for me, and if you can dispose of them at 2*s.* 7*d.* pr. Gn. for the Cash, or 2*s.* 8*d.* for three or four Months Credt. in good Hands would have you do it. Whether your place or ours will be the safest against our unnatural Enemies I cannot now well determine. We have chose a new Committee here of 100 of the principal Inhabitants, of which Number I have the Honor to be one; we are invested with large Powers; we have met every Day for a Week, sometimes twice a Day. We long to see the provincial Convention convened. We are become unanimous here to a Man, as you will see by the inclosed Associasion; which is generally signed by all Ranks of People.

If it should so happen that you think our place greater safety than your own, I have House Room and every thing else for your Family at your Service. It being 12 O'Clock at Night I am almost too much confused to write. We have had most of the Cannon moved from Town to Kingsbridge &c., and part of our Committee have been out this Day to pitch upon the Ground where to build Batteries & Intrenchments for our Defence, we are in good Spirits though times look very Gloomy; we expect by the 15 or 18 of this Month, all our Ports will be shut up by the Continental Congress, all the Vessels in our Harbour are hurrying all they can to get away by that time; that if you can get any Wheat down by that time, I believe it will fetch the present price which is 6s. 4d. pr. Bushel, & perhaps more; after that time I expect it will not sell at all. Inclosed you have Invo. for the 12 hhds of Rum. Couz. Deborah Just now shewed me your letter to her: I take it extremely kind your Inviting my Wife, Sister Sally and Caty to Come to your house in these very troublesome times. I am much obliged to you. After kind Salutation from us to your Family and All Friends I am Sir, Your Loving Cousin

"Mr. Philip Vanranslear, Mercht., Albany." "ROBERT RAY.

"When the Provincial Congress assembled May 22, 1775, measures for defense were taken. Four regiments were authorized to be raised; fortifications at King's Bridge were ordered and the Hudson passes in the Highland fortified." At the beginning of the year 1775, the American people were very much exasperated with the aggressive measures of Great Britain and universally "expressed open contempt for all royal authority exercised by officers of the crown." An effort was being made to induce the Canadians to take up arms against the rebellious colonists. Sir John Johnson succeeded to the titles and estate of Sir William his father and "exerted his influence in the British cause." It was at this time an expedition was arranged by the Americans to invade Canada, the stepping-stone to which, was boldly set in motion by the marvelous capture of Ticonderoga, on May 10, 1775, by Col. Ethan Allen who demanded it "*In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress.*" A zealous divine in his pulpit prayed: "Oh! Lord, if our enemies will fight us, let them have fighting enough. If more soldiers are on their way hither, sink them, O Lord, to the bottom of the sea. Every heart responded Amen, let them have fighting enough."

Leon^d Van Buren to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"New York, 8th August, 1775.

"Dear Sir:

"According to your Desire your petition has been Delivered into the Provincial Congress, they have according to your Request granted that Four hundred and fifty Barrels of Pork Shall be sent by Governor Trumble of Connecticut, their Order to the Governor is (In Provincial Congress at N. York, August 8th, 1775. Ordered, that Governor Trumbale be requested and he is hereby requested by this Congress to permit the Quantity of four hundred and fifty Barrels pork to be sent to N. York to the Care of Messrs. Dennis & Dawson to be forwarded for the use of the Continentile Army in the Northern parts of this Colony.

"A true Copy from the Minutes

"JOHN MCKESSON, Secry."

"I have taken and send you A List of What is on Board as Near As I can recollect, you'll be good enough to ceep our Salt Separate as it lays in the Sloop. * * * "Your Friend and Humble Servant,

"Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Albany." LEONᴰ V. BUREN.

Leonard Van Buren to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"New York Aug 25th 1775.

"Dear Sir,

"After sending home our Sloop, I left New York on my Journey to Governor Trumbull in Chonectukitt, and in going inquired about Pork found it very scarse, it being allmost all bought up by their Commisserys, which I Inform'd the Governor. he gave me a permitt to buy pork, but said could give me no order on the Commissery for one Barrel pork, but he give me a Letter to one of his Chieff Commisserys, for him to use his pleasure, that Commissery told me it was not in his power to give me a Barrel of that which was brought, but would send an Express Immediately back to Gov. Trumbull, which he did, and desired me In the meantime to go to Danberry to one Jno. McClean to buy as much as possible and he would there let me know at Danberry. I waited one day for the Commessarys Express & Bought upwards of Two hundred Barrels pork & left Eleven hundred pounds in Cash Lawfull money with Jno. McClean for him to Buy the four hundred & fifty barrels and Pay it in full & it should be Repaid by us. the pork he was to have sent by water to New York. I proceeded my Journey to N. York and could not Learn one word of our Sloop. I sitt Sail With Capt. Clutt on Intent to meet our Sloop or find her at Albany but coming in Haver-straw mett peter Bradt About sunsett who Informed me that our Sloop was then behind him about 2 hours Sailing, I being Afraid to pass her in the Night Stept on Boord of peter Bradts and Arrived again In N. York the 24 Instant where now wait very Impatiently for our Sloop not knowing what can be the Matter with our Sloop. Mr. Robert Yates and Mr. Jacob Cuyler now Inform me that the Express sent by the aforesaid Commissery to Governor Jonathan Trumbull was from there sent to General Washington for his orders, and he has sent Express that Pork must be had Immediately the full Quantity you desired and sent to the North River by Land and not by Water which I Judge Will be some where in the high Lands, but will be farther Informed by the next post.

"On my Arrivall from haver Straw in N. York I was Informed of the unhappy Affair of the Yorkers and Captain Vanderpott, the Citizens being on the Battery to take away the Cannon, and the Capt. of the Asia had had Information that Afternoon of some Bad person, placed his boat nigh the Shore to give him a Signall as he Afterwards had wrote himself to the Mayor of the City, the Boat fyred one gun, One Company of ours made thought they fyred on them and gave the Boat a full Volley and only killed one, the Captain then began to fire with Cannon, he then wounded 3 of our men very slightly, hit in several houses. No more now for want of Room and time.

"LEONᴰ VAN BUREN.

"Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq. Albany."

"The Committee of One Hundred, guided by the popular will and perceiving a resort to arms to be inevitable ordered Col. John Lamb, who was then a captain of artillery, to remove the cannons from the grand

battery and the fort, and take them to a place of security. He proceeded to the battery at nine o'clock on the evening of the twenty-third of August, accompanied by a body of citizens fully prepared for action. Captain Vandeput of the *Asia*, informed of the intended movement, sent a barge filled with armed men to watch the patriots. When they appeared, a musket ball was indiscreetly sent among them from some over-zealous persons on the barge. It was immediately answered by a volley, when the barge hastened to the *Asia*, bearing several men killed and wounded. That vessel opened her port-holes, and then hurled three balls ashore in quick succession. Lamb ordered the drums to beat to arms; the church bells were rung, and while all was confusion and alarm, a broadside came from the *Asia*, but no lives were lost."

My father's uncle, Colonel Nicholas Van Rensselaer, the third son of Colonel Kiliaen Van Rensselaer and Ariaantie Schuyler was with General Montgomery at the storming of Quebec, 'and engaged in the disastrous battle before that city's beleaguered walls on the memorable December 31, 1775.' I well remember the benignant old gentleman when living below Greenbush in the old Dutch house of small bricks imported from Holland, with its gable and high pointed roof, facing the Hudson river; the heavy wooden stoop with the wide seats on either side and the ponderous front door "divided laterally in two parts," whose upper half was ornamented with the quaint heavy old brass knocker formed like a dog; and the "old shutters with their curious fastenings and hinges." There too was the antiquated soldier with his loved pipe for a constant companion, to alleviate any depression of spirits. "He blew out a whiff of smoke as fleecy as a 'summer cloud' and while watching its fantastic movements and shapes," or speaking between the puffs of smoke as he knocked the ashes from his burnt out pipe, would then again fight the battle over for our instruction and edification. He had a conscientious sense of duty to posterity and delighted to tell of "the heroic lives which have been led and deaths which have been died in defense of liberty." In those days the tight breeches with silver buckles at the knee and braided long queue were still retained. He would relate "the stirring scenes preceding and attending the battle and the subsequent gloom and foreboding that pervaded the country," of their sufferings and hardships; the rigors of that cold Canadian winter in 1775; of their stern resolve of "victory or death" as before daylight they came down from the Plains on December 31st. How silently they marched in the drifting snow, leaping over blocks of ice that they might charge the battery and then, when quite near, came the terrific shower of grape shot causing the death of their brave Gen. Montgomery and many others. Col. James Livingston and himself were within a few feet of that officer when he fell; it was indeed a most disastrous campaign in Canada, but Col. V. R. served during the entire war suffering great privations. He was accompanied by two near relatives, Cols. John Visscher and James Van Rensselaer, then all holding the rank of lieutenants. Col. Nicholas V. R., was not only at the storming of Quebec but was subsequently engaged in the battles of Ticonderoga, Fort Miller, Fort Ann, and Bemis's heights, and such was the esteem in which he was held by Gen. Gates — being aid to Gen. Schuyler — he was selected to convey the intelligence, to the citizens at Albany, of General Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga on October 17, 1777. In 1818 when the remains of Gen. Montgomery were

brought to New York for interment, Cols. Nicholas Van Rensselaer and John Visscher were honored pall-bearers. The following letters to my mother's father — Philip Van Rensselaer — descriptive of the capture of St. Johns, Chambly and Montreal are interesting not only from recording these events, but they show the peculiar style of writing in those early days, one hundred years ago. These records of the past "are dingy and discolored by age and the letters almost undistinguishable from the accumulated dust of years."

James Van Rensselaer to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Ticonderoga, Aug. 29, 1775.

"Dear Sir,

"I arrived this morning and should have gone on across the Lake, but the Bad Weather has prevented us. I can inform, that of our Army a large part is Already pushed on past Crown-point and we shall follow with the greatest haste. I expect to be in sight of St. John's in Less then Ten Days from this time we shall not wait for the Troops at Albany, their Delay will be too Long for us to Wait for them. I believe any things you will have for me will be in Vain to send. You must not expect to hear from me before the reduction of that place. My Compliments to All Friends. And I remain Dear Sir,

"Very Affectionately Yours,

"JAMES VAN RENSSELAER.

"For Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany."

James Van Rensselaer to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Isle Aux Noix, 14 Septr., 1775.

"Dear Sir,

"You no doubt have heard of our attempt to attack Saint Johns, on the sixth we landed within Cannon shot of the Fort under a brisk Fire without the least hurt from them. We found ourselves in a Thick swampy woods where our advanced party Commanded by Major Hobby and Capt. Mead were attacked by about 100 Indians Commanded by Capt. Tice which lasted a Considerable time: our loss is 5 killed and eight wounded, 3 of which are since dead. Major Hobby and Captain Mead are among the wounded, by certain accounts the Loss of the Enemy is six killed and numbers wounded. Capt. Tice is among the wounded. Since which General Montgomery has made a second attempt with 800 men. On their Landing they killed one Frenchman & Two Indians; but the behaviour of our Troops on the discharge of a Few Booms of the Enemy is such that I should Blush to name it, they Retired with the greatest Confusion. To day we received a Letter from Mr. James Livingston by which we Learn that he with a number of Canadians have had an Ingagement with his [erased by time and the mice.] Twelve of them, upon which it was this day Resolved in the Council of War to send off one Hundred men with about Thirty Canadians that were here to Join Livingston, when General Montgomery with the remainder of the Army about 1100 Strong is to proceed down to-morrow to Saint Johns. I hope we shall succeed but if I am to Judge from the behaviour of our Troops on the Two Late attacks, I have but Little hopes of entire success.

Your Brother Nicholas is well and in very high spirits.

Friday 11 *oclock at night*, in haste. General Schuyler's state of Health is such as I believe will be attended with Great Danger, he leaves to-

morrow for Ticonderoga which is a great Discouragement to us. My kind Compliments to your Family and Inquiring Friends. Adieu Dear Sir and am yours &c &c.

JAMES V. RENSSELAER.

"To Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer at Albany.
"To the care of Mr. Walter Livingston."

"General Schuyler had issued a suitable proclamation to the inhabitants of Canada, on entering that territory. He had also been informed that St. Johns was garrisoned by the whole regular British force in Canada with the exception of only fifty men retained in Montreal by General Carleton, but all this proved to be untrue. In consequence of serious ill health General Schuyler was obliged to relinquish the command to General Montgomery. After his return to Ticonderoga, he was active in forwarding re-enforcements to Isle Aux Noix; and on his recovery from sickness devoted himself zealously to the management of the affairs in the northern departments. It was, indeed, fortunate for the army that Schuyler returned to Ticonderoga at that time. He found every thing connected with the forwarding of provisions in the greatest disorder and detained on the way by neglect or indolence." Mr. James Van Rensselaer was born 1746 and died in 1829. He married 1st Catharine Van Cortlandt, 2d Elsie Schuyler.

James Van Rensselaer to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Dear Friend: "Camp before St. Johns 6 Octr. 1775.

"I have wrote you Several letters since my Leaving Albany in hopes of having had the pleasure of one in return from you which would have given me great satisfaction To hear from you and Green Bush. As you are the only person I expect a line from in Albany But the old saying out of sight out of mind may be true. However I can with pleasure inform you that St. Luke La Come has Desired a Conference with us in behalf of principal Gentlemen of Montreal, their Meeting will be To morrow at Laprairie. We have Dispatched Mr. Mc Pherson and Major Brown to Treat with them on our part. We hope the Meeting will be a means to convince the Canadians that we act upon Just Principals to restore them to their Just rights and Liberties. The Garrison of St. Johns is completely surrounded, the Canadians are Entrenching on the East Side of the River opposite to the Fort, where they are to have Two Cannon to annoy the Enemy's Vessels Col: Bedel on the North Side. Col: Seth Warner at Laprairie and the General on the South. We have had a Further Assurance of Friendship from the Caughnawaga Indians, this evening we shall have a 13 inch Mortar playing on the Forts. You Cannot Conceive what plenty of provisions we have here of all kinds from the Canadians in the Irish way to support our Army. Your Brother is in perfect health. We are Dayly in Expectation of a Re-enforcement of 400 men from Ticonderoga, when shall muster 2000, when we shall be able to force our Enemy out off their hold. Be assured this will be my Last Letter to you unless you write me and give me a good Excuse. My Compliments to all Friends and particularly to your Spouse, and am Dear Sir, with the greatest regard Your most Obdt Humble Servant "JAMES V. RENSSELAER.

"To Mr. Philip V. Rensselaer."

James Van Rensselaer to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Camp before St. Johns, 23 Octr., 1775.

"Dear Sir,

"The Enclosed is a list of the Gentlemen Taken at Chamblie. I hope you will show them all the kindness in your power. Major Gansevoort [Peter Gansevoort], is still very weak. I hope to Leave this by the first of next month altho: the Army may Take up their Winter Quarters in Canada. My Compts to all Friends.

"I am Dr. Sir yours &c.,

"JAMES V. RENSSELAER.

"To Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq., at Albany,

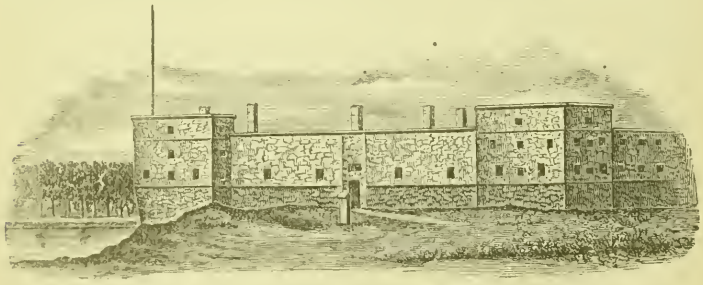
"In favour of Major Stopford."

"*A List of Officer's names, privates &c.*— Major Stopford, Capt. Price, Capt. Godwin, Lt. Hamer, Lt. Harrison, A Surgeon, Lt. Shettleworth, Capt. Alye of the Schooner, Commis. McColough. 76 privates.

"*Spoils taken at Chamblie the 18th Inst.*— 80 Bar. of flour, 11 of Rice, 7 peas, 6 Butter, 134 Bar. of Pork, 7 do Dam, 124 Bar. Gunpowder or 6 Ton, 300 Swivel shot, 1 Box of Musket shot, cartridges, 150 French Arms, 3 Royal mortars, 61 Shells, 500 Hand Grenades, 83 stand of Royal Fusileers, 83 Accouterments of do, A Large Quantity of naval Stores, &c. &c., for 3 vessels, 5 French prisoners Taken at Longueuil."

James Van Rensselaer, Esq., was aid-de.camp of General Montgomery. When General Carleton was informed of the capture of Fort Chambly, he immediately left Montreal with a strong re-enforcement for the garrison of St. Johns. With energetic power he embarked upon the river St. Lawrence in bateaux and flat boats, and attempted to land at Longueil, a mile and a half below the city. Colonel Seth Warner, with three hundred Green mountain boys, was on the alert in the neighborhood, and lay in covert near the spot where Carleton was about to land.

He allowed the boats to get very near the shore, when he opened a terrible storm of grape shot upon them from a four pound cannon, which drove them accross the river. The Canadians were greatly alarmed at all the warlike preparations before St. Johns, and many fled, but a declaration was sent assuring them that the Americans intended to act only against the British forts, and not to interfere with the people or their religion.



FORT CHAMBLY.

General Montgomery had been informed by some of the Canadian scouts, that the fort at Chambly had but a feeble garrison, because General Carleton supposed, as it was twelve miles northward on the river

Sorel, it could not be reached by the Americans unless the one at St. Johns was captured. The garrison made but a feeble resistance and the surrender of the Chambly fort was an important event, for it furnished Gen. Montgomery with means to carry on the siege of St. Johns vigorously. "The large quantity of ammunition, among the stores were three tons of powder, that was captured was sent immediately to the besiegers at St. Johns. The siege continued six weeks and then, on November 1st, the garrison surrendered prisoners of war, and the Continental troops had possession of the fort. After the defeat of Carleton the commander-in-chief immediately sent a flag and letter to Major Preston, the commandant of the garrison, informing him of the defeat and demanding a surrender of the fortress to prevent further effusion of blood. They marched out of the fort, the next day, with the honors of war, and the troops grounded their arms on the plain near by. The officers were allowed to keep their side-arms and their fire-arms were reserved for them. The garrison had been on half allowance."

Nicholas Van Rensselaer to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Dear Brother and Sister, Montreal Nov^r 21 1775.

"I embrace of this opportunity and inform you that I am in good health and hope these may find you and your family in the same. In the first place I must give you Joy with your young Daughter [my Mother.] In the next place I will inform you how we have carried on our Seige against our Enemies. We lay at St Johns six weeks and four Days before they surrendered, the first of this Instant they gave up; the 13th of this Instant our General [Montgomery] Marched in this Town without the firing of a gun. General Carleton run off with twelve Vessels well Loaded with provisions and Ammunition and run Down about 40 Miles Below this place where we had a Battery with Eight Guns in the very Narrowest place in the whole River, where they Could not pass without Being taken. They made an Attempt once to go by, but they Rec^d such *hoot* fire, that they was forced to go Back; and *our* Royalty followed them up very Close and keep firing on them till they sent out a flag and made Capitulation. There was one Schooner Loaded with powder, that they threw all over Board. We took the twelve Vessels and the Brigadier General one Lieutenant Col three Majors five Captains and six Lieut^s and 113 Privates, Besides the Sailors; they had a Vast sight of provisions which we have all took. The Officers of our Battalion are all Resolved to stay till next May and we are now Inlisting our men over again to stay till that time, So you need not Expect me home till then and if the Service Requires I shall stay Longer. I Expect we shall within three Days, March to *Cuback* [Quebec] to take that the General is going off to morrow. I shall now Rest and "Remain Your Loving Brother

"NICHOLAS V. REANSSELEAR

"To Capt. Philip Van Rensselaer at Albany."

After the garrison at St. John's, which commands the entrance into Canada, had been besieged and taken, General Montgomery pursued his success, and took Montreal; and designed to push his victories to Quebec, but meanwhile secured the confidence of the people by treating them with kindness. Governor Carleton escaped at night in a boat with muffled oars, and arrived at Quebec.

James Van Rensselaer to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Montreal 24 Novr 1775

"Dear Sir:

"Before this Comes to hand you will no Doubt have the full particulars of our Success. I shall only mention to you The Taken of General Prescott and 113 privates with Eleven sail of Vessels, in which we shall tomorrow Embark for Quebec to join Col. Benedict Arnold, who is there with about 600 of his Army. Many of them have perished on their march for want of provisions, this acco[t] we have of Capt. Ogden a Gentleman from the Jerseys, who attended Col. Arnold. I hope you will Treat General Prescott with Disdain for his Barbarous Treatment of our friends in this Town. And also to poor Col. Ethan Allen who is shipped for England and Loaded with Irons. Your Brother is in good health and will attend the Army. My Compliments to all friends, and

I remain Dr. Sir, your most obt. Hum. Servt,

"JAMES VAN RENSSELAER.

"Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Albany.

"Col. Ethan Allen had been sent a few weeks before the taking of St. Johns by Gen. Montgomery to arouse the Canadians in favor of the rebellion. He was induced to make an attack upon Montreal but was captured with thirty-eight of his Green-mountain boys, and sent to England in irons. Allen deserved his fate for his rashness and disobedience of orders. Still, he was very near capturing Montreal with the small party he had led in advance, as was subsequently admitted by one of the British officers. When Colonel Prescott learned by conversation with Allen, that he was the same man who had captured Ticonderoga, he was greatly enraged, threatened him with a halter, and ordered him to be bound hand and foot in chains with an iron bar attached. A body of troops commanded by General Arnold was ordered to march to Canada, by the river Kennebec, and through the unexplored forest. After suffering every hardship, and the most distressing hunger while in the wilderness, the whole army that remained arrived, on November 9th, at Point Levi opposite Quebec, after one of the most wonderful marches on record during the space of two months, and was soon joined by General Montgomery. Quebec, which was commanded by Governor Carleton, was immediately besieged. But there being little hope of taking the town by siege, it was determined to storm it on the last day of the year, December 31st, by attacking Quebec on opposite sides. At 5 o'clock in the morning, General Montgomery advanced against the lower town. He passed the first barrier, and was just opening to attack the second, when the discharge of a wall-piece from a neighboring house stretched Montgomery lifeless on the bloody snow, together with his aid-de-camp, Captain McPherson. The death of Montgomery was deeply lamented, he left on the rock of Quebec his blood, and to his country the legacy of his fame. Arnold also was completely disabled by a musket-wound and retired about three miles from the town; after the arrival of General Wooster he returned to Montreal. Meanwhile Gen. Carleton, being re-inforced from England by troops under General Burgoyne, the Americans were obliged to make a hasty retreat, pursued by Burgoyne, and the whole army by July 1st were finally driven out of Canada."

James Van Rensselaer to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Dear Friend, "Head Quarters, Montreal, Jan'y 27th, 1776.

"Yours of the sixth Instant Came to hand the 19 Ult, by which I find you expected I was gone to Quebec but my reason for not going was my Lameness in one of my feet. General Montgomery advised me to stay till such time as I was Recovered, on my recovery I waited on General Wooster, that I was desirous of going down. But he had during my Lameness sent Mr. Lockwood his Secretary with Cash to the Army at Quebec, and Insisted on my staying until such time as he returned, who did not Arrive but two days before the defeat and death of our brave General. Since which time the Business here in granting Commissions to the Canadians of the Several parishes who all choose their own Officers, has employed our time so Effectually that we have not had Leisure for a moment to ourselves. Which I can assure you has a very good effect on the Canadians in order to secure them to our interest. Notwithstanding the Cunning Artifice of the Priests and others, particularly the Scotts Merchants in this Town who have Jointly done every thing in their power to excite the Country to take up Arms ag[t] us; they have absolutely refused the people who are our friends the rights of their Church. The spirits of our Distressed Army is greatly revived by the Arrival of some Volunteers from Massachusetts govt, under Arnold; also by the Arrival of the Military Chest by Capt. Benson and the other Gentlemen. We have sent about 250 men to the assistance of our Friends at Quebec, in a day or two the remainder of the first Batt[n] of Yorkers are to march, Consisting of about 100 men, who are much wanted since our unhappy Affair there. They are Determined to have possession of the Town or perish before they Quit the Ground they now possess. It is hardly possible for you or any men in our Country to conceive the great Hardships they undergo. They are oblig[d] to be on guard every other night and they are Continually Laying on their Arms. The Snow is about 6 feet, the cold very severe and what's still worse the scarcity of Cash as nothing but gold or silver will answer here. Unless one or two Gentlemen from your Quarter should undertake to bring up a Quantity of Stores and Goods, and take Continental Currency in payment. I have thought that if you and Brother Harry should undertake any thing of the kind that I am very sure that you would make your fortune in a very short time. No good Liquors to be had here. Spirits of Different Quality is sold from 16 to 20 shillings. Rum from 10 to 12 &c. I am very sure that no person in your parts can afford to Convey goods to this place to so great an advantage and with greater Security than you might do. I have not heard from your Brother Nicholas since he left this for Quebec, which is a fortnight ago this day. As I am appointed Muster Master to this Army in Canada I am ordered as soon as I have mustered the Troops here to March down to Quebec which will be the first Week after next, therefore you will not hear from me for some time; please to present my Compt[s] to your Lady and the Young Ladies and to all friends. If we should ever return I hope our Brave friends will be rewarded. I have rec[d] the Cutte. I am Dear Sir Yours &c.

"James V. Rensselaer.

"To Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Albany."

"As soon as the news of General Montgomery's death reached Congress, resolutions of condolence with his family for their bereavement, and expressive of their grateful remembrance and respect were adopted."

"In England his name was mentioned in Parliament with singular respect. The minister acknowledged his worth saying: 'Curse on his virtues, they have undone his country.'"

The following letters to my mother's father, Philip Van Rensselaer, commissary of military stores of the Northern Department, show that the citizens of Albany were engaged in transporting provisions and other articles, and that "Rum was one of the principal items of traffic not only with the Indians on the frontiers of New York" but also to the army.

Teunis T^s Van Veehten to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Montreal 9th Feb: 1776.

"Dear Sir:

I arrived here this Morning safe with all my Cargo, but find the price of Rum much different from what we heard it was. I find on enquiry that N. York Rum sells at 6*s*. and w. j. at 10*s*. per Gallon. Mr. Walter Livingston advises me if I have a chance of selling the whole, at that price, to take it by all means, upon which I have been to General Woster and Gave him the offer of the whole, the N. York at 7*s* and the W. Indes at 11*s*, upon which he has promised to give me an answer to Morrow. Goods I find so high here, that I doubt whether I shall purchase any only trifles that was sent for, Chocolate, brown Sugar, and Madaire Wines, I find very high here. The former sells from 5*s* to 6*s*. by the Box, but I doubt whether it will answer to send any of those articles up, as there are some Merchants from this place gone down, who I make no doubt will bring up a great quantity before you can send any up, however you must do as you think best, I have no time to enlarge at present, but shall give you a Chapter by the next Slays and am in haste.

"Your Most Hble Servt., TEUNIS T^s VAN VECHTEN.

"To Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Merch^t: Albany.

Teunis T^s Van Veehten to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Montreal 11th Feb^y: 1776.

"Dear Sir:

"In my last I wrote you that Rum was much cheaper here then we expected, and that I had given General Woster the offer of the whole we have here at 7 & 11*s*. and Yesterday I waited upon him at his own request to know whether it would answer for him to take it, he seem'd to have an inclination to take it, but had some objections to the price of the 11*s*. and said if I would let him have it at 9*s*. 4*d*. he would take the whole. I then told him I would take 10 & 7*s*. which he seem'd to have no objections to, but desir'd I would go with him to Price & Haywoods whom he had appointed Contractor for the Army which I did and after some discourse upon the Subject, they appear'd to be glad of the offer, and intimated as much, as that they would be glad to take the whole at the price the General offer'd, which I meant to have taken up with, if he would give no more, but before I left the House, the General, Mr. Price & Haywood were called out of the room one after the other, and when they came in again, the General told me if I would take 6*s*. for the N. York he would take it, but the 11*s*. he did not want. I told him I would not take less than 7*s*. & 10*s*. and so left them. It appears very clear to me that there is a Combination amongst the Merchants of this place

(in which some others may be concern'd) not to purchase our rum, with the view of gitting it at their own price, but I am determin'd they shall take no advantage of me, and mean now to make myself quite easy untill Direk Swart comes up and take his advice upon the matter. I have sent nothing down by the Slays for want of Money. Mr. Livingston advises me now by no means to take less for our Rum then 7*s*. & 10*s*. I have no time to say more as the Slays are Just now setting of, please not to fail to send up a Good Cheese by the first oppertunity for Mr. Livingston.

"Ideau — I am Yours, &c.,

"Philip Van Rensselaer at Albany." "TEUNIS T^s VAN VECHTEN."

1776, February 12 — Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer B^t of Henry Oothout.

3 Muskets at 70*s*.,	.....	£10 : 10
4 do & 3 Cartridge Boxes,	.....	16 :
		£26 : 10

Mr. Robert Ray to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"New York, 14 Feb^y 1776.

"Sir:

"this minute I Rec^d your Esteemed fav^r of the 28 Jan^y and 7th Feb^y the Inclosed for Mr. Yates I have D.D^d the other two for Ch^s Dickenson and John Livingston shall endeav^r to D.D^r tomorrow as they are both out of town: I shall as you desire endeav^r to buy Livingston's Rum for you: as soon as he Comes to town: I have not heard the price mentioned of that article in 2 or 3 weeks: then it was at 3*s*. and if he will take that or less shall purchase for you: my Still house as well as all others have been locked up this 2 months: and I do not know if there be a hh^d to Sell in town: however shall Enquire tomorrow: this being 10 O'clock at night. If I find any I shall be loth to purchase unless they will take the Risque of Delivering it at Albany, for we are in daily expectation of having our City knocked down and burned by the Men of Warr: most all the Effects are moved out of town: and at least half the familys are gone and others agoing so that we are a Complete Garrisontown: we have 2500 Soldiers here from Connecticut and Jerseys: Just now hear 1500 more troops from Connecticut are at Kingsbridge and many Company's from the Countys marching hither: it is Said by Saturday night we shall have 8000 troops: I wish my family was at your place: tomorrow morning Gen^l Lee breaks Ground to Intrench from north to East River, so that you may Judge of our unhappy Situation. observe you have Secured a house for me and would lay up some wood for me: for which I am extreemly oblige to you. I believe the Sloops that Come here first in the Spring will meet with good freight to move goods and familys up the River. observe Cousin Betsey Sanders is dead the Lord I hope will prepare us all for the like Change. observe you take the brandy to yourself at 8*s*. p^r Gall: which is agreable. I shall pay Mr. Dickerson the Money if he Chuses to take it here.

"I shall write you again Soon, observe you expected to have £2000 — hard Money for me Soon which will be Very agreable: you may draw on me for Money if you have occasion, observe what you say in regard to Cous^a Sarah Babbington which is Very well: make no Doubt you will endeav^r to get them some work so as they may get a living among you. My family are all in reasonable health: and give their Sincere love to you all: and Couz: John Sanders and his family: please to tell him we Con-

dole with him in the loss of his Daughter. I beg you will push John Roff Close to get that order paid.

"I am Respectfully Sir Yr Most Humble Servt.

"Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer." "ROBT. RAY.

Richard Yates to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Sir, "New York, the 15 February, 1776.

"I have already wrote you pr this Post, since which I am favoured with yours of the 23 Ultimo by wh I observe you had sold four Chests of Tea so as to Neat 4 *s.* 6, pr pd and that you should be able to gett me hard money for the whole wch I take very kind. I observe you expected it would be all Sold in a few Days, that Article is now become very Scarce here and the price is Risen. I have a Parcell on Hand wch I will dispose of whenever I can obtain a Suitable Price, if the price advances with you lett me know and I can Supply you either from here, Esopus, Red Hook or Poughkeepsy. I have no other Liquor for Sale than Madeira Wine, you may have as much as you want, on the Terms mentioned in the other Letter. If you want any Sweet Oyle I can supply you, it is Choice good, if you Can Sell any for me I will send you as many dozen Quart Bottles as you please. I now inclose you Robert Hoaksleys order for Eleven Tons of the first Quality of Pearle Ash wch I desire you'l receive and keep it till further orders, pray Inform me the Price of Pearle & Pott Ash. I would barter any thing I have gott for those Articles provided the price is Moderate. Can any quantity of Beeze Wax be gott and at what Rate. I have a few hhds. of Red Wine in the Hands of Mr. Morvin. I should be glad you could help him to a Purchasor, lett me hear from you pr first Post or other Good Conveyance, and keep all the money untill further orders.

"Your most humbl Servt

"To Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer." "RICHARD YATES.

Abraham P. Lott to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Sir: "New York, Feby 16th, 1776.

* * * "Will you also be pleased to keep 60lbs of the best of the Tea, let Mrs. Van Rensselaer try it. Good Tea is very Scarce here, and I want it for my own use. All the Tea that I had Sold, except what you have. You will be pleased to speak to Sheriff Ten Eyck and Ask him whether he has Received or Secured the Debt due from Isaac Mann to me; if not to Employ a Lawyer to Sue him Immediately. Mrs. & Miss Lott desire to be Remembered to yourself and all friends.

"I am Sir, Your very hble Servt.

"Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer." "ABM P. LOTTS.

Mr Abraham P. Lott was a member of the "*Committee of One Hundred*" whose energetic actions were exercised in behalf of the people according to their known will while the Provincial Congress legislated. It was indeed a grand Committee of Safety for New York State, consisting of one hundred of the most respectable citizens; among its members were Robert Ray, Richard Yates, John Jay, &c. General James Wilkinson (then captain) had been put under marching orders for Canada, subject to the command of Brigadier-general Sullivan who succeeded Gen. Thomas after the death of the latter by small-pox at Chambly. In May Captain Wilkinson was made the instrument of saving General

Arnold and the garrison of Montreal, from the grasp of Sir Guy Carleton who had arrived within fourteen miles of Montreal without Gen. Arnold's knowledge. He was exceedingly surprised at the report, but he was able to make good his retreat by La Prairie.

The army in Canada were subjected to very great hardships, sufferings, and privations during the whole of that disastrous campaign. Destitute of the necessary supplies of provisions and stores, exhausted by fatigue, or reduced by sickness, with the small pox, attended by unexampled mortality, they were for a long time in a state little short of desperation. Then too the misfortune which had taken place at the Cedars, about forty miles above Montreal, a post occupied by Col. Bedell. Gen. Carleton's Indians were led by Thayendanegea (Joseph Brant). Captain Brant exerted himself to control the Indians and prevent the massacre of the prisoners. Among these latter, was Captain John McKinstry, (Col. McKinstry, of Livingston Manor,) who commanded a company on that occasion and was rescued from torture by the timely interference of Brant. The very name of this celebrated chief at one period was enough to throw the country into confusion. In his day, when the *Dutch* was the predominating language, the terrified inhabitants *felt happy* when they ascertained that the cry of brandt! brandt! *only* indicated the accidental breaking out of *fire*. Capt. Brant had the credit of all the foul murders and atrocities of that period, the murder of the Vrooman family, in the execution of which the Tories were more brutal than the savages, all of whom were dispatched and scalped, the cruel massacres committed at Wyoming and Cherry Valley and the very affecting story of the thirty years' captivity of young Groat, of Schenectady, were all attributed to him. An incident, however, occurred at Fort Hunter, which is greatly to his credit. After the enemy had departed, a woman came to the fort, whose husband and several other members of the family were missing. She was in an agony of grief, rendered more poignant by the loss of her infant, which had been snatched from the cradle. Early the next morning, while the officers at Gen. Robert Van Rensselaer's head-quarters were at breakfast, a young Indian warrior came bounding into the room like a stag, bearing in his arms an infant, and also a letter from Brant, addressed to the commanding officer of the rebel army, which read thus: "Sir: I send you by one of my runners, the child which he will deliver, that you may know that whatever others may do, I do not make war upon women and children. I am sorry to say that I have those engaged with me in the service, who are more savage than the savages themselves." Matters were now rapidly approaching a crisis; the spirit of resentment was being fanned into a flame; a dark and bloody cloud was hovering over the land, and the great question was soon to be decided, whether they would be slaves or freemen, whether their names should be blackened with the stigma of rebellion, or handed down to posterity as the saviours of their country. While Capt. Wilkinson was actively engaged in the duties of his station in Canada he was 'suddenly struck down by a typhus fever' which prevailed with great violence, and swept off more than one thousand of our troops. "As soon as I could bear the motion of a wagon, was placed on a bed and transported to Albany, where I was restored to health by the fostering care of Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq., and his amiable lady, and the tender attentions of General Schuyler and his respectable consort."

Hubbard Brown to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Sir, "Ticonderoga March 5th 1776.

"I have this Instant received yours of the 24th of February, shall take the first opportunity to Send all the arms both at this and Crown Point with the Casks and barrels of Rum according to your Order.

"I am Sir, your Humble Servt.

"To Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer. HUBBARD BROWN."

Hubbard Brown to Philip Van Renesselaer.

"Dear Sir, Ticonderoga March 5th 1776.

"I happened to be at Mr. Adam's when I received your letter. Made Immediate inquiry for your Rum, found it safe, hired Mr. Adams to Put it on his Slay and Carry it to My Store, think myself happy that it lays in my Power to oblige you.

"I am dear Sir, at any Time, Yours to Command,

"HUBBARD BROWN."

Abraham P. Lott to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Sir: "New York March 7, 1776.

"Whereas I have Partly Agreed to Supply the Army here, Shall be in want of a Quantity of Peas. Which you will Pleas to Purchas about five or six hundred bussells, on my Act. Lett them be good boyling peas, and Send two hundred bussell by the first Oppertunity. Lett the Capt: Land them at the North River. What Teas you have on hand of mine you Will not Sell Less then 5s. pr lb. as it Sells here for that Prise by the Chest. Mrs. Lott, Miss Phelu is Well & Desire to be Remembred to your Wife & Aunt Egberts family, they are in the Garyes [Jerseys] Sir, I Remain your friend to Serve, "ABM. P. LOTT."

"Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Merchant in Albany.

Richard Varick to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Sir: "Head Quarters Albany March 28. 1776.

"You will be pleased to deliver to the Bearer hereof Mr William McGea of Capt Peter's Company of Batteauxmen, three Hogsheads of Oakham, twenty Barrels of Pitch and all the Rope you have on Board belonging to the Public to be carried up to this Place Immediately.

"I am sir Your Humble Servant

"By Order of General Schuyler."

Richd. Varick

This Order was sent by Philip Van Rensselaer To the officer on Board of the Vessel in which the Public Stores are laden who has the same in Charge from New York to Albany."

Received From on Board of the Sloop Peggy & Betsey. Daniel Furgerson Master.

March	29.	1776,	20	Barrels Pitch.	
"	31,	"	15	do Cap. Peters	
"	31,	"	34	do pr Capt. Clute	
		&	4	Turpentine	
April	1	"	12	Barrels Pitch	
"	5	"	19	do "	& a parcel of loose Oakum.

GERRITT J. LANSINGH, Capt.

"Richard Varick was a colonel at the battle of Stillwater in 1777 and a sterling patriot. He admired Arnold as a soldier; and when that officer's defection became known, Varick was almost insane for a day or two. Varick became one of Washington's military family near the close of the war, as his recording secretary. On the death of John Jay, he was elected president of the American Bible Society. He died on the 30th of July, 1831."

"The British army under General Gage in Boston, consisted of twenty regiments, not less than 10,000 men. Some of these valiant British officers, soon after they arrived, while walking on Beacon hill in the evening, were frightened by the buzzing of beetles in the air, which they took for the whizzing of bullets."

"Crown point April 25th 1776.

"Deliver'd to Coll. Bewel to Be forwarded to Canada 36 Hundered weight of Ledd. 13 Hundered weight of Ledd and 19 Hundered weight of Balls, one anvil, one vice, one Buckhorn, one pair of Belluws, one Sledge, one pair of tongs, one Hammer for the use of the United Colonys.

"Rec[d] the above.

"NATH[l] BUELL Asst. D.Q. M. General.

Daniel Hale to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Saratoga 20 May 1776

Dear Sir:

"By General Schuylers orders I inclose you a draft on Doctor Stringer for £ 387. 2. which Cash you will please to receive & remitt immediately to Messes Ludlow & Shaw of New York with the £ 20 of Capt Dow for account of General Schuyler; when Capt. Varick comes upagain I purpose sending you three or four hundred more for the same purpose. You will much oblige me by inquiring at the Post house for Letters for me.

"I am with respect Sir.

"Your very Hble Servt.

"Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer. DAN: HALE.

Invoice of 22 barrels & 4 half bls. Gun Powder ship[d] on Board the schooner Resolution at New Windsor on May 23d 1776 by Henry Wisner Esq on Acct, the Continental Congress and adress'd to Philip V. Rensselaer .....

Robert Boyd to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Sir, In consequence of direction from Henry Wisner, Esqr I now send you Continental Powder as Received from him agreeable the Above Invoice which wish safe to hand and in good Order.

I am Sir, your most Obedt. Hum. Servt.,

ROBT. BOYD, Junr.

P.S. This will be handed you by Lieut Peter Elsworth who commands, the guard was thought necessary to attend whom you'll please send me a Receipt by, also the freight if agreeable which think at least must be ten Pounds.

Henry Wisner, Esq. was one of the delegates to the first Continental Congress in 1774.

Crown Point 26 May 1776 — Received of Lieut. Job Cook, Late Commanding officer of this Place one half Barrel Pork, one Barrel Condem[d]

Pork, Eleven Muskets, Two Blunderbushes, one forth of a Barrel of Oat Meal, Ten Gallons Molasses, Two Iron Pots, one Ax, one Barrel Salt. Together with a number of Towls, Lately taken from the Ruins of the Fort, such as Pistols, Guns & French Spades, Crow-Bars Bill-Hooks, Stone-Augers, & Stone-Hammers, the above Rec^{d} belonging to the Public Stores of the United Collonies.

By me, JOHN BARUN, Lieut.

Henry Glen to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Dear Sir." "Schenectady, the 1st July, 1776.

"Yours Yesterday I Rec^{d} But was not Dated I now send you some Wagons in order to send over some Attellry stores as you have not mentioned the number you do want I am at the loss to Know what number to send dont over load the wagons as the Road is Very Havey & them Stores Commonly Very Havey. I shall be Glad to know by the Wagoners the Quantity & Quality Each Wagon has in. I had a few days ago orders from General Schuyler to send you a Considerable number of Wagons. But them Orders was Contremanded on Acc^{t} of the Treaty with the Indians is Refere^{d} till a further day. I have no doubt but Genl. Schuyler has ordered you to let me Know for the Wagons only let me Know the number you want in the whole, you have orders I sopose to send a Certain Quantity of Ordnance Stores & its Easy to tell what Number of Wagons you will want — each Wagon carrys about one 1,000 weight. I shall expect to hear this day if I am to forward them Stores & to whom & if any Person that has wheight of them. I have no Battoes as yet but Can get them.

"I am in haste Dear Sir, Your most Hum^{l} Servt.

"Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq." "HENRY GLEN.

In New York, the leaden statue of George III was taken down and converted into bullets for the use of the Continental Troops.

On the *4th of July*, 1776, upon the report of the Committee, the 13 confederate colonies dissolved their allegiance to the British crown, and boldly declared themselves *Free and Independent* under the name of the *Thirteen* United States of America. The declaration of independence was signed by 56 brave men.

Christopher Yates to Philip Van Rensselaer.

"Sir, "Wood Creek, July 15th, 1776.

"I Just now Receiv^{d} the Iron works for the Inglish saw-Mill having rece^{d} that of the Duch some time ago. I am in want for four Duch Mills saw-files and four Inglish &c. which you may Probably have a Chance of sending with the Iron work for the Barracks and the Store House.

"I am Sir, your Hum. Serv^{t}

"Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer." "CHRIS^{R} YATES.

The mills were situated near the cascade on Wood creek. The mouth of the creek is a cascade and difficult for canoes to enter. Wood creek rises in Warren county, and flowing by Fort Ann in a deep and sluggish stream, receives the waters of the Pawlet, and falls into Lake Champlain at Whitehall or Skenesborough.

"The Independant States of New York
to Ab^m Bogert & Cor^s Douw Dr. 1776, Aug 2.
To 1 Anchor Weighs 3^qr 26^lb with Stock & Puding @ 9... £13: 11: 6
To 1 Runner & Tackle Weighs 106½ Lb.....106½ }
To 1 Cable in Length 50 Fathom & 2½ Foot 300 } 406½ @ 6^d 10: 3: 3

£23: 14: 9

Received Albany 23^d Nov^r of P. Van Rensselaer Public Store keeper the Sum of Twenty three pounds, 14*s.* 9*d.* in full.

CORNELIUS DOUW.

Orders to the Armorer.

"Sir,

"Mr. John James Bleecker is in want of 3 Guns.

JOHN N. BLEECKER.

"To Mr. P. Schuyler."

"Sir.

"Please to furnish John James Bleecker with three Guns he giving his Rec^t for the same.

"C. ROBT: YATES Sec^y

"To Walter Livingston, Esq., Comis^y"

"Rec^d the Contents.

WM. THORN, Lieut.

The Officers of the PROVINCIAL CONGRESS were Peter van Brugh Livingston as president; Volkert P. Douw, vice-president; John McKisson and Robert Benson, secretaries.

Capt. Wm. Hull to Andrew Adams.

Trenton, Jany 1st, 1777.

"Dear Sir:

"Have but a moment which shall embrace with Pleasure to inform you of the present State of our Army and our late Success. After we had recruited a few days of a fatiguing March of more than 250 Miles (thro' all our Windings) Genl. Washington gave orders for us to be every way equiped for Action. On the Evening of the 25th Ult (Dec 25, 1776) we were Ordered to March to a ferry [McConkey's Ferry] about twelve Miles from Trenton, where was stationed near two Thousand Hessians. As violent a Storm ensued of Hail & Snow as I ever felt. The Artillery and Infantry all were across the Ferry about twelve O'clock, consisting of only twenty one hundred principally New England Troops. In this Violent Storm we marched on for Trenton. Before Light in the Morning we gained all the Roads leading from Trenton. The Genl. gave Orders that every Officer's Watch should be set by his, and the Moment of Attack was fixed. Just after Light, we came to their out Guard, which fired upon us and retreated. The first sound of the Musquetry and Retreat of the Guards animated the Men and they pushed on with Resolution and Firmness. Happily the fire begun on every Side at the same instant, their Main Body had just Time to form when there ensued a heavy Cannonade from our Field Pieces and a fine brisk and lively fire from our Infantry. This continued but a Short Time before the Enemy finding themselves flanked on every Side laid down their Arms. The Resolution and Bravery of our Men, their Order and Regulariety gave me the highest Sensation of Pleasure. Genl. Washington highly congratulated the Men on next day in Genl. Orders, and with Pleasure observed, that he had been in Many Actions before, but always perceived

some Misbehaviour in some individuals, but in that Action he saw none. Pennsylvania itself is obliged to acknowledge the Bravery of New Eng'd Troops. I have a List from Head Quarters of the killed and taken, which was taken the day after the Action, since which many more have been brought in: 1 Col. wounded since dead, 2 Lieut. Cols. taken, 3 Majors, 4 Capts., 8 Lieuts., 12 Ens'ns, 92 Serj'ts, 9 Musicians, 12 Drums, 25 Servants, 842 Privates, 2 Capt's killed, 2 Lieuts. killed 50 privates Six Brass Field Pieces, One Mortar, and about 1500 Stands of Arms. A large Number of Horses and a vast Quantity of Plunder of every kind. And this, Sir, I will assure you with only the Loss of Six or seven on our Side, this is no Exaggeration but simple fact, 'tis impossible to discribe the Scene to you as it appeared. We immediately retreated across the River [Delaware] and did not get to our Tents till next Morning — two Nights and one day in as violent a Storm as I ever felt. What can't Men do when engaged in so noble a Cause. Our Mens Time expired Yesterday, they have generally engaged to tarry six weeks longer. My Company almost to a man. Orders have now come for us to march for Princetown. We have a Rumor that it was burned last night by the Enemy, who we suppose are about retreating. Compliments to Miss Adams & Children. Adieu and believe me to be sincerely yours,

"ANDREW ADAMS, Litchfield Connecticut."

Captain Hull, the writer of this letter, was the Maj. Gen. William Hull who subsequently, August 16, 1812, surrendered the American army at Detroit to the British General Brock. "General Washington, far from being discouraged by the loss of General Lee, had taken a stand on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. He collected his scattered forces and on the night of the 25th of December (1776) when the enemy were lulled into security by the idea of his weakness, and the inclemency of the night, which was remarkably boisterous, as well as by the fumes of a Christmas eve, he crossed the river, and at breaking of day, marched down to Trenton, and so completely surprised them, that the greater part of the detachment which were stationed at this place, surrendered after a short resistance. Gen. Washington was equally successful in his attack on Princeton and pursued Gen. Cornwallis for some distance.

CHAPTER III.

SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

My paternal grandfather, General HENDRICK OR HENRY K., the eldest son of Col. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer and Ariaantie Schuyler, was born July 25, 1744. "He was a brave officer, who fought with great ardor and distinction in the revolutionary war. He was in several engagements during which he uniformly displayed great coolness and courage in

trying scenes." The earliest evidence of his participation in the struggle for Independence is a letter to the Committee of Safety, requesting supplies of different kinds for the garrison under his command at one of the forts on the Hudson river. He did not come in contact with the enemy while stationed there; but soon after was engaged in a little affair, which, though of no very material consequence, serves to illustrate the well timed gallantry of a favorite, worthy citizen of Albany, and therefore in connection with his more important services, perhaps may merit a passing notice: While out with a scouting party of militia some distance below West Point, he was descried by a more numerous body of British cavalry, which pursued him so warmly that he had barely time to gain the shelter of a neighboring log hut, when they surrounded it. He refused to comply with the summons to surrender, when the enemy dismounted and advanced on foot to compel him to do so. As they approached, however, Captain Van Rensselaer ranged his men opposite the door, and at the proper moment threw it open himself, with the word to fire. The order was obeyed with terrific effect, half of the enemy fell, the rest fled in dismay and sought to mount again, but our brave men in their turn now followed so closely, that the enemy were obliged to abandon their horses and trust to their legs for safety. One or two only succeeded in getting away, all the rest were either killed, wounded or taken. The captain's own particular object in the chase was to secure alive the person of the enemy's leader; it was frustrated, however, by one of his men, who shot him down after a long run. The prisoners, horses, and arms were all carried to the American camp. Capt. Van Rensselaer appropriated a fusee to himself, from the captured weapons and bore it as a trophy of this victory in every subsequent expedition.

Congress appointed Major Gen. Philip Schuyler to the command of the northern department including Albany, Ticonderoga, &c, and Major General St. Clair had the immediate supervision of the posts of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence. The battle of Lexington had opened the first scene to the great drama and after the *first* blood had been spilled all were ready for the war which severed America from the British empire. In July 1776 congress published their declaration of Independence and this great event was followed by a desperate struggle on both sides for the ascendancy. On the American's part every hand was employed in preparing for the reception of the enemy, and the public mind was turned from local and provincial contests but directed exclusively to the great contest now fiercely raging. The British General Burgoyne commander-in-chief of the English army in Canada designed to take possession of Ticonderoga and force his way through to Albany, and thus form a junction with the British General Howe at New York. This was the general rumor, and apprehension reached its climax when on June 30th, 1777, General Burgoyne's army at length made its appearance near the posts at Ticonderoga. After a few unimportant skirmishes with the garrison, the British army was unexpectedly seen, on the ensuing July 5th, to take possession of, and earnestly engaged in extensive preparations for bombarding the old fort, from the perfectly commanding but hitherto neglected height of Sugar-loaf hill or Mount Defiance, only 1400 yards off which completely overlooked and commanded Ticonderoga.

It is a matter of surprise to many of the present day, who visit the scene of those operations, that this important elevation had never been previously fortified by any one of the occupants of this ancient fortress,

and indeed, a neglect of the kind *now* would be considered unpardonable. But when the wild state of the country, the entire want of roads, difficulty of access and the obstacles opposed to such a measure from the broken nature of the ground, are taken into consideration, the oversight in our officers will not appear so astonishing, particularly, as their more experienced predecessors in possession of this fort, both French and English, had deemed themselves sufficiently guarded in natural obstructions, from any annoyance in that quarter. However, all those difficulties were surmounted by the enterprise of the British army, who quickly "scaled the formidable mount." General Burgoyne, with a boldness, secrecy and dispatch almost unparallcled, conveyed a number of cannon, stores, and troops, who soon cut roads through the forest up the abrupt sides of the eminence, its summit leveled and by "hoisting cannon by large brass tackles from tree to tree, and from rock to rock, over dens of rattlesnakes" they transported ordnance from their vessels to the heights for the destruction of our works at Ticonderoga. At this crisis, the foresight of General St. Clair quickly pointed out the inutility of further defense, and in a Council of War immediately convened by him, it was resolved to evacuate the fort that same night, an act by which "though he had lost a post he had saved a state," was afterwards verified. In pursuance of that design the baggage, munitions, ordnance, hospital stores, etc., at three o'clock, A. M. of July 6th, 1777, were put on board the gun boats and bateaux under charge of the heroic Colonel Long, of New Hampshire, with 150 effective men, besides the invalids, and sent through the South bay of Lake Champlain, to the Skenesborough falls on Wood creek, to be landed there, and transported round the falls, to other boats above, and thus to be dispatched for Fort Ann. The main body of our forces under Gen. St. Clair, being thus divested of all incumbrances, "retired by an unfinished road through the wilderness," and encamped the next night near Castleton, six miles beyond Hubbardton. Col. Francis and Col. Seth Warner with the rear guard of about 800 men in all, quartered at the latter place. Interim Gen. Burgoyne, having ascertained the movements of our troops, lost no time in pursuing them. Notwithstanding his surprise at the unexpected event, and the impediments to be surmounted, by nine o'clock the following morning, *one division* of his army, after detaching two regiments to garrison the abandoned works, was on full march after the American main body. *The other* under his own immediate command had removed the *chevaux-de-frise* (bridge, boom and chain, which cost our people such immense labor) placed between Forts Ticonderoga and Independence to delay him, and in his frigate, the Royal George, with his flotilla, was soon in full chase, with a favoring breeze after Col. Long.

At 5 o'clock the ensuing morning, July 6th, one-half of the division in pursuit of our main body, under command of Brigadier Gen. Frazer, by a forced march came up with our rear guard at Hubbardton, as it was parading to continue the retreat. An obstinate and bloody action ensued, in which victory was for a time doubtful; but the timely arrival of Major Gen. Riedesel with his Brunswickers and Hessians (furnished to King George III by the Duke of Brunswick and Prince of Hesse), decided it against the Continental troops. Our loss was estimated at about 300 in killed, wounded and missing; among the first was Col. Francis "who fell with other valuable officers while bravely fighting with distinguished gallantry." The loss of the British and their allies was much greater. After this affair, our main body continued its retreat unmolestedly by a

circuitious route, and joined Gen. Schuyler at Fort Edward. Col. Long reached the rapids of Wood creek, on the succeeding afternoon from leaving Ticonderoga, and immediately commenced unlading his vessels, and dispatched the cargo round the portage. While thus occupied, he perceived the British frigates and gun boats bearing down upon him, their errand was easily divined, but the gallant Long determined to balk them if possible. An express was sent to Col. Henry K. Van Rensselaer, at Fort Ann, for assistance. The stores, as fast they could be sent on shore, were transferred on smaller boats and sent up the creek, while every measure was taken to facilitate the escape of the valuable stores and to retard the advancing foe. As soon as he was near enough, such a tremendous fire was opened upon him from the fort at Skenesborough (now Whitehall), that "the General (Burgoyne) thought proper to return and land his army at South bay." At this time Col. Long, perceiving a manœuvre calculated to cut off his retreat, and knowing his inability to keep this overwhelming force in check, set fire to the fort, mills, storehouses and bateaux, together with the bulk of the baggage and stores, to prevent their falling into Burgoyne's hands, and followed after his loaded boats, toward Fort Ann, destroying in his course every bridge and felling trees in the road to impede the progress of the enemy, or at least to render the transportation of ordnance impracticable. We experienced no loss of men on this occasion, though it is taken for granted, from the more exposed situation of the enemy that they must have suffered severely. Lieut. Col. Hill with the 9th Regiment was dispatched after Col. Long, while the other British regiments were sent in separate detachments about the country to increase the panic already occasioned by the loss of Ticonderoga and by the defeat of Cols. Francis and Warner, at Hubbardton. Col. Long was conscious that the panic had even seized his own troops and that therefore an action with his pursuers was impolitic even with equal forces; but with his inferior number and order of troops a defeat was morally certain. Yet the vital importance of the stores, in his charge, to the army — consequently to the independence of his country — was so great that he nobly resolved if overtaken to contend to the very last.

The express reached Col. Van Rensselaer in the night, and he promptly signified his intention of complying with Col Long's request for assistance, when every soldier in his command volunteered to accompany him. They set out at day break on July 8, 1777, but had not proceeded far "ere the loud din of war" was heard in the distance and warned them of the brave Long's jeopardy. With redoubled speed the patriotic corps pushed their march and were soon convinced by the increasing roar of fire arms, and by the occasional whiz of a bullet that they were near the scene of battle. A moment's halt then satisfied Col. Van Rensselaer of the relative position of the contending parties and of his eligible point of attack against the now prevailing enemy. The site he selected was on the left of Col. Long, where the foe stood thickest. The galling fire he threw among them thinned their ranks and compelled them, according to their own story, to think "it necessary to change their position in the very height of action." They were beaten, actually beaten off the field, and continued to fall back as long as it was thought expedient to press them, but for the lack of ammunition this 9th Royal Regiment would have been annihilated. "The enemy being almost surrounded, were on the point of surrendering, when our ammunition being expended, and a party of In-

dians arriving and setting up the war-whoop, this being followed by three cheers from the English, the Americans were induced to give way and retreat." As it was, our chief object was obtained, the timely and vigorous onset of Col. Van Rensselaer enabled Col. Long to move off with his invalids and part of the baggage which were subsequently delivered over to Gen. Schuyler at Fort Edward. "Our army was in very deplorable circumstances, actually deficient in ammunition" and every necessary article to render it efficient against the veteran and well supplied invaders. The following extract of a letter from the secretary of Gen. Schuyler, written about this time, proves the want of one of the indispensable articles in our army, viz. bullets, and even of the material to make them. It also affords a criterion to estimate the value of Colonel Long's charge, as that was one of the principal items among the articles saved from the conflagration and enemy's hand:

"The citizens of Albany only can supply our immediate exigencies; recourse must therefore be had to the committee, begging their interposition to collect such lead as is in the city: the lead from windows and weights may perhaps afford a supply for the present. As soon as it is collected, Mr. Rensselaer [Philip Van Rensselaer Esq. commissary of military stores and member of the Commitee of Safety, the father of Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, and proprietor of the old Cherry Hill estate near the city of Albany] will have it made into ball, and send it up without a moment's delay. Should a wagon be sent off with one box, as soon as it is ready it must be pushed off; also all the buck shot.

"By order of Major general Schuyler,

"J. LANSING, JUN., Secretary."

Mr. Lansing was afterwards chancellor of the state of New York. It may be gratifying to learn that this requisition was in every particular complied with; lead was taken from the windows and shops at Albany and soon moulded into bullets. The contributions from our patriotic ancestors in lead, and pewter mugs, cups, teapots and platters, not only enabled the commissary to answer the call for the then "immediate emergencies" but to supply a few extra balls for the equipment of some of the crowd, then constantly flocking for the defense of their country's liberty and rights. During the most severe part of the conflict, on July 8th "near the narrow pass between some high rocks and the river" in close proximity to the old Fort Ann, Colonel Van Rensselaer in following up the advantage he had gained over the enemy was desperately wounded, the effects of which he severely felt through the remainder of his life. He received a musket-ball in his leg as he was in the act of stepping over a fallen tree. The ball entered his thigh, broke the bone and glanced up to the hip joint where it lodged and remained for nearly forty years in his person and could not be traced till after his death. It was then extracted, and found flattened out to the diameter of near an inch, by striking the thigh bone; it was almost entirely covered with a white ossified substance. This bullet is still a relic of 1777 in possession of our family. Such a fearful wound, of course, put a stop to his further personal participation in the fight, and threw him on his back behind the mouldering log. Nothwithstanding the agony he suffered now, his country was still uppermost in his thoughts, and perceiving the consternation of the men round him at his fall he called out: "Don't mind me, my brave fellows, leave me and charge the enemy, Charge! charge! I say." The soldier's

mandate was obeyed, and for two full hours, without a leader, did these ill-found and undisciplined yeomanry, of five hundred men who were entirely mustered on the Van Rensselaer manor, maintain their advantage over some of the finest troops of Great Britain. The stand taken by them held Burgoyne in check an entire day, and enabled Gen. Schuyler to remove artillery and stores from Fort George, strengthen his position on Bemis's heights, and gain invaluable time. This memorable action has never occupied the place in the history of that war which its importance entitles it to. It occurred a short time previous to the great battle which resulted in the defeat and surrender of Burgoyne, on the heights of Saratoga, and was swallowed up and forgotten in the superior brilliance and importance of that decisive conflict. It was maintained for an entire day by a force of about 1000 men against an advanced brigade of Burgoyne's army, and was a series of desperate and bloody skirmishes. Fort Ann in Washington county was, indeed, an honored field for the preliminary skirmishes and engagements between the contending armies before the final yielding. It was fought by order of General Schuyler who felt the importance of checking the enemy's advance at that point and gave directions to defend Fort Ann. There were large supplies intended for our army at Ticonderoga and Fort George, where they had been detained in consequence of hearing of the investment by land and water of our works on Lake Champlain; and to favor the design of the detachment of wagons, &c., sent to remove those supplies back to Fort Edward, Gen. Schuyler despatched Col. Henry K. Van Rensselaer to Fort Ann to collect militia and oppose the British who were in pursuit of Col. Long's scattered command. It was in consequence of this, that the battle with the 9th Regiment under Col. Hill took place.

The action on the 8th was a very close and severe engagement with a very unequal force, the Americans made an honorable defense and finally a secure retreat, though not till after the ammunition gave out. But it nearly cost the brave Van Rensselaer his life; so close and desperate was the encounter that he lay many hours after he fell, within hearing of the groans of Col. Armstrong of the British army, who was also badly injured. Many of the wounded enemy were left to our mercy, among whom was "Capt. Montgomery (brother-in-law to Lord Townsend), of Hill's regiment, a very gallant officer, who was severely wounded early in the action, and taken prisoner with the surgeon, as he was dressing his wound, which happened as the regiment was changing its position." This extract from an English work (*Lieut. Anbury's Travels* through the interior of America in a series of letters by an officer), is substantially the same as that of Gen. Burgoyne upon the same subject, and may be considered as an indirect admission by the enemy of their discomfiture. But as it was the first check their hitherto resistless progress had met with, they were loath to acknowledge it in plainer terms, and the subsequent retreat of our men to Fort Edward, where Gen. Schuyler held his head quarters, gave them an apology for a claim to victory. The following extract of the examination of Captain Mooney, depy. quarter master of the British army, before the committee of the house of commons to investigate the causes of Gen. Burgoyne's failure, indicates the real opinion of the English officers in relation to the conduct of our men on *this* occasion: Question. "Was you present at the action of the 19th of September?" Ans. "I was." Question. "Did the enemy dispute the field that day with obstinacy?" Ans. "They did, and the fire was much

heavier than I ever saw it any where unless at the *affair of Fort Ann.*" Gen. Burgoyne previous to leaving England "had vauntingly declared in the British parliament that his army (which had one of the best trains of artillery ever seen in America) should be led by him from Maine to Georgia, and that he would make an easy conquest of the whole colony of New York." The gallant leader at Fort Ann refused every proffer of assistance after receiving his wound, and persisted in the advance of *all* his men after the retiring foe. In consequence he was soon left alone; but his anxiety to calculate the result of the onset, induced him ever and anon to brave the pangs of a movement to overlook the obstructing log. When satisfied by the still receding noise of contention, he sought again his more comfortable position on the level earth. At the expiration of those seemingly unending hours, the noise was but indistinctly heard afar off, when the sound of approaching footsteps among the rustling leaves, drew him once more to a reconnoitering attitude, and he found it occasioned by a young rustic, whose soiled garments, together with sundry circular impressions upon his lips, evidently made from a foul gun barrel, proclaimed him late from the scene of action. Whether his prowess had been exerted in favor of *king* or *rebel* was not known to the colonel. To ascertain it he hailed him. "Who comes there?" "Holloa!" ejaculated the startled youth, and catching a glimpse of the head from which the unexpected demand had issued, and of the fusee in the act of being levelled at him over the log, he quickly made an oblique spring and was safely ensconced behind the projecting trunk of a neighboring tree. Here the instinctive operation of loading his piece was speedily performed, when feeling and expressing himself "on a footing" with his supposed antagonist he declared himself "a continental soldier," and asked "who the devil are you?" "I am Colonel Van Rensselaer," was the reply, upon which the brave fellow left his hiding place and soon collected a few of his comrades with whose assistance he bore the drooping cripple to fort. In his latter days, the colonel often mentioned the manly conduct of this soldier with pleasure. At Fort Ann, Col. V. R's wound was hastily dressed, and as the evacuation of the post was decided upon, he was again raised upon the shoulders of his devoted men and borne fifteen miles to Fort Edward, from whence he was put on a boat, with Capt. Montgomery and another prisoner of war, and floated down to Albany. He was too ill to be taken to his residence at Greenbush, so both the wounded officers in the same dwelling submitted the task of healing their wounds to the skillful hands of Dr. Samuel Stringer (surgeon general of the forces under Gen. Schuyler and a man of great eminence in the medical profession, and ranked among the first practitioners of his day, who died in 1818). That of Capt Montgomery assumed a favorable aspect, and maugre his boding prediction, that our "sharp shooters had ruined his d—d fine legs," he was soon in condition to accept the invitation from his kinsman's relict (the widow of General Richard Montgomery) and left the city to pay her a visit at Rhinebeck on the Hudson river. The citizens of Albany were in momentary expectation of Burgoyne's approach; all who could leave, fled from the city. Colonel Van Rensselaer's younger brother, Philip, commissary of military stores, kept a sloop at the dock, prepared to remove his suffering relative at the slightest alarm. The colonel's case long bid defiance to all the arts of surgery. The position of the ball rendered its extraction impossible without a manifest danger to his life, and the fragments of clothing which had

been forced in with it, kept it a sore filled with maggots as the wound was in a most nauseous state. However, what with unremitting care and a rugged constitution, he surmounted in a measure the danger, though he was not again in condition for active military duty while the war lasted. In his subsequent life he was often called by the suffrages of his fellow citizens to represent them in the state legislature, and to fill several other responsible offices; but he always suffered more or less from the effects of his wound. Several times it broke out in all its pristine offensiveness and on September 9, 1816, eventually bore him to his grave at the age of 72 years.

Fierce indignation was aroused in every true heart, at the murder of Jane McCrea at Fort Edward on July 27, 1777. The young lady was engaged to a young officer, David Jones, in Burgoyne's army. She was killed and scalped by a party of Indians and when they arrived at the British camp the long, glossy hair of Jenny was immediately recognized. She was then about twenty years old, and a lovely girl."

The evacuation of Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, without efforts at defense, occasioned the greatest surprise and alarm; it was loudly condemned throughout the country, and brought down a storm of indignant abuse upon the Generals St. Clair and Schuyler, for much of the responsibility was laid upon the latter, because he was the commander-in-chief of the northern department. This disaster gave to our cause a dark and gloomy aspect. A ridiculous story was industriously reported and received too much credence, that Generals Schuyler and St. Clair acted the part of traitors to their country, and that they were paid for their treason by the enemy in *silver balls*, shot from Burgoyne's guns into our camp, and that they were collected by order of General St. Clair, and divided between him and General Schuyler. General Washington was perplexed, and congress suspended St. Clair from command, and appointed adjutant-general Gates to supersede General Schuyler. The Albanians were seized with a panic, the people ran about as if distracted, and sent off their goods and furniture. The actions of the 19th of September and October 7, 1777, are well known to have been decisive of the fate of Gen. Burgoyne's proud army. The latter took place at Bemis's heights, between Stillwater and Saratoga. It is supposed to be the hardest fought battle, and the most honorable to our army since the commencement of hostilities. The enemy was completely repulsed in every quarter,; then the brave Gen. Frazer fell as also many other officers of high standing. Gen Frazer was carried to the quarters of Baroness Riedesel who was expecting guests to dinner. Before his death, he requested, if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at 6 o'clock in the evening on the top of a mountain, in a great redoubt which had been built there. About sunset the corpse was carried up the hill by the officers of his own corps and passed in view of both armies. Generals Burgoyne, Phillips and Riedesel placed themselves in the humble procession. According to the statement of the adjutant general, Col. Kingston, before the committee above mentioned, the loss of the 20th, 28th, and 62d regiments alone was 500 or more, out of 1100 men who marched into the bloody field. The 62d suffered more than any other, it brought off only 50 or 60 effective men out of about 340. Yet Capt. Money who was actively engaged in the action of Fort Ann and Bemis's heights declares that the former was the more severe of the two. It proved, at all events, of a most beneficial tendency to our

cause. The illusion of the invincibleness of our invaders was dissipated. Panic gave way to confidence, and every succeeding battle in the North strengthened it to such a degree that the vaunting Burgoyne was eventually compelled to yield to its effects on the fields of Saratoga. The battle of Saratoga is universally acknowledged to have been one of the seven great decisive battles in the history of the world. The defeat of Burgoyne settled the question of the existence of this republic. The result of the revolutionary war depended upon that day, and that day was won by the valor of the Continental army. That field belonged to the whole nation, we all gloried in it; here the British lion got down on his knees before the American eagle. Gen. Burgoyne died Aug. 4, 1792. The following anecdote was told by Jacob Van Alstyne, who was at the taking of Burgoyne. He was then adjutant of a regiment of Rensselaer county militia, under Col. Stephen J. Schuyler. Lieut. Col. Henry K. Van Rensselaer acted in the two-fold capacity of adjutant and quarter-master. Col. Schuyler was a brother of Gen. Philip Schuyler, and having the oldest commission among the colonels on that station, he acted as brigadier general in the latter part of the campaign. A German, named John Tillman, a portly gentleman who resided at Albany after the war, acted as German interpreter for General Gates, and was requested by the latter to select a proper person to go into the British camp as a *spy;* the object of whose mission was to *circulate letters among the Hessian soldiers*, to induce them to desert, and to bring on an engagement in such a manner as Gates desired. Tillman selected Christopher Fisher, a private in Col. Schuyler's regiment, a shrewd fellow and always ready with an answer to any question that might be asked him; he was a witty man, true as steel. Never at a loss for a reply, be it question, fun, or joke, his flashes back would come with jolly good cheer, for he was brimful of good nature and well educated. Fisher being well acquainted with Van Alstyne, visited him to ask his advice in the hazardous undertaking, naming the reward offered. The latter told him what the consequence would be if he was detected, but declined giving counsel. 'Well,' said Fisher, 'if you will not advise me how to proceed, then I must act on my own judgment;' so saying, he took his leave of Van Alstyne, who thought but little more of the matter until after the battle. While in his tent after the engagement, Fisher entered and showed him *a purse of gold and his discharge from the service.* Van Alstyne then desired to know how he had proceeded. Fisher stated that on the day appointed, he approached the enemy's picket with a sheep upon his back, which had been killed for the occasion. He was hailed by the guard, who demanded of him his residence and the object of his visit. Fisher replied, that he lived a few miles back in the country, 'that *the d—d Yankees* had destroyed all his property but *one sheep*, which he had killed, and was then taking *to his friends.*' On hearing this reply, the sentinel treated him kindly, and delivered him over to an officer with a favorable report. In the British camp, he was asked by a superior officer, what proof he could give that he was not deceiving. Said Fisher, 'the *rebels* are preparing to give you battle, and if you will go with me, I will convince you of its truth.' The officer followed Fisher to a certain place, from which was visible a wood. Here had been stationed, agreeable to the order of Gen. Gates, a body of Col. Morgan's rifle corps, who were to exhibit themselves in a stealthy manner. The riflemen wore frocks and were easily distinguished, 'There, there,' says Fisher, 'don't you see them devils of Morgan's dodging about

among the trees?' And sure enough, as fast as the spy directed his vision the British officer could see the moving flocks of the American riflemen. When urged to enlist into the British service, Fisher pretended an aversion to war, pleading also the necessity of returning home to protect his family against the *rebels*. He was allowed to leave the camp when he chose, and embraced the opportunity while the armies were engaged. He was, however, admitted into communion as a genuine royalist, and being allowed to mingle for several hours with those who spoke German, he discharged the duties of his perilous mission to the satisfaction of General Gates. A party of British troops were sent to dislodge the riflemen pointed out by Fisher, a general engagement followed with success to the Americans. The spy executed faithfully the principal object of his hazardous enterprise, and many of those Hessian soldiers deserted the British service in that campaign, and either entered the American service, or became good citizens of New York. Mr. Van Alstyne died in May 1844, aged nearly ninety-five years."

The interview between Gen. Gates and Gen. Burgoyne, on the field of surrender, was very interesting when, in the presence of the two armies, Burgoyne drew his sword and presented it to General Gates. Not wishing to aggravate the painful feelings of the royal troops Gen. Gates would not permit the American soldiery to witness the degrading act of piling their arms and artillery at the place assigned, at the command of their own officers. As this was completed the British army filed off and took up their line of march for Boston to embark for England. The surrender took place near the spot where the elegant country seat of General Schuyler had been so wantonly demolished. Baroness Riedesel with her three children were politely accommodated in his own tent, and invited by Gen. Schuyler to become his guests at his residence at Albany. When Col. Nicholas Van Rensselaer (who was deputed to convey the official intelligence of "the surrender of Burgoyne to Gen. Gates, which took place after the other British enterprises in New York had proved abortive") reached Albany, he found the inhabitants were waiting with intense anxiety the fate of the battle (having chattels packed and they ready for an exodus). As his horse constantly felt the prick of the spurs he went flying through the city, while the brave officer cried aloud the cheering words "*Burgoyne is taken and we are victorious.*" The scene was an enthusiastic one; the people flocking in throngs, almost drawing him from the horse's back eager to hear a confirmation of the glorious news, it diffused joy and gladness not only there, but throughout the union. In Albany the event was celebrated with much display. An ox was roasted whole for the occasion. A pole passing through it and resting on crotches served as a spit, while a pair of cart-wheels at the ends of the pole were used to turn it. A hole was dug in the ground, in which, beneath the ox, a fire was made. While cooking, several pails of salt-water were at hand, to be applied with swabs to keep the meat from burning. When roasted it was drawn through the principal streets, and the patriotic secured a good slice. A constant roar of artillery was kept up during the day.

"The aged met with joy of heart,
The youthful met with glee;
While little children played their part,
The happiest of the three."

"In the evening almost every dwelling in the city was illuminated. A large pyramid of pine fagots which had been collected for the occasion, in the centre of which stood a liberty-pole supporting on its top a barrel of tar, was set on fire on Pinkster hill, whereon the state capitol now reposes, near the city early in the evening. When the fire reached the tar, it not only illuminated every part of the city, but sent its ominous light for many miles around, presenting a most imposing effect. The capture of Burgoyne and his army inspired Americans with confidence as to their final triumph." In the severe battle of the 7th of October, Gen. Burgoyne himself, had a hair-breadth escape, having one bullet pass through his hat and another tore his waistcoat. At one time a part of General Gates's army was exposed to imminent danger. "He had received what he supposed to be certain intelligence that the main body of Burgoyne's army had marched off for Fort Edward, and that a rear guard only was left in the camp. On this it was concluded to advance and attack the camp in half an hour; unknown to the Americans, Burgoyne had a line formed behind a parcel of brushwood to support the post of artillery where the attack was to be made. A British soldier, a deserter, communicated the very important fact, that the whole British army were in their encampment. Genl. Wilkinson too, discovered the British at their post, through a thick fog while his horse halted to drink in fording the creek, and he instantly arrested the march of our troops. The intelligence was conveyed to General Gates, who countermanded his orders for the assault, and called back his troops and thereby saved them from destruction, but they sustained some loss from the British artillery. It is known that Burgoyne has frequently expressed his extreme disappointment that he was baffled in this stratagem, and Americans should be most thankful."

"Fort Edward, in Camp 8th July 1777.

"Received of Capt. Huyck 283 Bullets Received By me

"JOHN C. TEN BROECK, of the Continental Troops."

In October, 1777, Sir Henry Clinton with the British fleet proceeded up the Hudson to Kingston intending to cut his way through and join Burgoyne at Saratoga, which fortunately was frustrated by Burgoyne's surrender. While at Kingston or Esopus he demolished the place and burnt almost every house; among which was the fine family residence, dear Hattie, of your paternal grandfather, Peter E. Elmendorf, then a lad of 12 years.

"Saratoga 19 April 1777.

"Recd from Mr John Joans Fifteen Hundred & fifteen Oars for the Service of the United States of America.

"EPHm VAN VEGHTEN Asst. D.Q. M. General."

John Tyson to Governor Lewis.

Peekskill, April 23rd 1777.

Sir: The Bearer Mr. Israel Levano has 15 Cwt. of Round Shot, sent here by Order of General Knox of the Artillery, & by his desire forwarded to Albany. As we don't know who is the Commissary of Ordnance with you, have addressed it to you & beg you will put it in the proper Channel. On behalf of W. Hughs D. Q. M.

I am Sir Your hble Servt.

Morgan Lewis, Esq. JNO. TYSON.

Invoice of Ordnance Stores Sent to Albany to be from there forwarded With all possible Dispatch to the Hon^ble Maj^r Gen^l Schuyler July 10th, 15th, & 16th for the Sundry Teamsters as pr Duplicate Receipts for 1777. viz: [The list was too long to be of benefit in this book]

Stillwater August 6th 1777.

Received into the Public Store of Captain Conrod Cline of Colonel Livingstons Regiment of Militia 4 muskets & 5 Cartridge Boxes.

Jnsp^le Maud e Gidley, Conduct.

Teunis T^s Van Vechten to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Albany Sept^r 12th 1777.

Sir:

Deliver the Bearer fifty Bushels of peas, for the use of General Schuyler's Family.

By order of Genl. Schuyler.

JOHN LANSING Jun Secy.

Please to deliver the above.

TUENIS T^s VAN VECHTEN A.D.Q.M. Gen^l

To the D. Quarter Master General Mr Philip Van Rensselaer.

In August 1777 Col. Peter Wagoner, of the county of Montgomery, held a command under Gen. Herkimer and Col. Frederick Visscher in the battle for the relief of Fort Stanwix. After the first detachment of our militia were checked and their commander severely wounded, it was found necessary to change the plan of action. Accordingly our forces were ordered to fall back and to form a circle *divided* by a deep bushy ravine, to prevent the savages from taking advantage of the foggy weather to attack them in the rear. The garrison of the fort, by a previous understanding, were to have sallied out, and to have thereby created a diversion in favor of the relieving party upon hearing the first shot, but the distance from the fort, of the action, rendered it impossible for the garrison to hear the firing and the enemy rightly supposing that Gen. Herkimer's object was to relieve the fort, sent a detachment round to our rear who in coming up towards Col. Wagoner, pretended that they actually were the garrison relieved and continued cheering the colonel's men. The colonel *deceived* by their cries stepping out of his ranks to greet his supposed friends, was seized by them and *undeceived* in finding himself drawn a prisoner within their three-fold lines; but nothing daunted by his dangerous situation, he called out to his men in German, his mother tongue: "It is the enemy, boys, don't mind me, but fire like thunder." The order was promptly obeyed and the enemy, seeing their design frustrated by the determination of their prisoner and seeing their first three officers, Major Watts, Capt. Hare killed, and Lieut. Shingleton wounded, they turned and fled without firing a gun. The gallant Wagoner not only escaped the fire of his own men, but escaped from his captors, who made no other attempt after but soon retreated. Their camp, baggage, provisions, with five colors were taken by Lieut Col. Willett with a party of 200 from the fort, who had accidentally discovered through their spies the defenceless state of the enemy's camp. Shingleton was severely wounded and carried to Schenectady where he remained many months upon parole, but when sufficiently recovered, he broke that and ran off with some tories. Major Watts was wounded through the leg by a ball, and in the neck by a thrust from a bayonet which passed through back of the windpipe and occasioned

such an effusion of blood as to induce not only him, but his captors to suppose (after leading him two or three miles) that he must die in consequence. He begged his captors to kill him, they refused and left him by the side of a stream under the shade of a bridge, where he was found two days subsequently covered with fly-blows, but still alive. He was borne by some Indians to Schenectady where he remained until sufficiently recovered to endure a voyage to England, where he was often after seen limping about Chelsea hospital. The sash taken from him is still in possession of the Sanders family. It was about this time that Col. Wemple of Schenectady having ascertained that a large force of refugees and tories had collected at Beaver dam, for the purpose of destroying Albany or Schenectady in the absence of the militia who had been sent off to relieve Fort Stanwix, collected the *exempts*, seventy in number, and a body of New England troops forty strong, and falling upon them by surprise effectually routed and dispersed them though their force, to his, was as four to one. Another time a similar band, who had long been a terror to the inhabitants by their reckless depredation and marauding propensities, after robbing the taverns and other dwellings on the turnpike between Albany and Schenectady, drank such a large quantity of liquor at the half-way house, that they were compelled to retire into the pine bushes, a short distance, where after stationing a sentry they fell asleep. One of the inmates of the tavern escaped from the window destitute of clothing, save his shirt, carried the word to Dorp, when the good burgers with patriotic ardor traced the plunderers by their tracks in the sand. The plunder was all recovered and the marauders most severely punished. "The object of the expedition was far from being accomplished by St. Leger, notwithstanding General Herkimer fell into the ambuscade, and soon after died of his wounds. The commander did not, however, despair of getting possession of Fort Stanwix; for this purpose he sent in a flag demanding a surrender. Colonel Gansevoort nobly replied in the negative, being determined to defend the fort at every hazard. Aware, however, of his perilous situation he found means of sending to General Schuyler at Stillwater for assistance. General Arnold was now dispatched with a brigade of troops to attack the besiegers. On his way he captured a notorious tory spy, Han Yost Schuyler, whom he sentenced to be hung. The friends of the tory applied to Arnold to spare his life. He was inexorable, but was prevailed upon by Major Brooks to use the tory for their advantage. If he failed in the plan proposed, his brother, who had consented to remain as a hostage, was to 'grace the same noose which had been prepared for Han Yost.' The life of his brother held Han Yost true to his pledge. Several of the Oneida Indians of his acquaintance, fell in with and readily engaged in furthering his design. Han Yost was acquainted with many of St. Leger's Indians, and on arriving at their camp told a sad story of his capture and escape. When asked as to the number of men Arnold had, he shook his head mysteriously and pointed to the leaves of the trees. Soon one of the Oneidas in the secret arrived, presently another dropping into the camp as if by accident spoke of the great numbers of warriors marching against them. Alarm and consternation pervaded the whole body and they resolved on immediate flight. The Oneida Indian had a spice of the wag in his composition, for he followed in the rear and occasionally raised the cry. '*They are coming! they are coming!*' Han Yost soon gave General Gansevoort the intelligence of the approach of Gen. Arnold's command and all were

saved. Col. Willett had an elegant sword given to him by Congress for his gallant acts."

Daniel Hale to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir. Fish Kill, 4 November, 1778.

By the accounts daily Circulating from New York there is great Expectations of the Enemy leaving the City. I cannot Say that I am fully Convinced it will take place but there is a probability of it.

"You will please to think of the two pair of Pistols you was Kind Enough to promise me for myself and Colo. Hay, who has requested of me to write to you to know whether that business was determined on which you mentioned to him as the Season advances and what that Gentleman's opinion was, or now is, whom you was to Consult.

I am Dear Sir, with Esteem, Your friend & Servt.

D. HALE.

Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq.

April 12, 1779, Philip Van Rensselaer to William Sheldon.

Dr.

To 4 waggons & horses coming from Sheffield to Green Bush ferry to remove the public Stores from Albany to a place of Safety each 4 days at 12*s.* pr. day, ... £9: 12: 0:

By order of Commanding Officer.

Brandt Van Hook To Philip Van Rensselaer.

Sir: Fish Kill, May 21st, 1779.

Inclosed you have an Invoice of Musket Ball to make up the Quantity Intended to be forwarded from this Fort to Albany. Col. Van Rensselaer will be pleased to send a receipt for the same under cover of a few Lines to Jno Ruddock, Esq, by the first Opportunity which shall Occur.

I am Sir, Your Huble Servt.

BRANDT VAN HOOK, U. S. Clk.

"Invoice of Musket Ball Sent to P. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Public Store Keeper at Albany by Order of General Knox (viz):

	cwt.	qr.	lb.
38 Boxes of New Musket Ball Weighing, ...	32:	1:	24:
Tare of Boxes, ...	2:	0:	4:
Total Weight Gross, ...	30:	1:	20:

The catastrophe at Lexington, April 18, 1775, was the grand impetus to every active measure taken throughout the country in the cause of independence. Great zeal and military ardor was manifested by the meeting of companies of militia in every section to receive those lessons so necessary to enable them to resist successfully a well disciplined foe in the field of battle. The adherents of the King George III. sought to break up such meetings. At Caughnawaga, Captain Frederick Visscher when in the act of exercising his company, saw Sir John Johnson (son of Sir William Johnson), the king's magistrate came rattling on the parade ground with his gay equipage and drive directly in front of the men where he stopped and demanded "By whose orders are these men assembled here?" The captain instantly replied, "By mine." "Well, sir, I command you in the name of the king to disperse immediately." "I will not disperse them, sir," was the undaunted reply. This so enraged the fiery knight

that he drew his pistols, and leveling them at the captain, he declared that if he did not "disperse the d—d rebels, I will blow your brains out." The words were scarcely out of Sir John's mouth, before he saw one of the men bring over his gun and take deliberate aim at him. The example was followed by all the rest, when, not willing to risk the threatened consequence of shooting the captain, Sir John put up his pistols and rode out of the field muttering "curses upon the contumacious rebels." The spirit there developed caused him very shortly after to leave his ill-gotten possessions and to abandon such a dangerous neighborhood. Capt. Visscher's promotion after this was rapid, so was that of every officer of merit in those times. The panic occasioned among our exposed frontier inhabitants subsequently, in consequence of Gen. Burgoyne's signal success from Canada at the beginning of his expedition, together with a well founded apprehension of an attack from his ferocious Indian allies, induced many to send their families to a place of better security than that afforded by their own dwellings. Others, from whatever cause, more dilatory than the rest, were destined to quaff deeply from that bitter cup of affliction so incidental to barbarian warfare. The recollections of some such instances weighed upon the hearts of the few surviving participators like an incubus, and their narrations were truly well calculated to excite the most thrilling interest. Colonel Frederick Visscher, of Caughnawaga, was second in command of the expedition sent for the relief of Fort Stanwix (or Fort Schuyler where the village of Rome now stands), against St. Leger and Sir John Johnson. When the gallant but ill-fated Gen. Herkimer fell, the command devolved upon him, and the success with which he brought off the remnant of his force from that disastrous field proved him possessed of as much military talent as of energy. Subsequently, having received tidings of the enemy's career, immediately dispatched his wife and children to Schenectady, and while occupied with arrangements for the removal of his mother and two sisters, his mansion was attacked in the night by about a dozen savages. They were greeted, however, with so warm a fire from the colonel and his two brothers, that they were obliged to retreat as suddenly as they had made the assault. At dawn of day they returned again with an overwhelming reinforcement and breaking through every barrier drove the family before them from room to room, and from floor to floor, until they reached the garret, where they closed with the gallant brothers. In the desperate struggle which then ensued the ladies made an attempt to escape down the darksome stairway. The mother being intercepted by an Indian was soon knocked down senseless with a heavy blow from the butt end of his fire-lock, while the two young ladies without hindrance gained the door yard. There one of them was seized by a "huge painted Indian" who after tearing the bonnet from her head, and the shawl from her shoulders, uttered in a smothered tone the single word, marchez, and released her. Of course she required no further bidding, but thankful for the unexpected permission, bounded off and secreted herself in an oven near the dwelling. Her flying sister escaped to the willow shaded rivulet in the adjoining meadow, where concealed by the thick foliage, they shortly after, each from her respective hiding place, saw the savages issuing in a body from the house. A solitary one reëntered immediately and after a short interval returned to his companions, when all tramped off together in a north-easterly direction up the deep, rocky ravine, which not yet ceased to reverberate with their tremendous whoops of exultation when the sisters saw that the mansion was in flames, and then every rem-

nant of hope for the existence of mother or brothers vanished from their bosoms.

In the unequal conflict on the garret Col. Visscher fell under two severe tomahawk blows, and while lying in a state of torpidity was divested of his scalp (The Indian mode of scalping their victims is this: with a knife they make a circular cut from the forhead, quite round, just above the ears, then taking hold of the skin with their teeth, they tear off the whole hairy scalp in an instant, with wonderful dexterity. This they carefully dry and preserve as a trophy.) Notwithstanding the severity of his various wounds he became quickly sensible again of his own predicament and of the continued proximity of his enemies, and determined to deceive them with a semblance of that death which they supposed to have been inflicted upon him. At first he was successful and had the satisfaction of hearing them descend into the lower part of the house. Anxiety to ascertain the fate of his brothers induced him then to rise upon his elbow, but the sound of footsteps caused him once more to seek his former position. This motion owing to his feeble condition came near being conducive to a fatal end. It had the effect of exciting such a degree of nervous irritability that he had no further control over his frame, and the monster, who came to assure himself that the bloody work was complete attracted by the twitching, hastened to put a stop to it by cutting the sufferer's throat. For this purpose he drew a knife twice across it, and seeing the red bandanna, inward neckcloth, through the severed folds of the black silk outer one, he went off rejoicing in the imagined accomplishment of his infernal design. The colonel, however, having received no other injury from this last attempt upon his life, than one or two unimportant flesh wounds, was soon aware, by the receding whoops, of the departure of the savages; and knowing by the increasing volumes of smoke that the house was on fire, resolved to escape if possible. Rising up from his bed of gore he perceived one brother dead near to him, the other leaped from a window but was killed and scalped. To drag the corpse out of the reach of the flames was a task of immense difficulty but he executed it, as also the rescue of his disabled but living mother; but his incredible exertions and loss of blood caused him to faint. The chair, in which Mrs. Visscher was seated, when drawn out the house was on fire, it was preserved as a sacred relic. The two murdered brothers, with Col. Visscher, his mother and two sisters, were taken in a boat to Schenectady, where the mother and the colonel were eventually restored to health. Many years after this tragical event two of the identical Indians engaged in it, while traveling with a party of warriors to Albany having understood that Col. Visscherh ad survived his wounds, would not believe it; one said he had both scalped and cut his throat; they wanted to see him. Col. Visscher could with difficulty be restrained, he wished to sacrifice the wretches. An intimation was given them of the intention and they wisely departed never to return to these scenes. Colonel Visscher was (in 1787) appointed by Gov. George Clinton first judge of Montgomery county. He died June 9, 1809 from a complaint in the head caused by the loss of his scalp. His widow, whose maiden name was Gazena De Graff, died in 1815.

Herman Visscher, son of Col. Frederick, was safe in Schenectady with his mother at the time these terrific " scenes were enacted at the old residence about three miles east of Fonda, on the north side of and near the

Mohawk river, and close by where the New York Central rail road now runs." The faithful black slave who brought water in his hat from a creek for Col. Visscher and carried the stricken household to Schenectady, had a handsome horse and his freedom given him by the grateful colonel. Gazena, daughter of Herman Visscher, had been adopted by her father's brother when quite young at the death of her parents. She was a valued schoolmate and companion of myself. I was present at her marriage to Mr. Jesse De Graff of Schenectady, at the abode of her uncle, Mr. Visscher on the old site. The last surviving child, Alfred De Graff, lives in a brick dwelling where the old homestead once stood, which was rendered memorable by such thrilling and harrowing events in May, 1780. This farm and grounds "where the tomahawk and the torch did their sad work of death and destruction a century ago has been in the family to the fifth generation, over one hundred and twenty years."

When on a visit to my mother's sister, Mrs. Jacob S. Glen, in Montgomery county, I often saw a venerable old lady, Aunty Putman, who would graphically narrate the perils from the Indians in her younger days. Harassed by perpetual alarms night and day, in constant fear of hostilities, and ever dreading the sight of the Indians in their grotesque paint and feathers, their encroachments kept all the whites in a state of terrible commotion. She well remembered when Col. John Johnson in 1780 with a party of soldiers consisting of British, tories and Indians, made a raid through that country, killing, burning and pillaging; she recalled how the men never neglected taking their guns to church, or the field, with them; not daring to venture out to any distance for fear of an ambuscade; constantly on the alert regarding the treachery of the Indians, or their creeping up stealthily to tomahawk some unfortunate individual who had ventured too far away from forts. Many a tale of suffering and privation she would most eloquently recount. This old lady was Margaret, sister of Col. Frederick Visscher; she had four husbands, the last one was Victor Putman; she survived her husband many years, and died at old Caughnawaga. Her fears were awfully realized at last in 1780 on May 20th at Tribes hill, part of Caughnawaga, when barns and houses were burnt and people scalped in the march of these savages and tories from Johnstown all along the valley of the Mohawk. The inhabitants, unsuspicious of danger, were buried in sleep at midnight when the Indians approached in great numbers, entered the house of Capt. Garret Putman with horrid yells, intending to murder the entire family, but fortunately all were absent; the people occupying the house were killed; many of her own loved neighbors were instantly slain and scalped. About the same time her mother's house was assaulted. She was then a young girl living with her mother and sister Rebecca together with two brothers, her brother Frederick's family being safe from all trouble in Schenectady, he was staying with them. After her wonderful escape from the Indian she secreted herself in a large Dutch oven, built a short distance from the house, where with the most indescribable agony she could hear the wild yells of demoniac triumph, and knew her own "loved ones" were the unfortunate victims.

"General Washington, while at Albany in the summer of 1782, was invited by the citizens to visit Schenectady (over-the-pines). He accepted the invitation, and in company with Gen Schuyler, rode there in a carriage from Albany on the 30th of June; where he was received with no little formality by the civil and military authorities and escorted some

distance by a numerous procession, in which he walked with his hat under his arm. Abraham Clinch, who came to America as drum-major under Gen. Braddock, then kept a tavern in Schenectady and at his house a public dinner was given. Having previously heard of his sufferings, one of the first persons Washington inquired after was Colonel Frederick Visscher, who was then residing in the place. He expressed much surprise that the colonel had not been invited to meet him, and agreeable to his request a messenger was sent for him. He was a man of real merit, but modest and retiring in his habits. On this occasion, he was found at work in his barn, which, under the circumstances, he left with reluctance, but was kindly greeted by the illustrious guest who paid him marked attention. At the dinner table were assembled a respectable number of gentlemen among whom was Gen. Schuyler. Washington assigned the seat next his own to Col. Visscher. This was indeed a proud day for *Old Dorp*. While Gen. Washington was walking a public street in company with a respectable citizen, an old negro when passing, took off his hat and bowed to him: the great commander immediately returned the compliment. The citizen expressed much surprise that his companion thus noticed this descendant of Ishmael, observing it was not the custom of the country to notice slaves. '*I cannot be less civil than a poor negro*,' was his manly reply as they proceeded onward." Washington was in Schenectady on three different occasions, the first was a flying visit near the commencement of the war, he staid with John Glen, Q. M. G.

Cornelius Ray to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Philadelphia, Dec. 18th, 1780.

Dear Sir:

Being apprehensive of not meeting with a private opportunity soon, I do myself the pleasure to pay my respects by the post; & inform you that the Bills you entrusted to my Care were forwarded to Mr. James Cuming Merchant in L'Orient, first Bills by Ship Ann, Capt. Josiah, 2nd by Brig. Active, and 3d by Ship Shilaly, Capt. Holmes, exclusive of the Goods ordered by you for family's use. I ordered him to ship the overplus in Bohea & Laval Linnens, but some arrivals having lately made Tea very plenty & cheap, I have this day desired my friend to ship you and me a larger quantity of Laval Linnens. Some China, some Steel and some pieces Nankeens if to be procured. I suppose the Goods or some part of them will be out early in the Spring, any further directions you may please to send respecting them, shall be punctually complied with. I have had one small arrival from Amsterdam and one from L'Orient. Please to make my best respects to your good family and believe me with Esteem Dear Sir,

Your most Obedt. Servt,

CORNELIUS Ray.

P. S. You may get Insurance made at 25 or 30 pr. Ct.

Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany.

The late war, which brought about our separation from Great Britain, threw our commercial affairs in great confusion. Through want of power in the old congress to collect a revenue for the discharge of our foreign and domestic debt, our credit was destroyed, and trade greatly embarrassed. Before the revolution Great Britain claimed an exclusive right to the trade of her American colonies. The importation of dry goods, alone, from that country was so great that our merchants were drained of gold and silver by the British.

Cornelius Ray to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir: Philadelphia, May 15, 1781.

I did myself the pleasure to write you last week by Col. Livingston, and now am to inform you of the arrival of the Ship Ann, Capt. Josiah, from L'Orient, but through inattention of the Capt. or carelessness in the Merchant, not one single Letter is come.

Yesterday I went and looked over the freight list, and find three Chests of Tea with your Mark & addressed to me, which I make no doubt are yours, as such shall receive them, pay the freight and leave them for your further Orders. But, I am sorry, very Sorry to acquaint you that there are great Grounds to believe the Ship Luzerne, Capt. Bell is taken, she sailed in Company with the other ship, who saw her strike her colors to something, whether friend or Enemy, Capt. Josiah could not tell I think there is scarcely a doubt from my last Letters, that both you and myself have very considerable in her and I am afraid that all the Goods for your family's use were put on board her, though I positively ordered Mr. Cuming to divide them in the two Vessels. We must suspend our Judgment untill some other Vessel arrives from that place, which may be shortly, when I shall forward your Letters. I must refer you for our present Situation and News to my Uncles Letters.

With great Regard & Esteem I am your Sincere friend, &c.,

CORNS. RAY.

Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Albany.

R. Frothingham to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Sir: New York 4th June, 1781.

Agreeable to General Knox's Order I send you: six doz^{n} of port-fires, fifty pounds slow match, one hundred and fifty Tubes for 9 pounders; it is requested you will forward them the soonest possible to Fort Schuyler.

I am your Hum. Servant.

RICH^{D} FROTHINGHAM, L. C^{ms}.

Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq.

In January, 1781, Brant was again upon the war path in the neighborhood of Fort Schuyler. The provisions were scarce and if supplies were not speedily obtained the post would have to be abandoned. On May 12th the old Fort Schuyler was destroyed by fire and flood, and was never rebuilt.

Cornelius Ray to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir: Philadelphia, June 17, 1781.

Enclosed you have Acct Sales of your three Chests of Tea. I got 6d: per pound more for the last chest than any have been sold. You have also enclosed your Acct: as far as my present settlement will admit. I could not procure any more Bills and have left a Ballance in the hands of Mr. Wm. Pollard, as you will see by your Account for your further direction. No more of your Goods have yet arrived. I desired Mr. Cuming in my last letter, that if he had shipped what was ordered for your family's use in Capt. Bell *to renew* the Shipment; hope this order will be agreeable. The 3d and 4th Bills I have left in the hands of our friend W. P.— I now embark, and of course have much to do. Make my best regards to your family. I most sincerely wish you and them every happiness. I am, Your Sincere friend.

CORNS. RAY.

Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq.

"MAJOR GENERAL STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, the fifth patroon of Albany, born November 1, 1764, and graduated at Harvard University in 1782, was left an orphan by the decease of his father, at a very early age, and of course came into the full possession of his princely estate at the age of twenty-one. That event was celebrated by his friends, and the tenantry of Rensselaerswyck, by great rejoicings, the roasting of oxen, killing of fatlings, and all the demonstrations of joy incident to feudal times. The following anecdote will serve to show the patriotism of the patroon: When the troops under Gen. Gates were opposing Burgoyne near Saratoga, Gen. Ten Broeck, who was the guardian of the patroon, then in his minority, visited some of his nephew's tenants near the Helderberg, and requested them to take all the provisions and grain they could spare (reserving a bare competency for their families) to the American army. Several emptied their granaries, pork barrels, cattle-stalls, and pig sties, and delivered their effects to the commissary department at Saratoga, not expecting any usual reward for so doing. Some time after, to their surprise, the young patroon invited those tenants to Albany *and presented them with valid titles to their lands.* Such was one of the many acts of that good man, distinguished through life for his generosity and benevolence. The first wife of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, was Margaret, daughter of General Philip Schuyler, who when a young girl rescued (at the time of an attack on the Schuyler mansion) her younger sister, afterwards wife of Major James Cochran of Oswego. This intrepid girl rushed down two flights of stairs, snatched the still sleeping infant from the cradle, and bore it off safely, just as a sharp tomahawk was hurled at her as she fled from the room; it slightly injured her dress, within a few inches of the infant's head." A great deal of trouble was created for the Committee of Safety, in the early part of the revolutionary war by a noted tory, who, maugre every attempt to ensnare him, was continually lurking about the city of Albany in the capacity of a spy. He really appeared to possess the powers of ubiquity; but wherever sought was never found. One time, when hotly pressed, he crawled under the old market in North Market street (Broadway). Upon another occasion, being fired at by his pursuers, in a dark night, when paddling from them in a canoe, he threw himself into the river, as if mortally wounded, and escaped by pushing his boat before him down the favoring current. Another "historic relic for the lover of battle fields," was a scene also laid in Albany, when every means were resorted to by the royalists to dampen the revolutionary ardor of their adversaries. They naturally supposed nothing would have a greater tendency to expedite the desirable end, than to secure the persons of the most influential rebels and by 'carrying them off to Canada, there to hold them for the purpose of exchange' they would have accomplished a brilliant achievement for the benefit of their party. Accordingly an immense reward was offered for the capture of such, and several parties of hostile Indians and expatriated tories eagerly set out from Canada with the hope of enriching themselves by seizing the Committee of Safety at Albany in August, 1781. Col. Philip Van Rensselaer, one of that committee and also the commissary of military stores, having received an intimation of the design, warned the other members and moved his own family from his seat at Cherry Hill to the city. The bold attempt was made on Col. Ganesvoort. Gen. Schuyler, who was another one of the committee, thinking that the vicinity of his residence to the city would insure its protection, did not deem it necessary to remove. The fancied security was, however, of little avail.

One of the parties alluded to, in the character of friend, gained admission into the kitchen; when the manner and pressing desire forthwith to see the general, excited the suspicions of a domestic. She, with admirable presence of mind, directed them to a wrong room for the object of their search, and then ran to the right one to inform him of his jeopardy. Darting through a secret slide in the wainscot work, the general gained an upper room and fastened himself in. The firing of his guns of distress, brought the citizens quickly to his rescue.

Copy of a Return Delivered to Major Genl. Lord Sterling.

24th October 1781, of small Arms &c on hand at Albany: Repaired Arms 203; do, repairable 2445; do irrepairable 1225; repaired Bayonets 303; do repairable 581; do irrepairable 831; W^t of powder 500, w^t of Musket Ball 400; Flints 3000; Tubes 616; French Spunges for 4 pounders 13; w^t of Slow Match 87; Morter Beds 1; British Bagage Waggons 25; Iron 6p^d Cannon mounted 3; do not Mounted 2; 4 p^d do not Mounted 2; Pistols irrepairable 17; Rheams of Musket Car: paper 4; Cannon do 6; pounds of thread 15; do Twine 40; Bayonet Scabbards & Belts 191; Port fires 66; Musket Cartridges 9300.

"The youngest daughter of Lord Stirling married Colonel William Duer and became the mother of William A. Duer of New York." In the summer of 1781 Lord Stirling was ordered to the command of the Northern army, and he made his head-quarters at Albany. Quite a large British force was at Ticonderoga and vicinity, under St Leger (who was repulsed at Fort Stanwix in 1777) and much alarm prevailed above the Highlands as an invasion was expected. "The vigorous and effective preparations made by Lord Stirling intimidated St. Leger and he returned to Canada."

State of New York to John F. Pruyn Dr.

To my Service as Clark to Philip Van Rensselaer, Esq, the Store keeper of the Public Militia Stores, from the 14th June 1777 to the 1st. November 1781 is 4 years, 9 months & 16 days: 4*s.* pr day	£ 356 : 0 : 0
Interest for 9 years at 6 p^ct	192 : 4 : 6
	£ 548 : 4 : 6

I do hereby Certify that the Above Service has been performed under my Direction.

P. VAN RENSSELAER.

Killian K., the youngest son of Col. Kiliaen Van Rensselaer and Ariaantie Schuyler, was born in 1763. We have before us some of his college letters.

Killian K. Van Rensselaer to Col. Philip Van Rensselaer.

Yale, June 15th, 1782.

"This my dear Brother will be handed to you by Mr. Lee, an honest Man and a very obliging one. No conveyance offering I have not written you a letter since *Nicoll* left us, tho' the Post rides Weekly. I thought proper not to trouble you before this. Notwithstanding I was very desirous to inform you that my health has been much impaired of late. Let not this alarm you in the least, for I am recovering fast, five students belonging to this Society have died within twenty-five days. One by a fall off a Barn and the other four by sickness, these four were no less

remarkable for their Scholarship, and an early display of morality, tenderness of heart and social virtues, than for natural beauties, Manly fortitude, Wit & Vivacity It is Scarcely in the power of human imagination to paint a Scene more truly moving than that of a fellow Student witnessing their departure from this World, who to no purpose are struggling before his Eyes, for that relief which he cannot give. A person has enough to do in performing the hard tho' necessary task of a College life without any impediment from its gross Companion the Body but when this is also *affected*, that can have little or no pleasure from even the most agreeable delights. My situation for these five Months past has been very agreeable, and happy would I be, could I boast of it at present. My Disorder has arisen from a sedantry life, the Doctor tells me and therefore at present but little time I appropriate to Setting twenty hours a day is spent in riding, Walking & Sleeping, the other four I attempt Daily to spend in performing College exercises. My diet is Milk and Bread and you may judge what it brings me to, for you have experienced it about two years ago. Phil & Dick are well and mind their Studies much better then I expected. Last Thursday Mr. Harry Nicoll was brought in this Town a prisoner off long-Island he will leave this place in the evening for home, as he has already effected an exchange. He desires to be remember'd to Col. Hamilton and Col. Troop, if they are with you, the latter was a Classmate of his'n in York College. He would have written them each a letter if time would have admitted. What objections would you make in my going to Cambridge in July to see my two Cousins take their Degree? Stephen writes me he expects I'll come. I have written him an answer back I should willingly come provided time would admit me, he has written me again by yesterday's Post. that he would freely bare my expense provided I would come, his generosity to which I am no stranger too is beyond what I could expect. If I do sacrifice some time now in seeing him take his leave (off the seat of the Muses)Harverd College, it might be a matter that would effect me hereafter greatly & no less at present for a ride my Doctor tells me I must take whether to Cambridge with Jack when he returns, or home is what you must determine. Commencement at Cambridge is the 12th of July. I shall expect you will write me by next Saturday's post & inform me how my friends do for I have not heard from Albany once since last January. Adieu Mr Lee calls for my letters.

Col. Philip Van Rensselaer Albany. KILLIAN K. VAN RENSSELAER.

Killian K. Van Rensselaer was educated for the legal profession, in which he for many years held a high rank in Albany. He served for several years in the city councils, and about 1800 he represented his district in Congress five successive terms in the House of Representatives. He married Margaretta, daughter of John Sanders of Scotia, and died June 18, 1845, at the age of 82, leaving four sons, two of whom still survive.

P. Van Rensselaer to Col. Marinus Willet.

Sir, Albany, 19th July, 1782.

I am this hour honoured with your favor of the 17th Inst: on Receipt thereof I made application to Col. Reed for an order on the Quarter Master for waggoners to forward to you all the fixed ammunition in my possession, which will be about twenty thousand Cartridges, Cartridge Boxes I have not in my power at present to send. But expect twenty-four hundred

from fish Kill which have been ordered by his Excellency to this place for your Regt. on the Arrival of them no time will be lost in forwarding them to you, by Dear Sir,

Your Most Obedient Hum. Servt.
P. VAN RENSSELAER.

Marinus Willett, Esqr. Col. Com.

No 5059, I certify, that there is due from the United States to Arent W. Slingerlandt the Sum of Six dollars and a Quarter, Viz: For Ten Loads of Wood at five Shillings pr Load, $6\frac{2}{3}$, Which Sum of Six Dollars and a Quarter shall be paid to the said Arent W. Slingerlandt or Order, in Specie, or other current Money equivalent, by the Tenth Day of October next; and if not then paid, the same shall afterwards bear an Interest of Six per Cent per Annum, until paid.

Witness my Hand, this Twenty Seventh Day of September, A.D., 1782.

Countersigned In behalf of the Public } TIM. PICKERING,
Nicholas Quackenbush, D. Lott, } Quarter Master General.

Colonel Timothy Pickering was a member of the board of war. In 1780 he succeeded General Green as quarter master general. In 1791 he was appointed post master general by Gen. Washington, which office he held nearly four years, when on the resignation of General Knox, he was appointed secretary of war. In 1795 Washington made him his secretary of state, which position he held until 1800, when he was removed by President Adams on political grounds. He was a United States senator in 1803 and again in 1805, and in 1814 was elected a member of the United States house of representatives. He died in Salem, Jan. 29, 1829."

William Pollard to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir: Philad., Mar. 26th, 1783.

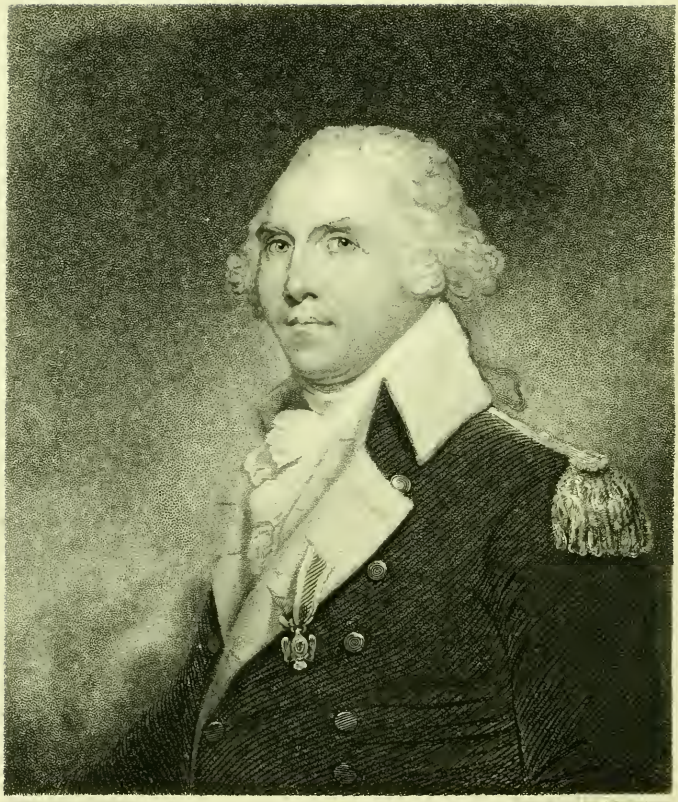
Your Esteemed Favour of the 23d Feby is now before me & in consequence thereof your Accounts shall be gone into immediately; I have the pleasure to acquaint you that you have another small adventure arrived, the Goods arrived from Baltimore last Week they consist of Buttons for Cloaths amounting to 1044 lb: 9 oz: 9 dr & I fear will be very unsaleable, but you may depend I will do with them as I wou'd for myself.

It is with great pleasure I acquaint you that at last we have recd the agreeable Accts of Peace, a French Sloop of War called the Triumph was despatched from Breast with the News of the Preliminaries of Peace being signed the 20th Jany by all the contending Parties, she was sent to Count D'Estaing at Cadiz to stop the sailing of the Combined Fleets, & he has thought proper to send her out here to inform the French Minister thereof, & said Minister & Congress have Letters confirming the same from the Marquis La Fayette, but we have no Official Accounts from France, but we apprehend there cannot be a possibility of a Doubt, respecting the Matter. I beg leave to refer you to the News Papers for the Heads of the Terms, we are in hourly expectations of a Confirmation either from France or England. I am with great Respect.

Dear Sir, Your most obedt Servt.
WM. POLLARD.

Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer.

A provisional treaty of peace was signed January 20, 1783, and "after protracted negotiations" the articles were ratified by a definitive treaty



Peter Gansevoort

September 3, 1783. "This peace was negotiated on the part of the United States by John Adams, John Jay, and Benjamin Franklin, Esquires. The independence of the United States was then acknowledged by all the foreign dominions."

Gen. Gansevoort to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Sir: Albany 12th April, 1783.

Please deliver Lieut Ford four hundred Weight of Powder for the use of firing Cannon on the day the Proclamation of Peace shall be announced and proclaimed. Guns and Cartridge Paper.

PETER GANSEVOORT B. Genl.

To Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Store Keeper.

On April 18th, the commander-in-chief thus addressed the army on the cessation of hostilities: "The commander-in-chief orders the cessation of hostilities, between the United States of America and the king of Great Britain, to be publicly proclaimed to-morrow at twelve o'clock, at the New Building; and that the proclamation which will be communicated herewith, be read to-morrow evening, at the head of every regiment and corps of the army; after which, the chaplains, with the several brigades, will render thanks to Almighty God for all his mercies, particularly for his overruling the wrath of man, to his own glory, and causing the rage of war to cease among the nations."

"On the completion of eight years from the memorable battle of Lexington, the proclamation of the congress for a cessation of hostilities was published at the door of the public building, followed by three huzzas; after which, a prayer was offered to the Almighty Ruler of the world, and an anthem was performed by voices and instruments. Though the proclamation extends only to the prohibition of hostilities, and not to the annunciation of a general peace, it gives sincere satisfaction."

Philip Van Rensselaer to Timothy Pickering.

Sir: Albany, 13th October, 1783.

An Account was handed to me this day By a Gentleman of your family of £25: 11. Being for One Anchor and one Coil of Rigging delivered to me in May last. Soon after I had received the articles I requested Major Quackenboss to Settle for the Same, as he had Taken my Sloop in the fall of 1781 to go With Troops to the Highlands, and Lost my Anchor and part of a new Cable for which I have had his promise to return me again. But could never accomplish it for he stood in need of them. I have not received any pay for the Service of the Sloop, and wish that the Account may be charged to Major Quackenboss as part of payment to me for the use of the Sloop and Loss of my Anchor and Cable.

With respect and Esteem I am Sir,

your Most Obedt. Humble Servt.

PHILIP VAN RENSSELAER.

The Honble. Timothy Pickering, Esq., Q. Master General, Fishkill.

Many of the troops had gone home on furlough and this year General Washington, having leisure, proceeded up the Hudson with Governor George Clinton to visit the principal fields of military operations at the north. He passed over the battle ground at Stillwater, with Generals

Schuyler and Gansevoort, and extended his journey as far northward as Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and westward to Fort Schuyler (now Rome) on the Mohawk, being absent nineteen days.

Philip Van Rensselaer to Cornelius Ray.

Dear Sir: New York, 15 November, 1783.

Misfortune seems to attend us that we may not have the pleasure of Meeting and spending a few days with each other. I have now been here 14 Days, in hopes to see you every day to return, but to my great Disappointment, will not have that pleasure. And for the want of your Good Advice and assistance I have Lost Considerable by it; the articles which I wanted to purchase have risen dayly since I came to this place. I have purchased this day of Mr. Governeur 40 Hhds: Rum and some Dry Goods; but he cannot deliver me more than 30 Hhds: the remainder which he has is Spirits in which he informs me you are Concerned in, and cannot Deliver me until you return. Which you will please to Consider, and if you approve of it you will please to send me 10 Hhds: and a Box of your fine Sugar, and one Tierce of Rice. I have Received of Mr. Governeur to the amount of £862: 15 in Rum and £145: 11: 1 in Dry Goods, together £1008: 6: 1. And of Mr. B. Swarthout to the amount of — which I must Trouble you to Settle for me as soon as money Comes to your hands Belonging to me, and Take receipts for the same, which you will please to transmit to me. Inclosed you have an order on Mr. Jacob Cuyler, and he is expected to pay you the Sum of £31: 14: 5 in New York Currency. And an order on Mr. William Pollard of Philadelphia, to pay to you or your order the Sum of £513: 16: 11½ Penn. Currency. And I have in the hands of Mr. Martin, Attorney at Law at Boston a Considerable Sum which will in my opinion amount to about £820, or more which I have requested him to remit to you as Soon as possible. Which when received you will first pay Mr. Swarthout the Sum of £—; and Mr. Governeur £1008: 6: 1 and the remainder you will please to pay yourself with for such articles as you may send me. And should you not send me any, you will please to keep the money in your hands until my further orders. I have a Quantity of Barr Iron at Claverack Landing and will have fifteen or twenty Tons by next Spring. If you will send good India Rum at the New York price and allow me the price for the Iron as it Sells when delivered, you will please to send it by the Bearer Leonard Van Buren, and you will greatly oblige Dear Sir, your sincere friend and Humble Servt.

P. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mr. Cornelius Ray, New York.

"New York city at this time was esteemed the most eligible situation for commerce in the United States. It has at all seasons of the year, a short and easy access to the ocean, and with respect to foreign markets, has decidedly the preference to any of the states. The exports to the West Indies are constantly going on quite largely."

This certificate issued from the treasury:

I Do Hereby Certify, That Daniel Jones Capt., or his Assigns, are entitled to receive out of the Treasury of the State of New York, the Sum of Twenty-five pounds two shilling & four pence Current Lawful Money of the said State, with Interest at Five per cent per Annum, from the twenticth Day of December One thousand seven hundred and eighty,

pursuant to the Direction of a Law entitled "An Act for the Settlement of the Pay of the Levies and Militia, for their Services in the late War; and for other Purposes therein mentioned" passed the 27th Day of April, 1784.
£25. 2, 4. GERARD BANCKER, Treasurer.

During the war, vast sums of paper currency had been emitted by congress, and large quantities of specie had been introduced, towards the close of the war, by the French army and the Spanish trade. This plenty of money enabled the states to comply with the first requisitions of congress; so that during two or three years, the federal treasury was in some measure supplied. But when the danger of war had ceased, and the vast importations of foreign goods had lessened the quantity of circulating specie, the officers and soldiers of the late army, and those who furnished supplies for public exigencies, were obliged to receive for wages certificates or promissory notes, which passed at a fifth or even a tenth of their nominal value.

This is to Certify that Mr. Abraham G. Lansingh has due to him from the United States the Sum of Ninety-Eight pounds, Sixteen Shillings in November 1777 and in Feby. 1779, and the Sum of One Thousand one hundred and sixty Dollars, in Transporting Military Stores from Springfield to this place for public use in June 1777.

P. VAN RENSSELAER, Public Storekeeper.

This is to Certify that Casparus Pruyn has due to him from the United States the Sum of Seventy-One pounds four Shillings, Specie for work done for the use of the Indians, by the request of the Commissioners of Indians to me in 1779–1780.

Albany 20th, Sept. 1784. P. VAN RENSSELAER, Public Storekeeper.

A Wedding Invitation 90 years ago — Jelles Fonda to John Sanders.

Sir, Schenectady, 4th Nov^{r} 1785.

I should Be Glad of your Company as also of Mrs. Sanders, your Mother and Sister Pedgge for to See my Daughter Pedgge married Next Tuesday at 12 a Clock, I am yours.

Sincere frinde and Humble Sev^{t}.

To Mr. John Sanders, Scotia. JELLES FONDA.

When Sir John Johnson began a devastating march up the Mohawk valley, among the many sufferers on October 18, 1780, was Major Jelles Fonda, from whom the present village of Fonda, near old Caughnawaga, derives its name. He was absent from home at the time, attending a meeting of the state legislature, of which he was a member, then in session at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county. His mansion was at a place called the Nose, in the town of Palatine. His wife escaped under cover of a thick fog, and on foot made her way to Schenectady. The house was burned, together with property valued at $60,000. The venerable old David Fonda was killed and scalped by an Indian party attached to the expedition, he was cut in several parts of his head with a tomahawk. Mr. Fonda was a citizen of great respectability, eighty years of age, a man who Sir William Johnson said, was like a father to him when he settled in Johnstown and Kingsborough, yet his son, Sir John Johnson, waged a cruel war against him and his neighbors, robbing them of property and slaying prisoners. Weddings in those days were celebrated differently

from what they now are. The law then required the publishing of the banns three successive times, in a religious meeting, before the couple could get married. After the notice had been once read, the young friends usually had a dance, and after the couple were united, they had several dances. In this jolly manner the festivities were continued for three successive days. It was customary for the groom, after the ordeal of proposing the question, to make his intended a present of some kind, usually a pair of silver shoe buckles, sleeve buttons, or snuff-box. The ill-bred custom, of celebrating weddings in the streets, usually termed *horning*, is still sometimes continued.

There is an amusing account of a novel marriage of these early times well worthy of preservation, when clergymen were not so very plenty as they now are. A young Dutch swain and his Dulcinea were anxiously awaiting the happy day which was to see them united in the silken bands of matrimony. They resided on the north side of Tomhenick creek, and the minister who had been engaged to tie the knot lived on the south side of the same stream. As the fates would have it a severe storm arose with heavy rains falling the night previous to the nuptial day, and the creek became fearfully swollen which rendered it impassable. Its waters were rising, and its current becoming more rapid every hour. The Dutch Reformed clergyman arrived at the appointed time at a place where he had been in the habit of fording the creek; but it was as much as his life was worth to attempt to cross it then. Here was a dilemma. He turned his horse's head to return, when he was hailed by two voices on the opposite side of the stream, they were those of the groom and bride who entreated him to stay. After some debate, it was agreed that the ceremony should proceed: "Stop!" cried the domine to the anxious couple: "Stand vere you be, and I will make you man and wife." In the meantime the friends of the betrothed arrived from the bride's house in the neighborhood. Then was presented a singular spectacle, the like whereof was never seen before, and probably will not be again. The domine read the marriage service on the margin of the creek, while the parties stood on the opposite side. After the ceremony was over the happy couple turned to leave. Here was another dilemma, which cast a cloud of deep anxiety over the tranquil features of the good old man. "Stop, den, my young friends, von moment, if you please. You cannot toss the few guilders across the creek, but you can leave them at der first house below. Tell dem it is Domine Van Bunschooten's marriage fee, and I will call and get it." He put these directions in pure Dutch then mounted his horse and proceeded homewards, and the married couple did the same. This is only one instance of the peculiar trials the inhabitants had to contend with, but there are many others showing the exciting occurrences that engrossed their attention, and the nature of the enjoyments they found amid so many privations. And yet, with all their hardships, they prospered; their wants were few, and their pleasures were keenly enjoyed. There were but few families, living quite distant from each other, a visit was enjoyed to the utmost and there was no fear of criticism, gossip or backbiting to mar the full flow of friendliness. Modern fashionable calls and tea-parties, from the very hollowness of the pretensions made, suffer much in comparison with the noble friendship developed amid untold trials. The inhabitants, however, generally were endowed with physical health, strength, and activity, and also were engaged in busy scenes of general usefulness.

Dancing Assembly.

Albany, 1791.

The Honor of Miss H. Van Rensselaer's Company is requested for the Season.

Stn. V. Rensselaer,		Dudley Walsh,
James Fairlie,	Managers.	G. W. Mancius,
Sanders Lansing,		John V. Henry,

As regards the customs of our ancestral patriarchy, their habits and modes of enjoying themselves, and how they differ from the present time, is always entertaining and affords rare amusement; while it may even now be hazardous to dissent, we will highly appreciate the transition from the habits and customs of those days to the modern age. Every thing was conducted on a scale of economy and comfort, luxury and ostentation were then in their cradle; the former had not yet "poured out her glittering stores." As population multiplied, and demands of a social nature increased, parties of pleasure sweetened the days of toil. An afternoon's visit, perhaps a bee of some nature, the quilting bees, apple-paring bees, spinning bees, wool picking, were all occasions of rare fun. It may be a husking is planned, to which the young ladies for many miles are invited, the young men in the evening coming in on horseback to spend the remaining festive hours, bringing a violinist with the party. After the work, to bark corn, was accomplished, the gay dance and warm supper would be the sequel to the pleasant gathering. In earlier days, at certain times, Albany would present the gayety of a colonial court. Balls, parties and simple amusements of every kind then known, were interspersed with the proceedings of grave conferences with stately savages. At these assemblies for dancing they came and retired early, for in those days all were required to keep seasonable hours.

Washington divided his time into the four grand departments of sleep, devotion, recreation and business. On the hours of business, whether in his own or his country's service, he would allow nothing to infringe. While in camp no company however illustrious, no pleasures however elegant, no conversation however agreeable, could prevail on him to neglect his business. The moment that his hour of duty was come, he would fill his glass and with a smile call out to his friends around the social board; 'Well gentlemen here is *bon repos*,' and immediately withdraw to business. *Bon repos* is a French cant for good night. Washington drank it as a signal to break up; for the moment the company had swallowed the general's bon repos, it was *hats* and *off*. General Wayne who, happily for America, understood fighting better than French, had some how or other taken up a notion that this same bon repos to whom Washington always made such conscience of giving his last bumper, must have been some warrior of the times of old. Having by some extraordinary luck gotten hold of two or three dozen of good old wine, he invited a parcel of hearty fellow officers to dine with him and help him to break them to the health of America. Soon as the cloth was removed and the bottles on the table, the hero of Stony Point cried out: "*Come my brave fellows, fill your glasses, here's to old bon repos for ever!*" The officers were thunderstruck, but having turned off their glasses, rose up, one and all to go. "Hey dey! what's all this, gentlemen, what's all this?" "Why, did not you drink bon repos or good night?" "What! is that the meaning of it?" "Yes Sir." "Well then damn bon repos, and take your seats again, for by the life of Washington, you shan't stir a peg, till we have started every drop of our

excellent drink, be seated, be seated gentlemen." In a glass case at the rooms of the Historical Library in Philadelphia, with other relics, is this identical silver wine cup, bearing the initials of *A. W.* It was used by General Wayne in the revolution, and presented to the society by a gentleman of that city, together with a small brass camp kettle, belonging to the same notable officer, both of which had seen much service.

At Mrs. Washington's levee the visitors were seated, then tea and coffee were handed, with plain and plum cake. The company was expected to retire early. "The general retires at nine, and I usually precede him," the lady would say. At the presidential receptions Washington wore his hair powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag. His coat and breeches were of a plain black velvet; he wore a white or pearl colored vest and yellow gloves, and had a cocked hat in his hand, with silver knee and shoe buckles and a long sword with a finely-wrought and glittering steel hilt. The coat was worn over this and its scabbard of polished white leather. He never shook hands at these receptions, even with his most intimate friends, but all his visitors were received with a dignified bow, and passed on. At Mrs. Washington's levees the president appeared simply as a private gentleman, with neither hat nor sword, he was constantly engaged in conversation, without restraint and most generally with the ladies, adorned by all the graces of true courtesy. At one of her ladyship's Friday evening drawing-rooms, owing to the extreme lowness of the ceiling, the ostrich feathers in the head-dress of a most distinguished belle in New York city, unfortunately took fire from the chandelier, to the general confusion and alarm. Major Jackson, aid-de-camp to the President Washington, flew to the rescue, and, clapping the burning plumes between his hands, extinguished them. This lady, who was Miss Mary McEvers, married Edward Livingston, the minister to France. Mrs. Washington as a belle at the colonial court in Williamsburg, as a beautiful young widow (Mrs. Custis) reigning among the chivalrous Virginians, as the wife of the commander in chief and president of the new nation, was a general favorite and her benign aspect is familiar to all. She was accustomed to join Gen. Washington in camp, traveling with postillions in white and scarlet liveries. Every thing about her house had an air of simplicity; the table good, but not ostentatious, and no deviation was seen from regularity and domestic economy. She superintended the whole and joined to the qualities of an excellent housewife the simple dignity which ought to characterize a woman whose husband has acted the greatest part on the theatre of human affairs.

The subject of the president's title had caused much discussion in society. General Muhlenberg, who had once been an earnest clergyman but had in 1775 espoused his country's cause, thought General Washington would like the title *high mightiness*, used by the stadtholder of Holland. The general, dining with Washington, observed on the subject: "If the office could always be held by men as large as yourself or Wynkoop, it would be very appropriate; but if by chance a president as small as my opposite neighbor were elected it would be truly ridiculous." He therefore voted against any title. When Rev. Mr. Muhlenburg enlisted his regiment, he entered his pulpit with his sword and cockade and preached his farewell sermon.

Union College Committee to Hon. Philip Schuyler.

Sir, Schenectady 9th Janry. 1792.

You have Doubtless been informed that the Citizens of Schenectady have had it in contemplation for a number of years to obtain a publick Semenary of Learning in this Town. In the year 1780 or 81 proposals were made on their part to the Legislature then Setting at *Kingston* to Endow a College if instituted in this place, with an Estate of ten thousand Acres of Land and the income of the town Ferrys Estemated at more then 150£ pr Annum Since that period and after the passing of the uneversity Law, they have been prevented from publickly pursuing the object by the revival of an Ancient Law Dispute which comprehended the proposed Estate and on which hitherto no decision had been obtained, this however has not made them Lose Sight of the business. A conviction that the Distance of this part of the State with the charges Attending a residence either at *Columbia* or its neighbouring Colleges cannot but operate as a very great discouragement of moderate tho' comfortable Circumstances to devote their Children to a regular course of Education Leads them to persevere. And if we Add to these considerations the amazing increase of population, the well known Centrality and Cheapness of board in this Town the Comparatively few fashionable Vices with other advantages which are obvious we flatter ourselves every disinterest Gentleman of benevolance and Lebirality within this State will afford us their friendship and Aid in the persecution. We conceive a Crises to offer at present favourable to our views at Liast if we can have the happiness of meeting with the approbation and Countenance of the Legislature. Dirk V. Ingen Esqr of this place with others having obtained a Leas for the Term of twenty one years from the *Oneida Indians* for a Tract of Land Called in the treaty of 1788 the Residue of their reservation, has with his Associates convayed by Leas 15360 Acres there of for the purpose of founding and Supporting A College in the Town of Schenectady reserving an Annual rent of two hundred and fifty Dollars for the benifet of said Indians. The Management of this Estate is by ample powers intrusted into the hands of the Gentlemen acting as Trustees of the Academy in this Town, these Gentlemen considering this fund as gradual in its Proceeds and temporary in its Nature have determined to petition the Legislature for a Law to impower them at their own expence to purchase from the Indians their reservation to this Donation. This petition supported by a Number of the most respectable Characters in the City and County of Albany will be laid before the Legislature at an Early Stage of the season. We cannot form any doubt of its propriety. Instead of injuring the Interests of the Indians it may be made to render to them the most Substantial advantage, the idea of supporting and Educating a few of their young Men has been thrown out to some of their principal Chiefs who appeared to be exceedingly pleased and Expressed their Wishes that we might Succeed besides after deducting the above Quantity they retain in their Reservation more then two hundred and fifty thousand Acres to be Cultivated by about one hundred families. And it must be obvious that such institution would be of the greatest advantage to Society & the State. But whatever facts or reasons may be plead in behalf of the Subject we are conscious that in order to succeed we need the interest and Aid of friends in the Legislature. From my knowledge therefore of your candour and liberality I take the Liberty humbly to request your Council and Assistance in the

business at Least as far as you shall Conceive Consistant and beg further to Suggest that We wish you to make such use of this Letter as you shall think conducive to promote our wishes.

We are Sir, Your very Humble Servts,

ABRM OOTHOUT.

MYNDT S. TEN EYCK, NICHOLAS VEEDER.

JOHN GLEN, CORNELIUS N. VAN SLYCK.

Honorable Philip Schuyler, Esqr., Member of the Senate, New York.

Philip Van Rensselaer to Gov. George Clinton.

Dear Sir, Albany 1 Feby, 1792.

I take the Liberty to inform your Excellency, that I have not been so Successful as to have my Accot adjusted by the Gentlemen Appointed by Law for my Service during the Late war, and for which I have your Excellency's promise that I should be well Rewarded, this will be Delivered to your Excellency by Capt. Mathew Trotter by whom I wish to Receive a Line from the Governor with Advice what Steps I must Take in order to obtain my Just Right. I have Requested Colo Varick to call on your Excellency on this Business.

With Esteem I am your Excellency's Real and Sincere friend and Humble Servt.

PHILIP VAN RENSSELAER.

His Excellency Governor George Clinton.

Philip Van Rensselaer to Richard Varick.

Dear Colonel:

I take the Liberty to trouble you to call on the Governor to know what Steps I must take to obtain my pay for my Service during the Late War, for which I have his promise that I should be well Rewarded, his Excellency's oppinion, together with your good advice, will be my Guide on this head, which you will please to Communicate to me by a Line with the Return of the Bearer Captain Trotter. I am yours Sincerely.

P. V. RENSSELAER.

The Worshipful Richard Varick, Esq., New York.

"In 1792 a sort of stage was established to run from Albany to Whitestown, near Utica, which performed the route once a fortnight. Some enterprising persons residing in the Genesee county, which was the great west of that day established another to meet the one at Whitestown. The next year a stage undertook to carry passengers from Albany to Cooperstown."

CHAPTER IV.

General Wayne's Campaign.

Under the authority of the act of congress 1791, Arthur St. Clair, governor of the north western territory, had been appointed major general and commander in chief. Every exertion was made to raise an army and provide provisions and arms for it, after which it assembled at Fort Washington. On the 17th day of September, 1791, the army left Fort Washington, and cut a road through the wilderness, to where Hamilton now stands. Here a fort was erected, and called Fort Hamilton; having completed this and garrisoned it, St. Clair marched some twenty miles northward and erected Fort St. Clair, and marching twenty miles further due north, he established another military post and called it Fort Jefferson. More than two thousand warriors had been watching St. Clair's movements for several days, all night long the sentinels had been firing upon prowling Indians, and the men, by order of the commanding general, had slept upon their arms. Major Hamtramck had been despatched with a sufficient force to bring back about sixty men who had deserted in a body, and the main army, only fourteen hundred strong, moved forward, to where afterwards Fort Recovery was erected, within the limits of Mercer county. The troops had been early mustered and dismissed from parade on the beautiful morning of November 4th, 1791. They were preparing for breakfast, when, half an hour before sunrise, a body of Indians, led on by Little Turtle, with yells that wakened horrid echoes miles away through the forest, fell suddenly upon the militia. Many of these had never seen service and fled in an instant, they rushed into the regular's camp, and spread terror and confusion where they ran. The officers exerted themselves, to the utmost, to restore order, but in vain; they, however, did their duty bravely, and were shot down in great numbers, by the enemy, who took a sure and fatal aim at them. The Indians always shoot at the officers. General St Clair was so worn down by fatigue and disease, gout and rheumatism, that he was not able to mount his horse without assistance, but he behaved gallantly during the dreadful scene. He was not in uniform, his chief covering was a coarse cappo coat, and a three cocked hat from under which his white hair was seen streaming as he rode up and down the lines during the battle. He had three horses killed under him. Eight balls passed through his clothes. He finally mounted a pack horse, and upon this animal, which could with difficulty be spurred into a trot, he followed the frightened soldiers in the general retreat. The ground was covered with snow, two or three inches deep. The march was a very disorderly one, from Fort Jefferson to Fort Washington now Cincinnati. There were in the army, at the commencement of the action, about two hundred and fifty women, of whom, fifty-six were killed in the battle, and the remainder were made prisoners by the enemy, except a small number who reached Fort Washington. One of the survivors, Mrs. Catharine Miller, lived in Cincinnati till her death in 1838.

This woman ran ahead of the whole army, in their flight from the field of battle. Her large quantity of long red hair, floated in the breeze, which the soldiers followed through the woods, as their *avant courier* that moved rapidly onward, to the place of their ultimate destination. Many of the prisoners taken were by the Indians roasted alive by a slow fire.

This defeat of General Arthur St. Clair had produced the greatest alarm among all the settlers in the West, and it cast a gloom over society in all parts of the Union, and checked for a short time the tide of emigration in the direction of Ohio. St. Clair was condemned in unmeasured terms by men of all classes and parties, and the indignation of President Washington was exceeding hot. Although naturally of a mild disposition, Washington had a temper which was vehement and almost irresistible. The sad news had greatly excited the general; he walked slowly backward and forward in silence, he seemed much agitated, and broke out suddenly: "It's all over, St. Clair is defeated, routed, the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale. The rout is complete, and a surprise in the bargain!" All this was said with great vehemence; then pausing, he again paced the floor in silence, violently agitated. When near the door he stopped short, stood for a moment, and then there was another terrible explosion of wrath. "Yes," he exclaimed, "on this very spot I took leave of him; I said, Beware of a surprise. You know how the Indians fight us, I repeated; Beware of a surprise. He went off with this warning in his ears, and yet to suffer the army to be butchered by a surprise, the very thing I guarded him against. Oh, God! Oh, God!" He threw up his hand, and while his frame shook he exclaimed: "He is worse than a murderer. How can he answer it to his country? The curse of widows and orphans is upon him." The president's private secretary, Tobias Lear, was present and remained speechless till the paroxysm passed away. He was charged by the general never to divulge his display of temper, and that he was in a passion. Gen. Washington, however, was both generous and just, and St. Clair found in him a most faithful friend; his case was investigated by a committee of the house of representatives and he was honorably acquitted, having no court martial to try him. General Anthony Wayne was appointed to fill his place. Congress authorized an increase of the regular army to a little over five thousand men, and a part of it, the Legion, was assigned to him.

For many years the Indians had been very troublesome on our northwestern frontier, and were ever on "the old war path." The first settlers there were constantly armed; they always went to their work with their guns near them, and had sentinels posted also close by, on some high stump of a tree. All males capable of bearing arms, were ordered to carry them even while attending public worship. By neglecting sometimes to obey this order, not a few men lost their lives. The consummation of our Independence was not only a source of mortification to the government of Great Britain, and to the monarchists generally of the old continent, but to companies and to individuals engaged in the valuable fur trade of the new one. It was their policy to throw every obstacle in the way of our prosperity; and as one great step to further their object, they instigated the unfortunate Indians to lift the hatchet once more against us, and now unfortunately these "kings of the forest" had broken the "pipe of peace," and unearthed the buried weapon symbolical of hatred, and the Indian war assumed a serious aspect. Our two armies, under General Josiah Harmar and General Arthur St. Clair, had already

fallen victims to the subtle fury of such implacable foes, and in the consequent confidence inspired by success, their blood thirsty propensity knew no bounds. Almost every settler north of the Ohio, and west of the Alleghany, were either carried into captivity or cruelly murdered, for "the torch of war was kindled." In augmenting the army at this crisis, the wisdom of President Washington, most judiciously, directed him to the intrepid Wayne, or "Mad Anthony" (a title gained him for the impetuosity exhibited during the old war for independence), as the proper officer to crush the growing evil and to compel the savages to cease their depredations. He was destined in his victorious career to achieve peace and permanent security to a dreaded wilderness. It was, however, very difficult to enlist soldiers for that hazardous service, and now a new champion for his country's rights appears on the military field.

SOLOMON, the fourth child of Major General Henry R. Van Rensselaer and Alida Bradt, was born August 6, 1774, *het groen bosch* or Greenbush, opposite Albany, in what was subsequently called the old Genet mansion. He inherited his illustrious father's military disposition; and in the year 1792, before he was eighteen, told his sire, who was a man of position and influence, that he *must go* if only as a private soldier to join the army. General Van Rensselaer obtained for his son a commission as cornet of dragoons in the 4th legion of cavalry, and he immediately entered upon duty as a recruiting officer at Albany, N. Y., as the principal rendezvous. His instructions say: "You will recruit for the service of the cavalry only. No foreigners are to be enlisted. None but active, healthy young men of good characters and morals are to be engaged." The youthful cornet raised the new soldiers in his own county of Rensselaer, and with the most determined perseverance surmounted every annoyance incidental to the charge of raw recruits, ardently impelled to the duty by a noble love of country. With the sacred commission of Gen. Washington in his pocket, in obedience to the secretary of war's directions, he soon left the amenities and courtesies of life in his early home, and "joined General Anthony Wayne's expedition to the Maumee in the same battalion with Gen. William H. Harrison, and before he was twenty was promoted to the command of a troop in 1794." It was under this efficient soldier, Wayne, that the young Dutchman with his heart "full of courage, lion-like, afraid of none," commenced his military career. On their westward route our little corps of valiant Greenbushers marched through a dense wilderness of several hundred miles, far from succor, destitute of comforts, constantly in danger of falling into an ambuscade, for the wily savages were concealed in the bushy ravines and engaged in many diabolical stratagems to entrap the unwary. They encountered many troubles, and had much toil on their perilous way, but in due time, without a single desertion, they reached the cantonment at Fort Washington.

General Henry Knox to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Sir, War department, March 15th, 1792.

The President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate has appointed you a CORNET of a troop of Light Dragoons.

You will please immediately to signify your acceptance or non-acceptance of this appointment. In order that you may judge of the pay, rations and emoluments for the commissioned, and non-commissioned Officers and

privates in the Service of the United States, I enclose you the act of Congress relative to the military establishment.

I am Sir, Your humble Servant.

Cornet Solomon Van Rensselaer.

The above warrant was received and the appointment accepted with joy. It was true also his enthusiastic feelings were greatly excited by the anxiety and continual alarm that harassed the people, for a dark and ominous cloud gathered over the colony and filled the inhabitants with alarm. The banner of hostility was again raised and the savages were preparing to go out upon the old war paths. As was said of another so of him: "The bud of the young cornet's life was just developing into the blossom of youth, and his plastic mind was continually impressed with words and deeds that left ineffaceable records of memory there, to be consulted in future years." And now the great question of his life work was decided.

Gen. Knox to Captain Rodgers.

Sir, War department, June 28, 1792.

Your letter of the 15 instant is received. I enclose you a copy of my letter to you of the 15th inst. directing you to come forward to New Brunswick, in New Jersey, with all your recruits. This request I again repeat.

I am Sir, Your humble Servant.

H. KNOX, Secy. of War.

Captain Jedediah Rodgers.

Capt. Rodgers to Cornet Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir,

I have this moment recev^d your Letter of this day's date by the trumpeter, also those from the department of War. I know of no circumstance that will prevent my embarking on Fryday at 12 o'clock. You be pleased to accomodate your business to that Hour. I wrote to Mr. Hale this morning informing him of the time, tomorrow morning will see you in Albany, be so kind as to ask Mr. Hale if the troops can be furnished with hard bre'd.

I am D^r Sir, Yours Sincerely,

JEDIDIAH ROGERS.

Cornet Solomon Van Rensselaer.

The captain was then in Troy; but having been arrested, after orders for marching arrived from General Henry Knox, secretary of war, the command, consequently of the company, devolved upon the cornet.

Marching Orders.— General Knox to Captain Rodgers.

Sir: War department, July 12th, 1792.

Captain Mills is instructed to muster and inspect your recruits, and to place in your hands one Months pay for them. He will also deliver you four Months pay and three Months subsistence and forage for yourself, and four Months pay and three Months subsistence and forage for Cornet Van Rensselaer, and a further sum of fifty dollars for the contingent expenses of your march.

Engd by E.G.B. & Sons 6 Fulton St N.Y.

Sol. Van Rensselaer

As soon as the clothing arrives, and which is now on the road to New Brunswick, I request that after clothing your men, you will immediately commence your march, agreeably to the orders which are enclosed.

You will apply to Mr. Bray to furnish you a waggon to transport the baggage of your detachment from Brunswick to Trenton, where Mr. Hunt will accomodate you in the same manner to Reading in Pennsylvania. At Reading James Collins, Esqr, will procure you the means of transportation to Pittsburg.

Let me hear from you by every opportunity while on the march.

I am Sir, Your humble Servant,

H. KNOX, Secy. of War.

Capt. Jedediah Rodgers, Light Dragoons.
Waterford, 10 miles above Albany, State of New York.

On the 16th of June, 1775. the day before the battle of Bunker's hill, a young American patriot, HENRY KNOX, escaped from Boston in disguise. He was accompanied by his wife, and she had quilted into the lining of her cloak a sword, for which it was expected, there would be immediate use. He made his way to the headquarters of the American general at Cambridge; he was employed, and that sword was a busy one for the next eight years. The commission is decorated with the American eagle holding the olive branch in one talon, and a bundle of thirteen arrows in the other, while his beak holds a scroll with the motto *E Pluribus Unum*, in the centre at the head of the parchment; with the great seal of the United States Board of War and Ordnance.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. To all who shall see these Presents GREETING:

KNOW YE, That reposing special Trust and confidence in the Patriotism, Valour, Fidelity and Abilities of SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, I have nominated and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, do appoint him a LIEUTENANT OF LIGHT DRAGOONS, in the Service of the UNITED STATES: To take Rank from the Eighteenth of September, one thousand seven hundred & ninety-two. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of LIEUTENANT, by doing and performing all Manner of Things thereunto belonging. And I do Strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his Command, to be obedient to his Orders as LIEUTENANT. And he is to observe and Follow such Orders and Directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES, or the General or other superior Officers set over him, according to the Rules and Discipline of War. This Commission to continue in Force during the Pleasure of the President of the United States for the Time being.

GIVEN under my Hand, at Philadelphia this Nineteenth day of March in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety Three and in the Seventeenth Year of the Independence of the United States.

G°: WASHINGTON.

By Command of the President of the United States of America.

H. Knox, Secretary of War.

Abstract of Sundries from the Quarter Master's Book.

INVOICE OF CLOTHING remaining in Boxes No. 2 & 3 for Capt. Rogers.

Box No. 2	No. 3.
10 Vests 9 Coats 1 Frock 45 Pr L. Breeches, 108 Shirts 5 Linen overalls 16 Pr Stockings, 8 Stocks 9 Valeeces 52 Pr Shoes.	10 Caps, 45 Pr Boots 11 Swords & Belts 9 Slings 10 Blankets.

THE SIZE ROLL, being a Descriptive list of Recruits inlisted in the Company of Capt. Jedediah Rogers. Containing Names, Age, Size, in feet and inches, Complexion, Hair, Eyes, Trade, Where Enlisted, and for what number of years, What Town, What State was Born, What County and Town, in which he was Born.

Place of Residence, What State, County and Town, Remarks.

The oldest man of the troop was 32 years of age, and the youngest was 19 years, the average age was 23. The recruits were enlisted for three years; each recruit received a bounty of eight dollars; each recruit was over five feet and five inches in height, without shoes, one was 5 feet 10½ inches. The clothing, arms and accoutrements were furnished the recruits; also with rations, barracks, barrack utensils, straw, fuel and such necesary medical assistance as they might require.

INVOICE OF EQUIPMENTS furnished Sergt. Major Breck.

1 Cap, 1 Coat, 1 Stock, 1 Cloak, 1 Pr Leather Breeches, 1 Pr Boots, 1 Pr Shoes, 1 Pr Boot Buckles, 1 Pr Spurs, 1 Pr Spur Leathers, 2 Pr Stockings, 1 Valeece, 1 Saddle, 1 Bridle, 1 Halter, 1 Nose Bag, 1 Pr Pistols, 1 Cartouch Box, 1 Stable frock, 1 Sword Belt & sling, 1 Pr Brushes & Black Ball.

Received the above articles.

Fort Washington, December 10, 1792. J. BRECK, S. Major.

Fort Hamilton, May 11th, 1793.

Received of Lieut. Van Rensselaer Qr. Mr. L. D., One Cap. one Coat, one pair Leather Breeches, one Pair Linen Overalls, four shirts, two Pair Stockings, two Pr. Boots, two Pr. Shoes, one Pr. boot bucklers, one Stock, one clasp, one Stable frock, and one Pair Spurs for the use of a Sergeant Major in Capt. Henry Bowyer's Troop.

L. COVINGTON, Lieut. L.D.

Fort Hamilton, May 16th, 1793.

Received of Lieut. Van Rensselaer Qr. Mr. L. D., Eleven dozen pistol Cartridges for the use of a detachment of Dragoons for Command.

GEO. H. DUNN, Cornet, L.D.

Hobson's Choice,[1] June 1st, 1793.

Received of Lieut. Van Rensselaer Qr. Mr. L. D., Ten Swords and Scabbards for the use of my Troop.

ROBERT MS. CAMPBELL, Capt. 2nd T.L.D.

Hobson's Choice, June 1st, 1793.

Received of Lieut. Van Rensselaer Qr. Mr. L. D., Thirty-six horse brushes and thirty-six main Combs for the use of Capt. Winston's Troop.

J. WEBB, JR., Cornet L. Dragoons.

[1] The low grounds near Fort Washington.

Hobson's Choice, June 6th, 1793.

Received of Lieut. Van Rensselaer Q. M. L. D., One quire of writing paper, half a paper of ink powder, five quills, half a box of wafers, four Books of Baron Stubens Military Instructions and one orderly book for the use of my Troop.

W. A. LEE, Capt. 1st. Troop, L. D.

Hobson's Choice, June 11th, 1793.

Received of Lieut. Van Rensselaer ten pounds Brimstone, five pounds Antimony, two pounds salt-petre, ten pounds Castiel Soap, five pounds copperas, ten pounds tobacco, ten pounds bees-wax, twenty pounds hog's lard, ten yards tick ling burgh, four gallons tar, twelve fathom rope and one old camp kettle for the use of the Squadron under my command.

R. MS. CAMPBELL, Capt. Comman. L. Dragoons.

In the summer of 1793, General Wayne tried to treat with the Indians, and Fort Massac was built under him, to prevent an expedition against New Orleans, which Citizen Genet was planning. Gen. Wayne sent out, in succession, Colonel Hardin, and Major Trueman with a flag of truce, medals, talks and presents to the Indians in order to make a peace with them. These messengers of peace were killed in succession, as soon as they arrived among the savages. Their medals, and speeches, sent by them, and all they had with them, were taken by the Indians who slew the bearers of them. These medals were made at the expense of a gentleman of Philadelphia, and by him sent as a token of General Washington's friendship to the Indians. Every other effort was made by General Wayne, that summer, to bring about a peace with the savages, but all in vain, and worse than in vain. But notwithstanding all the efforts to make a peace, yet, nothing was omitted that could be done, to prepare for a vigorous war against them. Notwithstanding all the efforts of General Washington, in favor of this bleeding frontier, congress and the nation were too much engaged with other objects to bestow much attention on this war in the distant far West. The French revolution had turned the heads of many members of congress towards that dazzling object and at this time Genet was busily engaged in his endeavors to draw our nation into the vortex of European politics. His 'filibustering expedition' on an extended scale, against the Spanish dominions, the object being no less than the seizure of Florida and New Orleans was a failure, but not, until his schemes of conquest had produced annoying effects upon the national government. Early in this year General Washington, in company with Colonel Timothy Pickering, made a tour to the Indians of Western New York. This visit was made to conciliate those savages, and to prevent their joining in the war, with the British Indians, as they had done all along before this period. Many New York Indians were present at St. Clair's defeat, and some fought against Gen. Wayne.

Received at Fort Hamilton, July 20th 1793, of Lieut. Van Rensselaer late Qr. Master L. D. one pair of boots for my own use.

HERCULES WHALEY, Sergt. 4th Troop.

Received of Lieut. Van Rensselaer, Q. M. L. D. Six Setts of Horse Shoes for the use of a detachment of Light Dragoons under my Command.

JON. TAYLOR, Lieut. of L. D.

Fort Hamilton, July 24th, 1793.

Received at Fort Hamilton, October 9th, 1793, of Captain Van Rensselaer four Saddles and four pistols complete, which I promise to deliver him when called for. F. SALANDER, Asst. Qr. Master.

Greene Ville, October 29th 1793.

Received of Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer Seven pounds, Seven Shillings & Eight pence in full on Troop Account.
A. HUNT & Co.

Received of Captain Van Rensselaer five pack Horses and three pack Saddles which I am to Deliver to Captain Benhem, from whom they were received. DANIEL TORREY, Cornet & Q. Mr. L. D.

Nov. 1st, 1793.

Received of Cornet John Posey, One Damaged Horseman's Tent.
ROBERT LEE, Pay & Qr. Master of the 4th Sub Legion.

Camp 11th November, 1793.

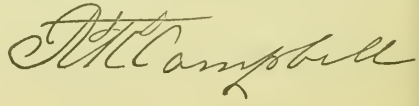
The "*Fort Hamilton*" was built by General Arthur St Clair, governor of the North Western Territory. On the 17th day of September, 1791, the army left Fort Washington, and cut a road through the wilderness, to where Hamilton now stands. Here a fort was erected, and called Fort Hamilton. It was on the east bank of the Great Miami river, about twenty miles within the present limits of this state.

Capt. R. Ms. Campbell to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Rensselaer, Fort Washington, Jany 29th, 1794.

Here I am and shall be untill tomorrow, when I shall set out with Genl. Wilkinson for Greenville, in a sleigh. There is a fine Snow on the ground. There is no great news here to inform you of. My family connections all broke up, tho' the Dulcinia is still on the ground. I am anxious to Return to Camp, I fear I shall not be able to see you so soon as I contemplated. I fear Capt. Lee's Tryal will be Tedious But I shall press my Return as soon as possible. I am to take on the army papers to Head Quarters. I hope I shall be able to Bring on Some Money for the Corps. Let me hear from you by Every opportunity. Make my compliments to the gentlemen of the Corps, tell Posey I shall write him from Head Quarters, and that he must not be offended at the fatherly Liberty I have taken in my Severe letter to him, if he finds himself able to Read it. I love the young man for his amiable Disposition, therefore cannot Refrain from giving my advice. I wish to have something to Say with Posey before he accepts finally of the Staff appointment he is about to have Conferred on him. What a pitty it is that all men are Born to be Slaves, but as this misfortune pervades the universe of Mankind, be my situation whatsoever it may, I am determined to possess a happy mind; that's enough for me or for any soldier. Indeed it's victuals, drink and clothing to all men who possess it, give me health of Body, Peace of Mind, a Pretty Girl, a clean shirt, and a Guinea, and I'm Rich and happy. Now's the time my Dear Rensselaer to look forward to great and Brilliant actions in the East, it is now said that a War with Great Britain is inevitable, though not actually declared. I am my Dear Rensselaer your friend &c.

Capt. Sol. V. Rensselaer of Dragons.
Bellipherontia, Kentucky.



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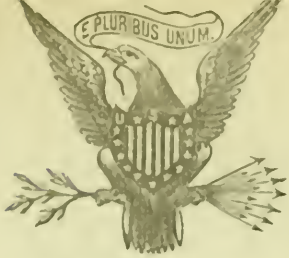


GEORGE WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA.

To *all who shall see these Presents* Greeting:

Know Ye, *That reposing special Trust and Confidence in the Patriotism, Valour, Fidelity and Abilities of* Solomon Van Rensselaer, *I have nominated and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, do appoint him a Captain in Squadron of Light Dragoons, in the Service of the* United States: *to take rank from the Seventeenth of July, One thousand seven hundred & ninety-three. He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of Captain—by doing and performing all Manner of Things thereunto belonging. And I do Strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his Command, to be obedient to his Orders as Captain. And he is to observe and Follow such Orders and Directions from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future* President *of the* United States *of* America, *or the General or other superior Officers set over him, according to the Rules and Discipline of War. This Commission to continue in Force during the Pleasure of the President of the United States for the Time being.*

Given *under my Hand, at Philadelphia, this First day of July, in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and ninety-five, and in the Nineteenth Year of the Independence of the United States.*

Countersigned of the President of the United States of America,
Timothy Pickering,
Secry of War.

G. Washington.

General Wayne had been employed in endeavoring to make peace, and in preparing for war and now found the season too far advanced to penetrate into the heart of the Indian country. He therefore collected his army and established a camp at Fort Greenville (the site of the present village of Greenville in Ohio) and fortified it. Having made this encampment and wintered in it, early in the next spring of 1794, he marched to the ground where Gen. St. Clair had been defeated, November 4, 1791, where he erected a fortification, and called it Fort Recovery.

We copy a few of the letters from brother officers found among my father's package of correspondence.

Lieut. Turner to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Van, Greenville, Feb. 7, 1794.

I will thank you in case you have not sold my Horse, not to do it, as it is probable we may make an expedition shortly, when he will be of service to me. If you can swap him and obtain a better, by giving Ten or 12 Dollars to Boot I should like it. By selling him for his worth and purchasing one about 45 or 50 Dollars that is equal to that amt., I would not object, at any rate bring him or another when you are Ordered on. If when you move this Way, you can without discommoding yourself bring me either Butter, Sugar, Whiskey or any other articles you may suppose would be acceptable, at a reasonable rate, which I understand can be procured among you at said rate, your humble Servt. will remember you and pay the Interest with thanks. Nothing New.

Yours, EDW^D D. TURNER.

Have your Troop in good order or I shall give you larry!

N. I. VISSCHER.

To Capt. S. Van Rensselaer, Kentucky.

Capt. Turner to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Van: Fort Washington, March 30, 1794.

I must trouble you to send my Horse by the Bearer, should Billie not have left before this reaches you and you can persuade him to take him under his charge, I should prefer it, as the man who hands you this will have the charge of 2 or 3 others and consequently cannot take that care of him I could wish. I have nothing Material to inform you of except an express we are told is on the way from the War Office. We are frequently threatened with a forward move and as frequently disappointed "*to do or not to do*" seems to be the question, and I am affraid the old Gentleman is himself at a loss to determine. Present appearances I fear bode no good to the Army, what the final Issue of the long deliberations of Congress will amount to is only conjecture, the knowing ones say, the Army will be called back to the River, so or not so, is indifferent to me. I suppose the 12 Dollars was a sufficient Sum to carry my horse thro' the Winter. Your Friend and Servant,

Capt. S. Van Rensselaer, Kentucky. EDWARD D. TURNER.

"The climate of Kentucky was healthy and delightful, the extremes of heat and cold were not experienced. The winter, which begins about Christmas, is never longer than three months, and is so mild that cattle can subsist without fodder. The plains are covered with grass and afford good pasturage."

General Washington was beset on all sides and the opposition to the present constitution laid hold of every thing within their reach to render the president unpopular. They pretended to fear so large a standing army of five thousand four hundred men! The efforts of Citizen Genet and other considerations operated on the mind of Gen. Washington to make this a very trying period to him. "The difficulties of transportation in these gloomy times are almost inconceivable. The roads were wretched, with many swamps; the pack-horses sank to their knees, and wagon-wheels to their hub in mud."

Received at Belepherontia, April 20th, 1794, of Capt. Van Rensselaer six pounds, twelve Shillings & nine pence in full for keeping one black horse 4 weeks @ 6 *s.* £1.4.0
To keeping 1 horse 15 weeks, ... 4.10.0
To 23 bus. Oats,..... 0.18.9

£6.12.9
N. SHAW, Asst: Quarter Master.

Fort Washington, May 3rd, 1794.
Received about the 6th April, of a Mr. Sanders a *Sorrel horse* belonging to the Sorrel Troop commanded by Captain Van Rensselaer, Totally unfit for any kind of service and which was sold at vendue on the 26th April.
JNO. BELLI D. Q. M. G.

Green Ville, July 17, 1794. Received of Capt. Van Rensselaer, five Dragoon Horses, unfit for Service, also one Pack Horse.
JOHN POSEY, Cornet & Qr. Mr. T. Light Dragoon.

Received Greenville, July 25th, 1794, of Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer fifteen pounds, four Shillings and two pence, in full to this date, being a balance due on His Mess account with Cornet Torry and Cornet Posey, also three Dollars in full for an order drawn in favor of Will. Gorman, a Private in Captain W. A. Lee's Troop. JAS. MACCONNEL.

Received at Greenville, July 25, 1794, of Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer payment in full of his account of Sundries, £22.5.8. O. ORMSBY.

Green Ville, 25 July, 1794. Received from Captain Van Rensselaer of the 4th Sub Legion, Three privates Shirts, two pairs of Linen Overhalls, Three pairs of Boots.
JONATHAN TAYLOR, Lieut. Pay & Qr. Mr. of 4th Sub Legion.

Received of Captain S. Van Rensselaer two Dragoon horses on August 4, 1794. R. BENHAM, Capt. Troop, L.D.

Lieut. Nanning I. Visscher to Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Van *Munickhousen*: Cincinnati, 6th April, 1794.
Your Letter of the 2d Inst. was handed to me yesterday, by a Dragoon. I am surprised that my Letter of the 20th Ult. (sent by Cap. Earnest) had not reached you at that time, in which I requested you to send my Horse to this place. I do not mean that you shou'd send him in the Letter, I only wish'd you to forward him to this place by the first opportunity. I think a Band-box wou'd be a convenient piece of Furniture to put him in. You doubtless must have rec'd mine by Cap. Ernest before this,

since which, I have written you by a Soldier who was directed to bring a few of the Paymaster's horses to this place, viz Turners, Lee's and my own. I expect to see him momently. I have nothing very new for you, save that we have taken quarters at Munson's Tavern, where we live in Clover, and even this, I expect is not better living than your Horses have, but we poor Infantry boys are glad to take up with this, and think we are up till *amost* any capers. We shall leave this for Head Quarters in about six days; on, or before which time, I order that you will now repair to this place with your Troop of Snorters, for the express purpose of escorting me to that place. I close with this my order to you, and request that you'll write me on the rec't. Dear Munic, Yrs. etc., N. I. VISSCHER.

Cap. Van Rensselaer, Bellipherontia, Kentucky.

While the troop was quartered at this place for purpose of organization and drilling, the officer-like deportment of Capt. Van Rensselaer gained the favorable notice of his superiors and paved his way to promotion.

Though extremely rigid as a disciplinarian he was ever attentive to the wants of his soldiers and an unbending supporter of their rights. Thus he gained their respect, confidence and good will, but it led him sometimes to unpleasant dilemmas with others. Upon one occasion he stopped two of his troop who had been ordered off by an officer, contrary to instructions from head quarters, upon express duty. A threat of arrest was thrown out for the act, but he laughed at it and defied. It was not carried into execution, nor was any attempt afterwards made to force either his men or his horses upon this injurious service; consequently he was enabled to keep them in admirable condition for any sudden emergency. There were four troops of dragoons attached to the army, the sorrels, the greys, the chestnuts, and the bays, and because this kind of force had never been used against the Indians, it was hoped that they would prove very efficient in the contemplated action which occurred on August 20, 1794. To this end, care was taken to exercise them upon every description of service, whether cleared or wooded, broken or smooth, and they were taught never to consider any obstacle impassible without a fair trial. The youthful officer was very energetic in the instruction of his men, and encouraged them in all things appertaining to their vocation.

An anecdote was frequently related, to elucidate the proficiency of Capt. Van Rensselaer's *sorrel troop* in this particular, with great gusto by Gen. Wilkinson in more recent times. Once when the troop was parading near his quarters on the Wabash river, General Wilkinson, wishing to test the metal of his youthful officer, waited till they were facing a stone wall which surrounded his fine garden, and then gave the order "*charge*"! Supposing, of course, that they necessarily would stop at the high inclosure; but far from it. Capt. Solomon clapped the spurs to his finely strung horse that stood with his neck proudly arched, his immense nostril dilated, his teeth impatiently champed the heavy cavalry bit and with a flying leap, the result of a muscular energy that would unseat a careless rider, handsomely cleared the stone wall followed by all of his cavalry; some had struck it down but all scampered over the fine vegetables demolishing every thing in their progress. Having prompted this ruinous result to the fruits of a summer's industry and care, by his own mandate, the general stifled his feelings, bore the utter destruction of his garden with great equanimity, and with the gravity of a stoic brought the mischief-makers back to their original stand. Though as an offset for the spoiling

of his cherished garden, after a few more manœuvres, when they were facing the river, again came the order, "*charge*" ! At the word of command, under full speed in a sweeping gallop, the dauntless captain with his well disciplined troop dashed down the steep bank into the river and plunged headlong in the deep water before they could be countermanded. Unmoved by danger the nerve and bearing of the leader inspired courage. If the chagrin of the general had been great before, it all evaporated now in apprehension for the safety of the obedient, reckless troop. He watched their motions in silent agony. One of them, a cornet, he saw separated from his own steed, in imminent danger of being killed by the struggles of other ones, but grappled in time and taken in tow by the vigilant captain, whose cheering voice was heard now and then above the uproar, all the gallant fellows ascended the opposite bank in triumph, then General Wilkinson felt as if released from the burden of Atlas. He expressed himself quite satisfied with the result, and never afterwards thought it expedient to try any more experiments with that troop, and from that time they were his particular favorites.

General Wayne was not idle, but urged forward all his measures vigorously, prudently, and in the end effectually. The reiterated attempts which had been made to effect a pacification with the Indians, had issued only in new and outrageous proofs of persevering hostility on the part of the tribes, with whom we were at war. The only basis they would allow to the proposed armistice, was, that the United States should withdraw their troops from the western side of the Ohio river. Nothing could be more explicit, than this ultimatum of the Indians. Their *sine qua non*, was the Ohio for the boundary. To this proposition, the commissioners would never assent, and they accordingly wrote to the chiefs and warriors of the council, at the rapids of the Miami, on the 13th day of August, 1793, that, "the negotiation was at an end." The council fire was then put out.

General Wayne was compelled to wait until late in the summer of 1794 before he felt strong enough to move forward. Meantime the Indians appeared in force. On the 30th of June, about a thousand of them, accompanied by a number of British soldiers and French Canadian volunteers, made their appearance before Fort Recovery(so called in commemoration of the fact that they had recovered the territory lost by St Clair, as well as all but one of the cannon which he was compelled to leave behind), and during the day assailed the garrison several times. During these assaults the Americans lost fifty-seven men in killed, wounded and missing and two hundred and twenty-one horses. The Indians lost more than in their battle with St Clair. Less than a month after this engagement, Wayne moved forward with his whole force toward the Maumee. Admonished by the fate of St Clair, he marched cautiously and slowly, so slowly and stealthily that the Indians called him the Blacksnake. Little Turtle was again upon the alert, with two thousand warriors of his own, and neighboring tribes within call. The vigilant Wayne well knew this. He had faithful and competent scouts and guides, and by unfrequented ways and with perplexing feints, he moved steadily onward, leaving strength and security in his rear. At Fort Recovery a company of artillery and also of riflemen were left there as a garrison under the command of Lieut N. I. Visscher. On the 8th of August Gen. Wayne with his army reached the mouth of the Auglaize, a tributary of the Maumee, forty-five miles or more below Fort Wayne.

Here, in the forks of these rivers, he erected a strong military work, FORT DEFIANCE it was called.

Lieut. N. I. Visscher to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Van, Fort Recovery August 1 1794.

This letter you'll receive by a Militia man who is on his way to Head-quarters (with dispatches) where he'll arrive this evening; should there be any letters for me from home, I wish you to forward them by the first opportunity, and to inform me whether you have yet had an opportunity of slashing with temporary advantages; if not, I hope you soon may, and that you may even be honorably killed!! To hear of your death wou'd be a good story for me to carry home, and wou'd so well please all your friends! Remember me for the last time to Tilton, Turner, Andrews, and a few other young fellows should they be living when you receive this, that however is very improbable. Excuse this scrawl the bearer awaits.

Yours N. I. VISSCHER.

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Head Quarters.

General Wayne fully informed himself of the strength of the enemy who wanted war, not peace, and having been joined by Major General Scott, on July 27th, with eleven hundred well mounted men, whom he had with him from Kentucky, he left Fort Defiance, on the 15th day of August, and at once marched down the Maumee, his right being covered by the river. On the 19th he was at the head of the rapids erecting some temporary works to protect his baggage, and to reconnoitre the enemy among whom were many New York Indians. He found the Indians advantageously posted in front of the British fort on the Maumee, at the foot of the rapids, to whom he again, at this time, showed great forbearance, and sent offers of peace.

Little Turtle counseled for peace, but his sagacious advice was rejected by his party and the vigilant Wayne soon perceived a conflict was unavoidable. The new works constructed at the head of the rapids was called Fort Deposit, and here on the 19th, Wayne called a council of war, and adopted a plan of march and of battle submitted by his young aid-de-camp, Lieutenant William H. Harrison. The army being now considered in good fighting condition, General Wayne issued orders for marching against the enemy, who by this time had collected in large force near the Miami river on one of those great *windfalls* so common to the northern wilds of Ohio. On the 20th of August, 1794, at eight o'clock in the morning, the army advanced in columns; the legion along the bank of the Maumee. The infantry under Major Price advanced under quick time directly in front of the windfall, thus marching forward five miles, they were met by a most deadly fire from the concealed foe, who were soon driven from their lurking places at the point of the bayonet to the open woods. Here they were attacked on each flank by the dragoons, who had been divided in two separate detachments. The enemy could not have been better protected, than they were, from such a mounted force as Wayne's. This prostrated forest extended five miles west of the river, and behind the fallen trees the Indians lay in three lines; the large number of broken branches caused by a tornado rendered the operations of the cavalry very difficult. The astonishment of the misguided Indians at the execution done by the *Long-knives* as they styled the dragoons, is scarcely conceivable. Although they fought like desperadoes

they were obliged to yield to the superior prowess of the novel force which pressed the enemy so closely as not to give him time to reload his guns. The strong adversary was broken, routed and slain, or driven two miles, in one hour, through this windfall and thicket, until they were within pistol shot of the British garrison. Their killed and wounded and that of their painted Canadian allies in this last great battle in the north against the United States was immense; but our loss was almost equally great, particularly in officers. Of the four dragoon captains, only one left the field unhurt. This campaign tranquilized the whole Indian frontier from Florida to the northern lakes. The Indians were just on the point of making one general war, when this timely, great and decisive victory saved the United States from it, as all the natives who lived any where near our frontier lines, between us and Canada and between us and Spain were pledged to unite in concerted action against our nation.

It was in this notable battle at the foot of the rapids of the Miami or Maumee on August 20, 1794, as a boy of twenty summers that Captain Van Rensselaer particularly signalized himself at the head of his cavalry, in one of the most brilliant and effective charges ever made against the savages of that region. While in the midst of hard fighting, he saw by the manœuvering that the enemy was trying to turn our left flank, the order was given to "charge," and in that terrible battle, while in the act of cutting down an Indian who was aiming at the troop from behind a tree, he was shot through the lungs, being struck in the center of the breast-bone by a rifle bullet which passed out transversely near the right shoulder. But with the blood rushing from his breast, mouth and nose, maugre the dangerous wound, refused to be dismounted from his charger, but maintained his seat in his saddle until the enemy were effectually routed, when, and not till then, would he consent to be lifted off. General Wilkinson found "the youthful soldier," after the action, sitting against a tree, "smiling with complacency while the blood was oozing from his lungs." The wound was at first considered by the surgeons to be mortal, but youthful vigor and a fine constitution enabled him to resist the effects of the wound and recover his health. An order for the battle, stained with the blood of the gallant soldier, was found in his breast coat-pocket and is still preserved as a precious relic. Captain Robert Ms. Campbell of the cavalry, in that action was wounded in the same manner, in the first charge. He bequeathed his *sword* to my father and it is among his effects in the old domicile.

An Extract from the will of Capt. Robert Ms. Campbell.

"Green Ville, July 25th, 1794.

* * * "My Silver Hilted Sword I give to my beloved friend Capt. Soln. Van Rensselaer in confidence that he will never disgrace it, this Sword and Belt is at Mr. Hunts."

At the close of the action, two litters were brought out for the conveyance of the two similarly wounded captains back to Fort Deposit, into one of which Capt. Campbell was placed; but Capt. Van Rensselaer refused to be laid on a litter to go from a victorious battlefield. Genl. Wayne said, "You young dog! how then are you going?" "I am an officer of the cavalry, and shall go on horseback," was the reply. "You will drop by the way." "If I do, just cover me up and let me lie there," was the unflinching response of the brave soldier. At his solicitation, he was mounted on his own charger, and one of his dragoons on either side

supported the suffering officer on the horse. As the army moved those five or six miles at a slow pace, the gentle action on his system, while going up and down hill was very beneficial, and the blood or pus was by the motion thrown up. Thus that decided refusal to dismount saved his life, as the blood was prevented from congealing. The best surgeons in the army attended him; we have their certificates regarding his dangerous wound, and it was a matter of surprise to them that he ever recovered. Neither of these gentlemen believed, on the day of the battle, that he could survive, still each exerted himself to afford what relief might be given to the youthful captain; and each said, after his recovery, that not one of a thousand lived after such wounds. They attributed it entirely to his upright position, which facilitated the escape of the putrefying blood, and the action imparted by the motion of the horse which kept his wound in a cleanly state. General Wayne directed his aid, the noble Harrison, my father's early friend, to have him carried to the commander's own tent, where the poor invalid was nursed as a son by the kind general and his friends. Although Capt. Van Rensselaer was actually sensible of the effects of this severe wound to his last day, yet, he was enabled within a few months to proceed homeward, and at the expiration of two years to report himself again fit for duty. Poor Captain Campbell had not sufficient strength to rally, the blood clogged on his breast and he "passed away," on the route, from suffocation. Some years after, when Dr. John F. Carmichael, surgeon of U. S. troops, was on a visit at our house, my father had ordered a new pair of boots which were brought home; trying them on, and finding them *too tight*, he *damned* the boots. My mother reproved him for so doing, when Dr. Carmichael, who was in an adjoining room called out; "Oh! my dear madam, do not censure your husband for using that word, it once saved his life." He then related, that when he in company with the other surgeons, Dr. Scott and Dr. Heyward, came to Captain Van Rensselaer, after the terrific battle of August 20th, they all thought him dead. He had, however, fainted from loss of blood; the handling of him, roused him to consciousness. Just then one of them remarked, "this poor fellow is too far gone, no use attending to him," and were passing on to the other sufferers, when a "*damn you dress me*," startled them, and they quickly decided, that such a plucky one who had so much energy, should be cared for and have a chance of life. Little Turtle, the distinguished Miami chief, who led the Indian forces, a few years subsequent to those stirring scenes, told the late Barent Sanders of Albany, then a merchant at Detroit, when conversing of that battle and Captain Van Rensselaer, "The little fellow had given him so much trouble, that he ordered a dozen of his *braves* to watch for him and shoot him down; but he was too active for them, they could not harm him till just at the close of the action." General Wilkinson in his *Memoirs* says: "This high minded citizen, soldier and honorable man, made his noviciate in arms under my orders, as a cornet of dragoons, and at the tender age was distinguished for his coolness and intrepidity in action. His father had served as a lieutenant colonel in the revolutionary war, and fought and bled for his country in the affair near Fort Ann, against the 9th British regiment of infantry in 1777; he had transfused his spirit and patriotism into his son, who in my presence, during the campaign of 1794, fought with *sang froid*, and bled with complacency. Rising by regular promotion to a troop, he was particularly noticed by General Washington, and raised to the command of a

squadron. The friendships of those days were pure and distinterested; and no small portion of the true and ancient friendships was ever preserved not only by the old settlers but their posterity."

Capt. Van Rensselaer to Lieut. Visscher.

Fort Deposit, Aug. 22, 1794.

My dear Van Munickhousen.

Your letter of the 1st Inst., was handed me by a Militia man; there were no letters with the dispatches for Headquarters for you or me from our friends at Albany. I *have* been at a place where I might have slashed with temporary advantages, had not a Rifle Ball from an Indian of the "Charley's" slashed through my lungs on the 20th Inst. The wound is considered very dangerous by the Surgeons, but has not taken away appetite or Spirits, nor shall it till the last moment. If you write home don't make my friends at all uneasy by letting them know that I am in danger until there is a certainty of its proving my dissolution; and even then I do hope they will not repine at my lot, as I will die in the arms of victory and in a glorious cause. The gallant Campbell is no more; perhaps I shall soon lay with him in the grave.

My aged Parents will grieve. Adieu, Adieu my dear Visscher, may you be well and happy is the wish (and perhaps the last one) of your sincere friend

SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

For Lieut. Nanning I. Visscher, at Fort Recovery.

The germ of discipline unfolded, and the laboring mind is shown in the delicate manner in which the suffering soldier speaks of his services, and most zealous in doing justice to the merits of others. General Wayne who was well inured to hardships was so ill, two days before the engagement, that it took four men to mount and dismount him, yet the brave old warrior fought that wonderful battle with all his usual energetic boldness, but received no thanks.

Having thoroughly accomplished his work, General Wayne returned with his army to Fort Defiance, while the Indians, utterly defeated and disheartened, retired to the borders of Maumee bay, in the vicinity of Toledo, to brood over their misfortunes and ponder upon the future. On the opening of the next session of congress, General Washington in his speech, before congress, mentioned Wayne's operations with well merited applause, but congress in their reply, refused even to allude to them and no mention was made of Wayne, nor of his meritorious services by that body. Next summer Wayne held a council with all the Indians living in this territory, and on the third day of August 1795, at Greenville, he purchased all the territory, not before ceded, within certain limits, comprehending in all, about four fifths of the present state of Ohio. The line is called to this day, the Greenville line.

After all these great, splendid and meritorious services of General Wayne, congress took no notice of him. On his way home, in Pennsylvania, he was seized with the gout, and died at a wretched hovel of an inn, in the then paltry village of Presque Isle, in December, 1796, aged fifty-one years. He was buried, at his own request, under the flag-staff of the fort, on the shore of Lake Erie, without a stone to mark the spot. Years afterwards, in 1809, his son Colonel Isaac Wayne accompanied by a few of his old friends and neighbors conveyed his bones to the place of his nativity; in the Radnor church-yard in Delaware county. The Penn-

sylvania State Society of the Cincinnati erected over his remains a handsome monument of white marble on July 4th, 1809.

Capt. Van Rensselaer to General Wayne.

My Dear Gen^{l}: Fort Defiance, August 27th, 1794.

From the information of my Physician, and from my own feelings, I find my wound of such a nature as will debar me for some time of being any benefit to the Service of my Country.

Therefore as there is an opportunity of an Escort, I beg leave to request your Excelleney's permission for leave of absence till the return of my health, at which time I shall be extremely happy to execute any Commands your Excellency pleases to give.

I am with the highest Respect and Esteem

Your Excellency's Most Obt. & Hum^{l} St.

Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Gen^{l} Anthony Wayne.

When the news of that bloody victory, at the celebrated battle of August 20, 1794, reached London, it brought to immediate conclusion the long protracted negotiations between the British minister Lord Grenville and our representative John Jay, whose mission there was to obtain the evacuation of the forts, which England still held on the frontier of the United States, contrary to the treaty of 1683. Mr. Jay having brought these affairs to a successful termination, returned to New York in May, 1795, and found two days previous to landing, he had been elected governor of the state of New York. This decisive victory which had been productive of so much good was the closing work of the revolution.

Capt. Webb to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Rensselaer: Camp Fort Defiance, Septem^{r} 3d, 1794.

We are in the same Camp that we occupied when you left us but not half so well off. The poor pittance of Provision Drawn at present would not keep body & soul together, was it not for the Vegitables, that we obtain when Foraging and even these, we have to bring from the Deserted Towns twelve miles above our Encampment, up the River Miami. It will be serious & alarming times, with us shou'd Gen. Todd's Escort fail, & the prevailing opinion is *that He will surely be attacked*. If He fails, the consequence is obvious. The Whole must move, *but God Knows where*, I should suppose for Green Ville. The Autumnal Equinox is nigh at hand, & we may expect a long continuance of bad Weather. I heartily congratulate you on your escape from this inclement, inhospitable Country, but do most sincerely condole with you on the cause.

Our friend Lieut Smith mends very fast & is now in Camp. We have heard nothing of the Savages since you left us, which leads me to suppose, that they are either collecting their force, to give us battle once again, or that they have Drawn off, determined to force us from their Country by cutting up our Escorts with Provisions. This last is certainly their most effectual mode of Warfare, for fight us when & where they will, we shall always beat them. I yesterday took out the Squadron, & ventured 15 miles up the Miami. I found much Larger & Higher Cultivated fields of Corn, Potatoes, beans peas, & Pompions, than those Destroyed on the O Glaize. I believe it is now Determined that our Rout will be up

this River to the Maumi Village, where we are to fortify & Winter, Except the Dragoons, who will I believe return to Kentucky, & when there I suppose, we wont cut some *foolish Capers, no not at all! !* If we reach Kentucky once more, you shall hear of some rare Doings, Courting, Gallanting, Balls & Assemblies. You will wish to be with us. I have but little Expectations of a furlough & shall therefore not apply. Our Wounded are fast recovering & will all do well, Except poor Jones, L.L.D whose wounded mind, or entrails Laudanum alone can heal. He has been several times Distracted, See the Effect of Hard Drink! It cannot be long, if the Savages mean to fight us again, before you will hear of a hard fought field, for if they try once more it will be with all their allied Strength. Prepare then to hear of noble Deeds. If I out live that Day, I think I may without fear of a Denial ask for a greater Commission than I now bear. Two Epaulets at least, and then Girls have at you all! But as it is we must wait the call of imperious Commanders & when we Do our Duty well, if they but smile, we must think ourselves overpaid altho: they found their fame upon *our* Merits. There still exists in the Legion the same Seism, only a little more extended. Out of 14 swords of the Kill'd & wounded only one can be found & a quantity of other Equipments gone, no one knows how. I wish to, I cou'd be call'd to the Command of the Troop that now must shortly fall to my Lott. Our Horses are going fast, I think your Troop at present much the best, having but one Horse unfit for Duty, whilst the Troop that is to fall to me is twice as strong & Musters two Horses Less. The Commander-in-Chief this day inform'd me that it wou'd be sometime before we shou'd make out forage returns & that we shou'd pass through innumerable Prairies as we progress'd up the River Miami of the Lakes. I wish He may not have been wofully Deceiv'd in his information for if we are to pass through a Country bare of Grass all will soon be over with our Horses. I am writing without a Conveyance & am only preparing for the first opportunity as we generally have but short notice, shall therefore fold but not seal this as many things may turn up between this & the next Express. Adieu my Dear fellow, may you be well & happy is the wish of your Sincere,

J. WEBB, Junr.

Captain Solomon Van Rensselaer, Green Ville.

Lieut. Wm. K. Blue to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Capt: Camp near Fort Defiance Sept. 6, 1794.

I take the liberty of enclosing to you a letter to my father who I hope you & Capt. Slough will call and see as you pass through Virginia. I would have wrote more but have not time as we to day was reviewed & had then to go off at least five Miles for plunder, it was nearly run down when we returned, I was then told that an Express was going to night. I beg you will be particular in delivering the letter I committed to your Charge in a private manner, observing at the same time that you could contrive to send me a letter privately, and safely at least not letting it be known who it was from.

Silver lace for a Coat would be a good thing to wear in Lexington amongst the Ladys. I am D^r^ Sir your friend & most Obt: Svt.

W. K. BLUE.

Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Green Ville.

Capt. Turner to Lieut. Visscher.

Dear Visscher, Grand Glaize, Sept. 10th, 1794.

From the Accounts we have received respecting *Van* I certainly had a right to expect a line from you giving the particulars of his situation. His friends are very much alarmed, you will confer a particular obligation to let us know every circumstance concerning him. Give my friendship &c to him, and *if he is well enough*, tell him I should be happy to hear from him. We have nothing new, we expect to move towards the Miami Villages in three days, where Genl. Barber is to meet us. The General is sanguine that he will finish his business of the Campaign in a month from this, at the expiration of which he returns. * * * Miami Villages Sept. 20, 1794, I am happy to find by your Letter that *Van* has so far recovered as to proceed to a place where he can be well furnished with necessaries for his situation. You should write him and endeavour to impress him with a sense of prudence, otherwise he will be too apt to put himself forward to exertions that his situation will not admit of. Campbell Smith is with us in fine spirits and nearly well. We have nothing new except day before yesterday 4 British Deserters came in who say, the Indians are still in force below the British Garrison amounting to about 1600 that they seem disposed for peace. But it is conjectured that before they determine that, they will wait the Issue of some negotiations McGee is making in Canada. I am in hopes to see you in six weeeks from this. We commence upon the Garrison tomorrow, it must take nearly a month to make it tenable. God bless you. Compts. to Drake. Write me by every opportunity and believe me to be with sincerity, Yours.

EDWD D. TURNER.

Lieut. N. I. Visscher.

What few mails reached the territory were carried on horseback, and they were so carried until after the late war in 1812; in 1815 carriages began to be used in conveying the mails and passengers. There being no bridges across the water courses, the mails were not only often thoroughly wetted, but the horses that carried them were drowned, with those who rode them. Only a few years have passed away since such accidents in Ohio were common. "Subsequent to Wayne's victory, during the whole Indian war, the settlers in the infant colony, kept constantly on the alert, from four to six rangers, who were called spies, whose duty it was, to scour the woods and if any Indians were discovered to give the alarm, a gun was then fired at the fort, and every person hastened into the garrison."

The following letter was received at Philadelphia on November 8th.

Killian K. Van Rensselaer to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany, Oct. 20th, 1794.

Your favor dated at Fort Recovery the 10 July and the other dated Aug. 25, are both before me. As your recent wound is a circumstance I feel myself so much interested in I will refer only to the last letter. I know you was aware of the danger a military life would subject you to, but confident that unless you accepted your commission happiness could not be yours, thus circumstanced you made your election. I must confess it was what I highly approved of, and I sincerely hope it is what you may have no reason to regret, even under your present dangerous wound; for should your dissolution be the result of it, you certainly have acquired more glory at your time of life than numbers of Generals have found in

half a Century, added to the service you have rendered your Country. This, Sir, will preserve your reputation and you will live beyond the grave, therefore exert your usual fortitude, and show human wisdom in not repining at what you cannot help. In this Country as in all other civilized Governments, the Military profession is the true way to reputation which is generally accompanied by Wealth; that you may enjoy both, to the bounds of your wishes, no person is more anxious about than your uncle. Should you survive your wound, and not disabled, I think a *Majority* will follow, and after that all is *paved* &c. Your friends are all very solicitous about hearing from you, and you will do well to drop a line often. Even Judge Yates appeared as desirous to hear of your fate as well as all those who knew you, equal with your friends. And I pray you may reap laurels in the field in abundance without loss of any more blood.

I believe this Campaign will settle all, either *John Jay* will settle by negotiation, or formal War will be proclaimed, and the fountain head Lower *Canada* will be formidably attacked, and the nature of your service will be altered. We find the French still continue drubbing the Allies or combined powers, and this will do every purpose for us. Mr. Henry Cuyler I mentioned in my last, supposed dead, is now actually a prisoner in France, and was one out of two saved in a large Garrison; his parents and family were all in mourning and *weeds*. Mr. John Visscher [father of Lieut. N. I. Visscher], is still alive, and we all pray that the news of your death, which we have heard, will be a foreboding that you are now alive, and recovering very fast. I assure you our Paps-knee and Green Bush lads cut no small figure in the conflicting scenes in Europe and America. Friends are all well. Your brother Killian [Lieut. in the Navy] has sailed for Holland. My eldest son John S. is a counterpart to you, and I hope to see him under your Command and direction in the Army as I used to have you in my office. Joseph Yates has declined serving in the Army, and chooses to fight by proxy as Militia men often do. Greet Visscher and tell him I have not with-held my interest to either of your promotions, and that I will continue to do all I can. Tell him I was glad to hear he was out the fighting department, least he might have been complimented with a ball, and been made to salute the ground with an ill grace. Our city is altered very much, and I assure you very elegant houses have arose out of the late flames. I hope you will not be too venturesome and mis-give too much either in exercise, duty or anything else before your health is restored. N.B. Old black *Cretia* dropped a tear for you. Pray what occasions all the Duels in your army? * * *

Your Aunt joins with me in wishing you a speedy recovery.

Yours &c.,

K. K. VAN RENSSELAER.

Captain Solomon Van Rensselaer,
Light Dragoons, Fort Recovery, Ohio.

CHAPTER V.

European Trip in 1795.

Lieut. Visscher to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Van, Fort Recovery the 18th of Novr., 1794.

Since your departure from this I have only been favored with one Letter from you dated Lexington one day previous to your leaving that. After your departure from this, and after deeply ruminating on the different situations in which we are placed for the ensuing winter, it recalls to my memory with the most poignant regret how happy you must inevitably pass the time, whilst I am doomed to contemplate amongst the sylvan shades. I do not regret the happiness you will experience, but that I am not permitted to participate with you. But alas! it appears that I must content myself with the little limits of a Garrison, secluded from the society I will ever hold dear. How oft, in the dear and heartfelt enjoyments of my Melancholy walks, have yon Romantic groves witnessed my narrative of love; and when the drear night appears, I retire to my Room, where in a state of chaos, the thoughts of home, and a thousand other things rush on my mind like a torrent. I generally take up Thompson's description of a Winter Season or some other book, on which I muse till sleep overcomes me. Then I am apt to cry with Sancho "A blessing on his heart who first invented sleep." On looking back, I find that I have been going on like a person in love, do excuse me, however improper it may be for the pen of a Soldier, it flows unstudied from the effusions of a heart too susceptible of such foibles. Let me then rouse from this indignation, and proceed to the affairs of the Army, on which I shall expatiate but very superficially, not that in my opinion such information would not be interesting to you, but nothing material has happened since your departure. Save the death of our worthy Contractor Mr. Robery Elliott, and Lieut. Isaac Pleasant Younghusband; the former was killed near Fort Hamilton, by the Indians; and the latter (as you may have long since predicted) died at Fort Jefferson. Those Gent^{n} I dare say will be much regretted by you, the one for his benevolence and amiable disposition; and the other, for his peculiar abilities which would have recommended him in any part of the world. I however trust that the gentle breezes of the Western Territory have been strong enough to waft their souls to Heaven, enough of this subject. The Army arrived at Greeneville about the 3rd Inst. after erecting (exclusively of the Garrisons in which you have been a sharer) a large and strong one at the Conjunction of St. Joseph's and Miame Rivers. To the Command of this Garrison was left Colonel Hamtramck with six Companies, vizt Captains Porter, Kingsbury, Sparks, Preston, Greaton and Reeds. The Garrison is named in honor of his Excellency "Fort Wayne."

I have just heard of the resignations of Major Hews, Ensigns Daingerfield and Thomas Lewis; several others are talked of but with what certainty I cannot tell. There are now between me and a Captaincy only

four Officers, after they are out of the way I shall enjoy a tranquil mind. Before this I expect you have reached Albany, and, by this time you must have dispatched a Letter to me, giving me the particulars of your arrival at that place, what reception you met with by our Dutch country men, not a very hospitable one, I dare say, for the Character given them by Historians does not give them a vast deal of eulogy. Nov. 26th. After a considerable lapse of time, I again resume my pen. The prospects of my visiting the place of my nativity, are not so gloomy at present as I have stated them in the former part of this Letter, we have received intelligence from Greeneville that we are to be relieved shortly. Then I think it probable that I shall be sent to Philadelphia to settle my accounts. It strikes me most seriously that I shall return home without ever having heard the noise of guns: this however cannot throw an odium on me. Yet I doubt not, but I would stand higher in the opinion of the Million for having barely heard the noise of guns in an Action. Tho' this sentiment is no more than the dust in the balance with men of real judgment who form a true estimate of the meritorious. I again resume my sad narrative. Pray how did you find my poor Father? I hope his imbecility of body, and the troubles of his mind are somewhat alleviated, alas! what a gloomy visitor is subject to my memory, how oft in some of my melancholy moments, do the thoughts of him steal from me unobserved a pathetic tear, and when I draw a similitude between his present and his former situation, I am like Niobe all tears. I find I am yet in a melancholy strain. I must omit concluding this till some convivial moment seizes me. Adieu for the present. But again my dear Van, before I close, let me remind you of a circumstance which you are not a stranger to, I mean, the important article of knowledge, if I may so call it. Your rank in the Army and your prospects of preferment are great; it therefore becomes you to devote many of your leisure moments to the attainment of useful knowledge.

This Letter I have penned at different times merely as the ideas revolved in my mind, any inaccuracies I may have fallen into, you will I hope pardon.

Mention me friendly to your Father, and so on, *Ad infinitum* to the whole family, and to all your relatives that inquire after me. Write me frequently, the postage of Letters you know is no consideration to me. God bless you in all your worthy pursuits.

N. I. VISSCHER.

Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer.
Green Bush, near Albany, State of New York.

Fort Wayne was completed on October 22d, and was immediately garrisoned with infantry and artillery, under Colonel John F. Hamtramck, a most faithful and useful officer. Col. Hamtramck was one of the honored few, named by General Wayne, in his dispatch to the secretary of war, whose services demanded special mention, viz: "Wilkinson and Hamtramck; his aids-de-camp, DeButt, Lewis, and Harrison; Mills, Covington; of the cavalry, Webb, Slough, Prior, Smith, Van Rensselaer, Rawlins, McKenney, Brook, and Duncan. After Fort Wayne was completed, the remainder of the troops left, some for Fort Washington, to be discharged from the service, and the others for Fort Greenville, where Wayne made his head quarters for the winter.

Lieut. John Posey to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Green Ville, Nov. 27, 1794.

My Dear Captain,

I have now set down again with a view of giving you the news of our *Little* Army. I make no doubt but before you left the Country you heard of our safe arrival at the Miami Villages after a march of 3 Days & without so much as hearing or seeing of the Enemy. Indeed the only difficulty that we labored under during our progress was the extreme inability and defficiency of Pack-Horses to Transport our Baggage and I believe the loss of those kind of animals was considerable and a means of retarding our March in a great degree, and with pain do I add that several of our *Dragoon* Horses were obliged to be left on the Road. On the 18th Genl. Barbey arrived with a large Supply of Provisions which enabled the *Poor Hungary* Soldier once more to Draw his whole Ration. On the 21st the foundation of a Large fortification was laid (August 21) & Nature never formed a more Beautiful Spot for the purpose, a high & commanding situation on the south side of the Miami and immediately at the Confluence of the Rivers St. Marie & St. Joseph which form the Miami. This River affords an abundance of Fish and wild Fowl. This was formerly the *Grand Emporium* of the Western Savages but were obliged to withdraw in consequence of the approach of old Genl. Harmar who destroyed their Towns some years ago in the execution of which several Brave Heroes fell. Here we remained for the space of one Month, in which a large & strong fortification was erected, called after Our Old Chief, FORT WAYNE, Garrisoned by old Col. Hamtramak and four Companies, two of which are Rifle, one Artillery & the other light infantry. There was a small Fleet fitted out a few Days before we left it consisting of one large Kentucky Boat, one Skiff and one Canoe, for the Means of transporting Provisions from thence to Fort Defiance. A few Days also before we marched the French Prisoner, Lassell, that we took in the Action was Ransomed by His Brother, who brought in three Prisoners in exchange for Him, two of whom were men who had been taken in poor Lowry's Defeat. [Lieut Lowry and fourteen men were killed by Little Turtle near Fort St. Clair on October 23d.] The third was a small girl that had been taken from the frontiers of Kentucky. Some time subsequent to this the Volunteers were discharged, poor fellows! I believe they were Heartily tired of the Campaigning; a number of them died at Green Ville Prior to their being discharged who had (from, I believe a Cowardly disposition) been left at that Place, and not accustomed to the many Hardships & fatigues of a Soldier's life took sick and died for Spite. Well, on the 17th of October a Signal from the Park accompanied by the Beat of the Genl., bid us Strike our Tents and prepare for a Move we knew not whither. * * * Here we learnt that the Old *Cock* had the Old Picque Towns in view as he had some reasons to expect a Bickering at this point. * * * However after a disagreeable March of 4 days we arrived late in the evening. * * * After halting a day we renewed our March and after a most tedius & extremly disagreeable journey through the D — dist Swamps in the world we arrived safe and sound at Greenville, where we expect to remain all winter. There is no end to the Toils, privations and dangers that we have to encounter in these Western Wilds. * * * Since the Death of our dear friend Campbell we are like a flock of lost sheep. Capts. Taylor, Webb, and Jones are at Fort Hamilton shouldering their Firelocks. Webb dont

sware at all I suppose, O no! not at all. Major Winston is at Lexington on his Death Bed. * * * Adieu my dear Captain & may Heaven be Propitious to you is the Prayer of your sincere & affectionate friend

JOHN POSEY Cornet.

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Robert S. Van Rensselaer to Col. Philip Van Rensselaer.

Dear Papa, New York Dec 2, 1794.

I arrived here safe from Philadelphia on Saturday, having remained there two days longer than I intended, dancing attendance on Mr. Aaron Burr and Madison. I breakfasted with Mr. Burr on Thursday previous to my leaving Philadelphia, he gave me two letters to N. York for Mr. David Gelston and Col. William S. Smith, who both very politely invited me to come and see them, and they would give me letters to their friends in Amsterdam.

Mr Smith I am to spend this evening with, and to wait on Mr Gelston for his letters, having informed them I intended to sail from Philadelphia, and to leave this to-morrow. This, however, will not take place; the Captain of the Ship I intended to have sailed in, has had the candor to inform me (although possitive orders from the Owners to the contrary) that, although she clears out for Hamburg, should there be but few Cruisers in the Channel, she will go to France. This no doubt to you as well as myself is pleasing intelligence. I will write to Mr. Burr, to direct his letters to me at New York, and also to Madison, requesting him to forward his immediately for this place. Doctor John H. Livingston will be of great service to me, more then I had reason to expect; he gives me letters to Several of his most intimate acquaintances while he resided in Holland and correspondents in that place. I was obliged to inform him I intended to take the tour through Europe before I returned, as he was very inquisitive to know my particular business in Amsterdam.

He gives me a letter to Anthony Van Rensselaer and also Jan Jacob Van Rensselaer both he corresponds with. Mr Ray I dined with on Sunday and he also is to furnish me with a letter or two. Mr. Varick wrote by the First Stage on his receiving your letter, to what accident it is owing we did not receive it I cannot tell. The post-masters on the road, were very careless indeed on opening the Mail, throwing the letters on the floor in the same room we were in. I have Visited Capt. Anthony Rutgers, gave the letter I had for him and at the same time told him who I was. He very cordially took me by the hand and told me any thing in his power, he could do for me he would, being very well acquainted with you. He says he will not only give me letters himself, but see and get several from the House of Jacob Leroy & Co. and other friends. He has advised me to Sail for London (it being only 90 miles from Amsterdam and Packets sail from there almost every day) on board the Ship Sampson, Capt: John Smith, who is an American, and the Ship an American bottom and a constant trader, and whom he can particularly recommend to me as a good Ship and a very agreeable Captain. On board this Ship, Greenleave is to sail for London on his way to Amsterdam, having given up the Idea of sailing in the Ship he has chartered at Philadelphia: and also two or three more passengers together with myself. The Governor [George Clinton] promises me letters and gives me a Certificate certifying my Citizenship and a particular recommendation besides. This Ship will not Sail in less than a month from this, but then certainly, the Captain says per-

haps a few days Sooner, shall write you particularly in the course of this week, when will certainly Sail. I have inquired at every place for Hides, but those who have advertised them for sale, have Sold all they have immediately on landing; they all expect a large quantity in with the first Vessels and then I may have the refusal of any quantity I like. Those that have had, sold at 10*d.* pr H. I have inclosed a number of papers and Accounts which I wish you to save for me. There being no more accounts Papa will want to Settle with the Heirs of A. Pennel. Your Account is among the number drawn from the books before I left Cherry Hill. With respect to Pennel's affairs, I shall write at another time, as also a Power of Attorney and other little trifles. My best love and compliments to all friends — brothers and sisters, but particularly Mama, am extremely obliged to her for her letter. I received yours on my return and which through the Grace of Divine Providence I mean strictly to abide by. Confident that under his protection any misfortunes I am liable to, and which may happen, will come easy and lightly if not forsaken by him and for whose protection I most fervently pray. I remain dear Papa your dutiful Son and Sincere friend. ROBT. S. VAN RENSSELAER.

Philip Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Cherry Hill, Albany.

At this time the commerce of the United States had suffered much by the constant depredations of French cruisers and the mercantile classes were greatly exasperated, as at one time no less than sixty privateers were a prey on American traffic.

Robert S. Van Rensselaer to his Sister.

Dear Arriett: London, February 25, 1795.

The singular pleasure I have in advising you and my friends of my safe arrival, and the dangerous storms we have experienced in our voyage, an account of which I shall give as nearly as I can recollect, the passage being too rough to keep a daily account of events during our crossing the Atlantic. We left New York with a fine, fair wind, and by evening lost sight of the land, the next day we had a fine pleasant breeze and a Clear Sky and I began to be a little sea-sick. Nothing material happened, a glorious prospect before us, all water and every moment sailing further from land. On the fourth day my Sickness had arrived at its greatest hight, and although it was fine, pleasant weather and fair Wind, I wished myself on land having scarcely eaten a mouthful for the first four days. Capt. Smith was exceedingly attentive and obliging to me and endeavored to console and make me cheerful, which was not in the power of *man*, for I was very sick indeed; on the fifth I began to grow cheerful and recruited fast owing to the great attention I experienced from the Capt. The 1st of January the Mate descryed a Vessel in chase of us which alarmed us a little and more particularly some of the passengers who were Englishmen and dreaded the Idea of a French Privateer. In the afternoon our fears were dispelled for about three o'clock, she came up with us, it proved a Hudson Brig out fifty days and had been a fortnight on Short allowance of provisions. The Capt. supplied them amply and at night we lost sight of them, they were bound for New York, our Captain wrote by her, but I was then yet not a sufficient sailor or quite well enough to write. On the Seventh day out, we struck soundings on the Banks of New Foundland in forty fathoms water; this was highly flatter-

ing as we were then better than one-third of our passage, all in high spirits and in great hopes of making land in 18 days. The winds still favorable and plenty, so as to admit our carrying all the Sails she had. On the ninth day about twelve at night, all our fine hopes and prospects vanished; the wind began to blow from another quarter directly ahead and increased very fast. In the morning when we arose, there was quite a gale and we were obliged to sail before it, although contrary to our course, only with one sail set. On the January 14th, the Capt. gave orders for them to come to, and tried to weather the Storm which still increased. (They have a peculiar method of doing this, the Vessel laying broadside to the wind and not going above two miles an hour, in the hardest gale it will admit of their doing this.) It was attended with quite serious consequences; we had not been in this Situation tossing mountains high, above three hours before our Camboose, kettles, frying-pans and chief of our cooking utensils; our pigs; a sheep; and the Quarter-railing were swept overboard into the sea. Fortunately at this time our Seamen were in the Steerage and the helm lashed, which preserved their lives, for had they been on deck they must have been washed overboard. This was not a very pleasing prospect, the Steerage was half filled with water, and the men in it thinking the ship foundering. We in the Cabin were not much better off, for the Sea broke in the Sky light, and for a minute rushed like a torrent down into the cabin. This startled even the Captain, who declared in crossing the Atlantic for fifty times, he had never experienced such severe weather. The men were obliged to be lashed to the pump, and pump regularly every hour, dreadful times! and no great prospect of better, for on the 25th, we fell in with a Ship newly wrecked. The Capt. supposed she had been lost in the present storm as all her masts were cut away and not a soul on board. The wind had somewhat abated and we could remain on deck to behold this dreadful sight, for it was the most trying one, I ever experienced. In the Situation we were in ourselves fortunately it was not our lot, but a number of Vessels were lost in this gale which continued for a number of days. On the 26th we had once more flattering and pleasing prospects; our danger forgotten, having a fine, brisk wind in our favor, and praising our good fortune in the escape of the last tremendous Storm. The 29th the wind changed Suddenly and blew very hard though not directly averse; the sky seemed lowering, and we were visited with plenty of falling water while at the same time wind increasing and every sailor employed taking in sail; a heavy sea and high winds with rain continued with nothing remarkable until the 1st February when to our great joy, surprise and pleasure, the Mate discovered the Scilly Light House, at eleven o'clock at night, which is about three hundred miles from the Downs. We all went upon deck and with eager eyes gazed on the glorious light which appeared before us and for once the gods favored us, having now a fine clear moon shining night, with gentle winds to glide us slowly to our long wished for port, and on the 2nd, we discovered land which exhilarated us still more. The day was very fine and in view upward of three thousand Sail of different Vessels large and small being now in the British Channel.

On the fourth of February we hove to, after a passage of 41 days, opposite a small villainous sea-port town named Deal, where to our great joy we landed and took different routs for this City. The first night I put up at a place called Sittingbourn, a pleasant country village and an excellent Inn where we put up at; fortunately for us we arrived before

dark, for a gentleman who left Deal before us, but dined on the road, was robbed of his money and watch before he could get to us at Sittingburn, it being about 8 o'clock when he arrived. On the 5th I arrived here after being once upset and thrown out of the post chaise, without any accident or hurting myself in the fall, although one Gentleman who happened to sit on the side the carriage fell, was a little bruised. We put up at the Eagle in the Strand. it being about seven o'clock when we arrived owing to the roads being very bad, and in the City so heaped up with mud and snow as to render them almost impassable. A description of the Country and some part of this place I shall give you, at another time. Mr Smith when he sails, is the gentleman who takes this, goes to Gravesend this afternoon to embark for that delightful Country where peace, liberty and plenty resides without the grievance of taxing windows, powdered heads &c. My best Love to all friends who enquire after me. I conclude dear Sister, your affectionate brother till death.

Robert S. Van Rensselaer.

Miss Arriett Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill, Albany N. Y.

Robert S. Van Rensselaer to his Sister.

Dear Arriett, London 26th Feby, 1795.

In coming to this City we passed a number of Country Seats and Villages, none of more note or Elegance than the Greenwich Hospital, which is situated on a beautiful eminence surrounded with a fine brick wall and a number of Trees; from this Hospital to the City are a number of Villages, the houses are so closely connected that a stranger would suppose himself in the City which is at least six miles distant. The buildings in general are very ancient, mostly three stories, some four and five; all have a heavy smoky appearance, they look quite black and very much in want of paint. The City streets are all well paved, but narrow, dirty, almost, at times, impassable. Mrs. John C. Church [a daughter of Gen. Schuyler] is uncommonly polite and attentive to me, has given me an offer which I sometimes embrace of, going to the Drury-lane Theatre whenever I feel disposed, they have a private Box. This evening I am going with her ladyship and Miss Church, who is a fine handsome girl, but not till the play is half over, it being unfashionable going before. Drury-lane is one of the finest buildings of the kind I ever beheld. Time will not at present admit my giving you a full description of it, but I shall shortly, it contains the *small number* of five thousand people and I have seen it several times so filled that they sent several persons into the Pit, so as to make room for others. Next week I embark for Holland, there is now a truce in this City who come to demand their Vessels, and if it is possible to get under their care, I shall do it, they being the only people I can get to Holland with in a decent way. Direct letters for me to the Care of Messrs Phyn Ellere & Englis, Merchants, Mark lane, London. Hon. Mr. Church wished me to change my quarters to his end of the town, I being distant from him about three miles, which is the Court end, and there reside all men of quality or Lords, as you please, with whom as a consequence I should have been introduced and visited. But this, I think, I most judiciously thanked him for, informing him, my business called me near the *Exchange*, where all men of business meet at one o'clock till four. I also consulted my purse in this determination, for had I gone, I might in a few days have sung to a tune I should have

been obliged to set myself, Oh ! my Guineas; my Guineas &c., the family are all in good health and desired to be remembered to all at Cherry Hill.

I am heartily Sick of this noisy, unhealthy, bustling City, not a fair day have I seen since my arrival, all is darkness by four in the afternoon.

Things are remarkably high, only think, Potatoes selling at five shillings a hundred, and fowls at four and five and still on the rise. Any way I shall leave this on Thursday next, either with the Commissioners, if I can obtain leave to go with them, or embark in an American Ship for France, as there is one going to Sail in about that time. The next you will hear from me either at Amsterdam or Paris. Do not forget to write me, direct them as I have written you, for England, as not one letter you may write me immediately for Amsterdam would arrive. Seal your letters well, as they are badly treated on board the Ships in rough weather, being all deposited in one large bag. God bless you, Adieu. My best love to Mama and all the family, to Sister Betsey and Pete Elmendorf, Esqr., particularly in the interim, I remain your affectionate brother,

Robert S Van Rensselaer

Miss Arriet Van Rensselaer,
Cherry Hill, Albany, State of New York, America.

John C. Church came to this country from England under the name of Carter and married Angelica, the eldest daughter of General Schuyler, in 1777, against the wishes of her father. He appears to have been a man of large wealth and good social standing in England. He was a member of parliament and was intimate with the prince of Wales and his party friends. Mrs. Church in describing a ball given at her house in London, mentions the prince regent and all notabilities were present. After some years Mr. and Mrs. Church returned to New York, where they lived in grand style for those days. There Mrs. Church died, and her husband returned to England.

Gen. Schuyler in a letter to William Duer says: "Carter and my eldest daughter ran off and married on the 23d inst. (July). Unacquainted with his family, his connections and situation in life, the match was exceedingly disagreeable to me, and I had signified it to him." But he forgave, and called them home."

James Cuyler to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir: New York 9 March 1795.

Your kind favor of 27 Ult I received wherein you make enquiries of your Brother Killian, he arrived here about a fortnight since in the ship Minerva, Capt. Annom. He has now purchased part of the Brig Peggy and has sailed this morning, as *Master* and part owner of the Brig and Cargo to France, the port he has gone to is Havre de Grace, barring accidents and I think he will make a very Great Voyage, he was very happy to see me, asked a great many questions respecting you and the Family, he regretted Very much he had it not in his power to spare time to go up to see you all and now is again gone ploughing the main. I have made

many enquiries respecting your trunk from Fort Recovery and can hear nothing of it. remember me to your family and I remain Your old Friend

JAMES CUYLER.

Capt. Solomon V. Rensselaer, Green Bush.

Our vessels were often menaced and frequently captured. As early as 1776, congress had fitted out vessels, whose avowed object was to intercept British transports having supplies for the royal army in America. In this service they were very efficient, and a larger portion of ammunition, good arms, and military stores were thus obtained by the patriots during the first three years of the war. They expected to be remunerated tenfold for all the spoliations inflicted on their commerce, and thus compel the British government to act justly and respectfully.

Secretary of War to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, War Office, April 17, 1795.

I received your letter of the 2d inst. The effect of your wounds, as represented by you, entitles you to the indulgence you request, of remaining longer on furlough. It is true that the military establishment is continued: but the President, on his discretion, was to raise, or forbear to raise any part of it. The pacific overtures of the Western Indians and the adjustment of our differences with Great Britain seem to render it unnecessary to complete the *Cavalry* of the Legion. The Infantry, it will be very desirable to increase, at least to recruit, to supply the places of the men whose times of service are daily expiring. The numerous garrisons we must maintain will require a considerable force. If indeed you could enlist a company in the expectation that they most probably will be called to serve as dismounted dragoons, according to the provision of the law, I should be extremely glad. Of this you can judge, from your knowledge of the country where you would attempt to recruit. On this head you will be pleased to give me information. Should the prospect be good, instructions & money shall be furnished.

I am, respectfully, Sir, Your obt. Servt.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

Captain Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany.

While Captain Van Rensselaer was at Albany recruiting from the effects of his severe wound his mother, the wife of General Henry K. Van Rensselaer was taken sick and died. "The sharp points of our grief when the mission of our loved ones to the world is finished, are that after a time we should cease to weep, and then only think of them at intervals, and finally be apparently as much interested in the world and as cheerful as ever." "It is also pleasant from our outlooks to glance back upon these early times with the discriminations of distance, for we can better understand the full advantage which accrued to American society after the one all-absorbing struggle for liberty had been victorious. For many years our ancestors had been going to school to great human rights; and now, with the march of improvement, we all are, or should be, attending school to great human duties and striving to improve our social organizations by proper mental ballast proving that God's love is the magnet."

Robert S. Van Rensselaer to his Sister.

Dear Arriett, Amsterdam, April 25, 1795.

When I last wrote you I was amidst the noise and bustle of English crowds, where the roaring of the Carriages and the London cries blended

prevented one from sleeping till accustomed to the noise. I left London and Mrs. Church's family and friends in good health on March 1st for Harwich, and went on board an English packet for Yarmouth, where I arrived on the ninth. I took passage on board the Dolphin packet bound for Cookshaven, a harbor on the river Elbe, with an assortment of jovial companions, Christians, Jews, French, English and Dutch, having fine favourable winds. A French frigate coming in sight, made the Captain crowd all the sails he had to outsail her, this liked to have done us all over, for the wind increasing we carried so much sail that the water came into the Cabin, however, we arrived the 12th Inst. without any material accident. The weather being very stormy prevented our landing till the 14th when to our unspeakable felicity we once more had *terra firma* under our feet. Cookshaven is a miserable dirty village, the inhabitants all Germans; their houses one story with sharp peaked roofs, and the floors large flat stones. The Women dress very singularly, they have Caps with large wings on each side as if they were preparing for a flying jaunt, they wore about Six petticoats (if one may judge by their appearance) reaching within a foot of their ancles, and wore wooden shoes.

A Gentleman, who came passenger with us and who had been in Germany before, took the precaution of bringing his Carriage with him, and as he was going to Hamburg he politely offered me a seat in his carriage, which I accepted with pleasure, otherwise I should have been obliged to have gone in an open Wagon and travel all night for better then one hundred and twenty miles. Although the dwellings are indifferent, the land is finely cultivated and that by the women, as the present War has thinned out their men for them, there being very few but old men and children. We left this place and arrived at Otterindorf where my Companion being an Englishman, requested he might pass for my servant, if the French were there; fortunately for him they were not. This is an old fashioned town much like our old houses in Albany; the people with the Cookshaven dress are ignorant, impolite and very inquisitive. On our arrival, scarcely ever having seen a handsome English carriage before this, they flocked round us that it was with some difficulty we got out into the house where our servant had informed them we were English officers, which made them very polite, for they left our room which they had filled with smoke issuing in clouds from their large horn pipes. There is no Character like a Military one, to travel in Germany, it makes them at once obedient and submissive. After dinner we left and rode all night, passing through a number of fine Country villages and arrived at Stad, a fortified Town. It being about four in the morning we were closely questioned by the guard, we passed for officers going to the Army, they politely escorted us to the first Hotel. Soon after I retired, after having five feather beds taken from off the one I was to sleep on, and still I had three under and one above me; they use no blankets, they have also (a fortunate thing) a Cord made fast to the floor above, in order to draw yourself up by in the morning when you rise. We at last arrived at Harburg where we remained two days, the ice in the Elbe not permitting us to cross, on the third day we crossed and arrived safely at Hamburg. This is an old fashioned place, very commodious for Commerce having Canals running through the City in every direction; it has a few good houses in it, and I believe very few good people, chiefly Jews. I received a great deal of Civility from some of the Gentlemen to whom I had letters. It is not a very large place, though when I was there it con-

tained twenty thousand Strangers, French Emigrants, etc. I left Hamburgh on the 26th for an Island in the North Sea, called Schermercoe in a fishing boat as all communication with Holland was prohibited; and after five days with very unpleasant and narrow escapes from English privateers, I am, thank the Supreme of the Universe safely arrived in Amsterdam. This is a fine, clean, pleasing City; having Canals in every direction and fine large trees to walk under along side of the canals. Our friends here are all well and request to be particularly remembered to all friends; their names you will find in Papa's letter. They were very happy at my arrival and happy to learn their friends across the Atlantic were well. They are now coming for my letters. My best love to our amiable Mother; Betsy and Peter Elmendorf with little Sally; and all our family small and large, and all friends who enquire after me. My respects to Mr. & Mrs. Kane, Mrs. Fonda alias Miss Beekman; and rest assured I remain with every Sentiment of respect your affectionate Brother and Sincere friend R. S. Van Rensselaer.

Miss Arriet Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill, Albany, N. Y.

Lieut. Visscher to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Van: Greenville May 16, 1795.

I wrote you a few days ago by Capt. Turner at which time I gave you the news that was then in circulation, since which I have been favoured with your letter of the 10th of March. I mentioned that a number of Officers have gone on Furlough, among whom are Majors Haskill, Buell, Capts. Tillton, Andrews, Covington, Price, Lieuts. Posey, Taylor, Trigg &c. &c. Since my last to you nothing of consequence has transpired save the discharge of Capt. Sullivan by the sentence of a Court martial. He was tryed for being intoxicated on a General Court Martial. This day Lieut. Hastings Marks has been arrested by the officer of the day (Major Winston) for being intoxicated on Guard; his fate you may conjecture. Major Winston is severe, exact and uniform in his duty, and shines among our first Majors, why do you not write to him? I am sorry to find by your letter that you have got overwhelmed in love, and sincerely sorry to hear you hint of matrimony, if you are serious in this I shall make no other remark than this "look well before you leap." It strikes me that you might marry to better advantage a few years hence, I mean after traveling the world a *little* more and gaining a *little* more experience; however we are not all actuated by similar principles. I hope you have not informed any of the females in your country that I am styled the handsome officer, if you have there must be a few hearts palpitating for me. Pray tell them, I cannot accommodate all of them, and if I do not get a furlough this fall they must drop a tear and bid adieu. Give my respects to two or three ladies, and to no other persons whatever; let me hear from you twice a month. Your ever Sincere

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. N. I. Visscher.

The translation of a letter written in the Dutch language 73 years since to my mother's mother from Holland.

Mrs. Jan Jacob Van Rensselaer to Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer.

Dear Aunt: Amsterdam. 4th July, 1795.

Though unacquainted with you I will not let pass the opportunity, as your Son Robert is going to America to send a letter. I can assure you,

that, his unexpected visit has given us a great deal of pleasure, and we have been with our hearts much attached to him. We felt sorry that his Stay here was so limited, and that I could not pay more attention to him, considering the condition wherein I found myself then.

Doubtless you have been aware how sad a trial I have had, by the Sudden death of my dear Husband, *Jan Jacob van Rensselaer;* after suffering during eight days with Typhoid fever, and I then being enceinte. In the midst of all this, I have kept up, and hope to become in a short time "Mother;" and when I remember how well your Son has been educated, then I know his mother must be very tender hearted, and I do not doubt she will Sympathize in my Sorrow as I was very happy in my marriage. May the Lord keep you and Spare you and your dear ones for you do experience how happy they are where love dwells.

It will not be neceesary to enter into particulars about the family, while the bearer of this letter can do this better than I could do it in writing. I wish you would be so good to communicate to your Brother-in-law Kilian K. van Rensselaer, the death of my beloved husband, and that I have received his letter, and that I hope, that the death of my beloved Rensselaer may not be the cause that I should hear no more from his family.

If the life of my child should be preserved, may then the same friendship continue, which our friends in North America have manifested toward my husband. Our Cousin Kilian H. van Rensselaer has given you doubtless information about the useful life of my dear deceased. May the Lord grant that my child may follow his footsteps. Believe me that I recommend myself to your affections, and that I will always feel very happy to hear much good of you all, and from my Cousin Robert to whom we have fully given our affections. God grant to you, as a Mother of such a large family, to be a Support to them many years yet. Be so kind to assure all our North American friends of my affections and friendship, and that I remain Your Niece.

S. C. BEELDSNYDER Widow of Jan Jacob van Rensselaer.

Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer,
Cherry Hill near Albany, New York.

How comforting, how soothing the reflection that Christians, when they die, become angels, and that angels take an active interest in the affairs of this world. Though unseen, unheard, unfelt, they move around, they hover over the loved home circle. By God's appointment, no doubt they are the guardian angels to watch over the bereaved ones they loved while on earth, and to protect them till again united in the skies. God tenderly allows no angel revelations, yet we know our "loved ones" are "ministering spirits" to us.

Col. Pickering, Sec. of War, to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, War Office, Sept. 12, 1795.

I received your letter of the 4th desiring to retain the public horse in your hands until the Spring, at your own expense; or to pay for him at his value. I think the latter most eligible. The price may be settled with Mr. Houdin, and adjusted by means of your pay.

I am Sir, your Obt. Servt.

Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer. TIMOTHY PICKERING.

He was a large, elegant, high-spirited parade war horse of a very glossy sorrel color, that kept step and pranced gayly with the martial music. It caused keen regret and seemed almost sacrilegious, to the brave soldier, to part with his splendid charger that had borne the dauntless rider through so many terrific scenes. The purchase was made; and I well remember, when Poppet was fully caparisoned, what a noble appearance he made, for he was remarkable both for elegance of form and gallant carriage. At the whistle of his master, the intelligent animal would come prancing from one end of the pasture, with neck so proudly arched, and whinnying with delight as he bounded with springy step to meet him at the bars. He would then eat apples out of little hands, for we children made a great ado with, and dearly loved the petted horse. In old age this favorite charger, exempt from all duty, was boarded out in the country and had the best of care till he died. In one of the battles, General Wayne rode his gallant roan, and in charging the enemy, his horse received a wound in his head, and fell and was supposed dead. Two days after the roan returned to the American camp, not materially injured, and was again fit for service.

Capt. Webb to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Rensselaer, Greenville, October 8, 1795.

I am still here, with little Expectation of leaving *this* for the Winter. There is but little Harmony in our Corps. Taylor grumbles as well as myself, to see Officers not half our time in service daily obtaining furloughs, whilst our applications are thrown neglected by. Blue has once forced me to arrest him, having kept the Officers of the Corps in one continual Ferment. Indeed we are out at the Elbows on all sides. The Commander-in-Chief, Gen. Wayne, this day leaves us with Eight Companies, His Destination unknown, *but thought*, that he intends to build a small Garrison at Lareimies Store or at Girty's Town, Destroy Fort Adams, & remove the Troops at that place to this new built Fort. He will then it is thought visit Forts Wayne and Defiance. Green Ville is very sickly, we have 600 men now in Hospital (and since this Detachment was ordered) but three Captains for Duty including myself. Thus you find that whilst you, Covington and Posey are cutting Capers, I am wheeling, marching and mounting Guards, to the tune at present of *two nights only in bed*. What Dashes you must have made in and about Albany. I wish from my soul I could spend Ten or fifteen days with you, that I might shew you a few Virginia Capers with a *Tip* or *two* of *Eli*. Your wound is I hope no more troublesome, at least I conclude so from hearing that you were, not Long since in Philadelphia and from whence I have *in vain* flattered myself that I should hear from you. This is my Sixteenth letter to you since you left me, and in the Course of thirteen months I have received two from you. What in the name of the three Furies, Tissiphone, Alecto, and Megara can you be at? An Elegant City close to your Door, surrounded by every Pastoral amusement, an easy Fortune at Command and still you can not even take up your pen to tell your old *Brother Officer* that you are happy. Had it been my Lot to have left you here, I should rather have pestered you with Letters than have remained Idle, and when I had enjoyed a Pleasure or a Gratification, I should again enjoy it as I gave you the Relation. But my Dear Fellow, what think you my being politely married? It is even so. Do for Heavens sake, write and tell me what we

may expect to be the fate of our Little Legion. It is a prevailing opinion here, that the third and fourth Sub Legions together with the Cavalry will be Disbanded. If so I will bid Adieu to all Service that may again be destined for this D—d Country, which is not really worth the blood lost by us on the 20th August —94. The Indians I do not believe will be long at peace. They have buried only the old Tomahawk but I think they will find a new one. How prettily you and Covington have slipped your neck out of the Noose. I am the only Captain of the Squadron called to Infantry duty and must patiently bear the burthen, for Taylor more fortunate than myself was placed at Cincinnati on the Recruiting service, and now Commands 25 Dragoons Mounted.

I very frequently think of that sweet Cousin of yours, and am become extremely anxious to see her. If I dared I would say something pretty of Her. Present Her I beg of you with the Inclosed verses, and tell Her, that Though a Stranger to Her in person, I have been making particular enquiries, and that she must not be angry or think me forward when I declare that from Character only I am in Love with Her. That all my fear is I may not be as agreeable in her Eyes, as her fancied Image is to me.

Adieu my Dear Rensselaer, Visscher can give you all the little anecdotes of the Cantonment. May you be ever happy is the wish of your friend.

Fearing to offend I would not enclose the verses, say not a word.

JOHN WEBB, Junr., Capt. of L. Dragoons.

Captain Solomon Van Rensselaer.
Light Dragoons, Near Albany, New York.

The great Mohawk chief, Thayendanegea or Joseph Brandt, was directly, or indirectly engaged in the wars between the United States and Indians from 1789 to 1795, during which the bloody campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne took place, he also acted an important part in the affair of the north western posts, so long retained by Great Britain after the treaty of peace. "He was himself the principal war-chief of the Six Nations, and his name would chill the young blood by its very sound, and cause the lisping child, even within our day, to cling closer to the knee of its mother. As the master spirit of the Indians engaged in the British service during the war of the revolution, all the border massacres were charged upon him, but great injustice was done him in many instances."

K. K. Van Rensselaer to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany Nov 29, 1795.

* * * I received letters from our friends in Amsterdam on July 20th, and am sorry to inform you that Jan Jacob V. Rensselaer the great friend and patron of your brother Killian H. died the 5th of february last, after a sickness of Eight days aged 48y & 5days this was the flower of the family the others J. C & A. V. Rensselaer have written a friendly letter, and the wife of Jan Jacob also, they have anxiously waited for Killian and as Robert writes his father it appears Killian must have been a favorite. I received a letter from your cousin Robert S. Van Rensselaer dated Halifax October 30th by the Boston post, in which he mentioned that he was taken in the ship Olive Branch, Captain Provost, by the Argonaut Man of War. I am fearful Robert may suffer loss, and I am certain our Dutch friends will, who had property on board consigned to Mr. Thomas Storm, Merchant of New York. You may do well to inquire from Mr. Storm what property it is. I have written him, on this inform-

ation from Robert's account. Study economy and partake not of all the frivolous amusements of the City. Read and learn so that you may improve for a busy scene. Write me where Killian sails to, so that I may get him to purchase what I may want, provided he does not come up. Accept your Aunts and the children's compts.

Yours &c

Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer of Light Dragoons now at New York.

K. K. VAN RENSSELAER.

This capturing vessels and respecting no flag was the occasion of much trouble, the officers were treated as prisoners of war, but the crew were compelled to labor as slaves, taken without leave from American ships and impressed into the British naval service. This had long been a topic of complaint and negotiation.

Lieut. Blue to Capt Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Van, New York May 21st 1796.

I am now on my way to West Point to act as Judge Advocate at a Court of inquiry to be held on Lt. Col. Rochfontain upon Certain Charges exhibited against him by all his officers at West Point, if he is supposed guilty of the Charges I shall be obliged to remain for the Court Martial, at all events I shall be there from 15 to 20 Days and if Circumstances will permit, I hope that you will surely pay me an old intimate friend a Visit as it is out of my power to come to Albany. The lower House passed a bill for the Reduction of the Army but the Senate I believe have Rejected it, our Major has proved himself to be just what you never hesitated to say amongst your friends you thought him. Lieut. Webb has turn'd out differently, you thought him an Honest Hearted man, but his Heart is by far blacker than the bearskin on your Cap. Taylor is in Philadelphia and desires to be affectionately remembered to you. To my sorrow Posey our good and confidential friend you know has resigned. Slough, Sedan and Price have lately resigned also. The Major and his friendship may both go to hell. I have a better, a more powerfull and more confidential friend in my General, and while I can maintain his good will, I feel easy (acting with propriety) I commanded his escort through the Wilderness who bore my expences home. Come to West Point if you can & believe me to be what you once did.

Your friend W. K. Blue.

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Lieut. Visscher to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, West Point June 17th 1796.

This being a rainy day and every thing around appearing gloomy & dull, I have no friend to whom I can communicate my feelings but you, I must therefore to calm the force of woe again trouble you with some observations on myself. I think I may now style myself a just resemblance of the weeping willow, and in the words of a poet you may

Mark the Solemn notes while pleading
Speak the tumults of my mind,
Hear them softly interceding
Softly telling *She's* unkind!

I need not tell you, for you well know that I allude to Miss Patty (Maria) Gansevoort. The dread of being treated with disdain and to avoid the mortification of a personal denial are the sole reasons why I have never

acquainted her with the confusion of my mind. Now, alas! I am informed she is actually engaged to Mr. Hun!! Heavens and earth! how unequally paired! *Why* does she not prefer me? but Love is guided surely by fate, What makes me love may make her hate. I have too good an opinion of her understanding to suppose that she *would* prefer him for his better circumstances. Let me know whether this match is really to take place. Write me by the post at once and direct your Letter to be left at the post office at Peeksville. The last part of your letter, my dear Van, has given me much uneasiness, I mean with respect to Miss P. G. You say you have enclosed me a piece of *Gold leaf* on which are engraved Twelve dozen Sweet Kisses as a memento of the friendship embosumed for me by the charming Miss Patty. I fear I have not been so fortunate, and that you have only acted thus to raise my expectations, explain this to me seriously, in the meantime I must request you to mention me as a person who entertains the highest opinion of her accomplishments. Dear Van, ever yours

N. I. VISSCHER.

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer Green Bush.

Lieut. Visscher to Capt Van Rensselaer.

Dear Van, West Point June 20, 1796.

I cannot keep from you the adventure of this day; three Officers and myself went down the River a small distance in a pleasure Boat; seeing an Albany Sloop we boarded her, where to my surprise I saw Miss Cornelia Schuyler, Miss Westerlo and some others, but not having the pleasure of being acquainted with either of them I could not with propriety make my bow and introduce my friends, we remained on board the Sloop [I mean on deck] till we got opposite to West Point where we left them, and you may judge how mortified I felt, and still do at this moment. Yesterday Mr. Lovell and myself crossed the river and took Tea with the two Miss Dennings, they are from N. York and will spend the Summer at their farm about two miles from this, they are beautiful and amiable. Miss Cooper was with us a few days ago, I escorted her from the Vessel and was quite the Gallant; if you see her tell her I am quite clever and a great deal *wrought* by her appearance. The enclosed I wrote a few days ago, I wish you could have an opportunity of reading it to the Lady, not telling her from whom it is till you come to the name; she will in that case have no objections to hear it. It is remarkable that I have not yet had a Letter from you, I hope you have not yet, at this early period forgot me. There has lately been a Duel fought at Head Quarters between Lt. Elliott of the Artillery and Ensign Scott, the former is dangerously wounded Capt. Reed and Ens. Breeck are both dead. Ingersoll arrived a few days ago. Col. Rochfontaine has been restored to his command. Remember me to all. Yours

N. I. VISSCHER.

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Solomon Van Rensselaer to the Secretary of War.

Sir, Albany June 20th 1796.

I have the Honor to Acknowledge the Receipt of your letter of the 14th Inst. together with a Copy of the Act relative to the Military establishment of the United States. I should wish to be considered as one of that establishment, altho' my health is much impaired occasioned by the wound I received on 20th of August 1794, yet I have a hopeful prospect that in a few months I will be rendered capable of discharging

that duty which I have been intrusted with, and which was my greatest pleasure. Having abandoned at an early part of my life every prospect held out by my friends here, I entered the Army very young, with an unalterable determination to follow the profession of arms, and should it now be my lot to be obliged to retire in consequence of my wound, it would be a circumstance I should unwillingly subscribe to as there is no active service, I should hope for a farther indulgence, but whether I am intitled to any or not, and for how long a time, I submit to you Sir, with diffidence. I have the honor &c.

Solomon Van Rensselaer.

To The Hon. T. Pickering, Secretary of War.

The Secretary of War to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, War Office July 2, 1796.

I have received your letter of the 20 instant. I am exceedingly happy to learn that your wound will not prevent you from continuing in the military service of your Country. As your presence with the Army will not be indispensably necessary till near the time of the new arrangement taking place, you will be pleased to consider yourself as on furlough until the first day of October next.

I am Sir, Your obedient Servant

Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer. James M. Henry, Sec. of War.

Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Cousin.

My dear Harriot, Albany, July 13, 1796.

I should have written to my loved one before this, had I not been obliged to go to Lansingburgh on business for my unfortunate Father. He suffers terribly from his wound, and his troubles are great beyond conception; and not a small share of them are thrown on the shoulders of one who has it not in his power to extricate him any further than the troublesome part of it. I shall not enter on a detail of my business there but when we meet I shall tell you all, I have gained your affections and your tender bosom shall not experience any unnecessary pain caused by the one who is so interested in you. I found on my return, here, a letter from the God of War, James McHenry of Maryland, as I think it my duty to give my Harriot every pleasure in my power to offer, and shall through life, I will insert in this a copy of the letter, knowing if it does not please, it cannot displease her. I have not shown it to any but my own family. Judge for yourself, the following is a copy: "I have received your letter of the 20th Inst. I am exceedingly happy to learn that your wound will not prevent you from continuing in the military service of your Country. As your presence with the Army will not be indispensably necessary till near the time of the new arrangement taking place, you will be pleased to consider yourself as on furlough until the first day of October next.".

Whilst other officers of our Corps are ordered on, I am suffered to remain with my friends and will have had a furlough for two years, when it is expired. This indulgence is certainly very great, more considerate and kind than I could have had any idea of. I had quite a decent washing by the time I reached Albany, for it was raining very fast. I thought of the imprudence in my case of being wet, and could not apply to myself the preaching I cannot prevent my saying to you "to take care of yourself." In this instance business and my word of honor called me here to day at 3 o'clock, so I had to face the storm, but have found no inconvenience from so doing.

Mrs. Kane has returned; when I called there Mr. Kane was good enough to take me up stairs to show me their fineries: a beautiful paper for the room &c., a Carpet that cost £65, a pair of Looking-glasses for the like sum, and a great many other curious and fine articles, I had the honor of inspecting. Mrs. Ludlow told Mrs. Kane that if you would not write to her daughter, she thought you might do so to her. Tomorrow I shall visit Cherry Hill when I hope to find them as well as they have been this day. I suppose you must have heard that Mr. and Mrs. Douw Fonda passed through Schenectady on Sunday, it was in consequence of a letter that his presence was necessary the following day at Caughnawaga, they do not return until the last of next week. You know last year Mr. Fonda together with Henry Fonda commenced to build a number of houses on the Caughnawaga flats and the *Coffin* is now quite a little hamlet. Your Sister intended to have accompanied them, but at that time was at Cherry Hill; she says when you have made your visit and return home, she will go up with your Father and Mother. Adieu my Lovely Harriot would to Heavens I could see you now and repeat the garden scene, how happy would be your unfeigned & unalterable

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Miss Harriot Van Rensselaer, Scotia.

A large black stone, resembling a *coffin*, in the Mohawk river, originated the name.

The translation of a letter written in the Dutch language.

J. G. Van Staphorst to Robert S. van Rensselaer.

New York den 2 Sept: 1796.

Mynheer! The inclosed, I have received from Madame van Rensselaer from Amsterdam, requesting to hand it to you, being informed that you reside for the present at Albany, I take the liberty to forward it to you. If my affairs and health did permit me, I would have given it to you personally, in order to have had the pleasure to become personally acquainted with you.

You will permit me Sir, to explain to you, the cause, why this letter, which had been intrusted to me, is received by you in Such a Condition.

On the 3d day of April I Sailed from the port of Texel, in the American Ship Minerva, Captain Clarkson, and was taken the 10th day of May by the English in Halifax, and pronounced a prisoner, and robbed of all my papers and letters. The 4th day of July being discharged on parole, I requested for my papers, and received them in a miserable condition, and all opened. After receiving them, I have all sealed them, and this accounts for the bad condition in which you have received this letter. I am Sorry indeed that I could not perform my commission better.

Be so kind when you meet Madame van Rensselaer to assure her of my esteem. Remaining Sir! Your obedient Servt.

J. G. VAN STAPHORST.

Den Heer R. S. Van Rensselaer, in Albany, New York.

Robert S. Van Rensselaer to his Sister.

Dear Arriett, London, September 10, 1796.

I hope ere this you have received some intelligence from me of my safe Arrival in this City after a very moderate and pleasant passage of about thirty days until we arrived at Graves-End where we left the Ship and came up by land through a delightful and cultivated Country to London. We had two Lady passengers, one of whom, a Miss Nugent, came out to

be married to an American Gentleman, Mr. Broom from New York, she being a wellbred woman, added not a little to our pleasure. Mr. Church resides now about Eight miles from the City, in a very neat Country house, to which place I frequently resort to retire from the noise and bustle of a City life, which becomes almost insupportable. Walking being very fashionable, and it suiting an American purse, I generally trudge it on foot, anticipating the pleasures I shall enjoy when I arrive; they being happy in seeing me, and treat me with every politeness imaginable. The difference between Mrs. Church and the other members of Gen. Schuyler's family, near us in Albany, is inconceivable. She all affectionate and polite, endeavoring to please those around her, while the others, first kin to the fallen Angel, are swelling with pride and pomposity. At times I scarcely know what line of distinction to draw between the family; certain I am there can be no comparison of the worth and amiable disposition of this One and the avaricious minds of those in America, though I hope as our Climate changes, it may effect their minds and mould them at least to Civility and render them more acceptable generally to Society.

Time hanging heavy and not much to attend to, I took a ride to Oxford about Eighty miles from this, visited the different Colleges, twenty-one in number, and then went to view Blenheim House, the Seat of the Duke of Malborough. This is without Exception one of the most pleasant situations I ever beheld, it is a paradise; in imagination you would think yourself in a land of faries to behold the inside. I shall endeavour to give you a slight description, being confident I am not able to recollect every Scene I beheld there. In this Country, all the famous Seats go by the appellation of Castles; this one is situated about seven miles from Oxford. You enter the Park through a spacious portal of the Corinthian order of architecture, from whence a fine view opens of the noble Castle, bridge, lake and many other beautiful Scenes of the Park, which is stocked with Deer, Sheep, and Birds of various kinds. The Front of the House from wing to wing is three hundred and forty-eight feet, and on the South front on the pediment towards the garden, is a bust larger than life of Louis the Fourteenth taken in battle from Tournay in France. On the Top of the house is a large Reservoir which supplies the Castle with water from an artificial made river. I entered the Hall, which is really magnificent, being the height of the house and of proportionable breadth, supported by Corinthian Pillars. Over the door is the Bust of the first proprietor John, Duke of Malboro', and a number of other beautiful busts. On the right and left are several marble termini, with two excellent Statues of a Nymph and a Bacchanal. The painted Ceiling allegorically representing Victory crowning John of Malborough, and pointing to a plan of the Battle of Blenheim. I then entered the Bow-window Room and being an American, consequently very inquisitive, I inquired the use &c. of the room, which the old servant very innocently replied, was intended to look at. It's window commanding a number of pleasant prospects, and decorated with Elegant Pictures, such as the Virgin and Child, St. John, Nicholas and other Saints; over the doors were fine heads made of Marble elegantly executed. The Duke's Dressing room contained a number of excellent Paintings by the first Artists such as Palma, Titian, Weeni and a Score of others. There were in this room some paintings particularly fine; an *Inside* view of a Church; the Destruction of Pharaoh and his Host in the Red Sea; a Spanish Sea-port &c. The rest of the unnecessary appendages were contained in his dressing-room, which was small

but very neat indeed. The Drawing-Room has also a number of fine Paintings: the Holy Family; the Marchioness de Harvre; Mary de Medices by the famous painter Van Dyke; the portrait of William the Third; an Annunciation; Lady Chesterfield; Philip of Spain; Andromeda chained to a rock; a French Camp; the Spencer family &c. This Drawing-room is furnished with crimson damask. The Grand Cabinet contains more pictures, and is also furnished with crimson damask. The Paintings were particularly Striking and I took out my pencil to minute them: first, a Holy Family by Rubens; a Madona standing on a Globe, surrounded by Angels; the offering of the Magi by Rubens; our Saviour blessing the Children; Filial affection exemplified in the Roman daughter; Return of our Saviour from Egypt; Lot's departure from Sodom; a Virgin, her head encircled with Stars, supposed the Miraculous Conception; a female Penitent &c., with a column of others. The Blue Drawing-room is only distinguished by its blue colour damask, with Elegant Paintings, Statuary &c. The Winter-room has a representation of the Cardinal Virtues &c. The other rooms which are numerous, are distinguished as abounding with very Elegant Tapestry and Paintings representing the Battles of the Duke of Malbro', who to be sure was very famed in History, for his Courage and many glorious Contests he had with the Enemy. The Rooms shewn to us were, the Dining-room; the Saloon; Green Drawing-room; State-room; State Bed-Chamber and the Library. The last is an Elegant room of about two hundred feet in length; the Window frames and surrounding basement of blush marble; and the Ceiling stuccoed in a most Elegant manner. It contains about twenty-four thousand Volumes, besides several thousands of Manuscripts. At one end of the room stands a highly finished Statue of Queen Ann, who presented John, Duke of Malbro' with this Seat, for the many glorious Deeds he had done in the French Wars. The Chapel is in one of the Wings, and a very fine one it is, having a beautiful Monument to the first Duke and Duchess. The Altar-piece was our Saviour taken down from the Cross. The Park is Eleven miles in circumference and contains many delightful Scenes; the love of rural variety may be entertained here with every circumstance of beauty which can be Expected from diversified nature in hills, valleys, water, woods &c. There are not less than five or six Ships arrived here since my arrival, and to my very great disappointment have not received a single line from any of the family. This I cannot Account for, however hope you will shortly make up for it and I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you all that you Enjoy the same good health I do at present. My best Respects to Mama, Papa and all the dear family large and small, with Sentiments of true Esteem, I remain your very affectionate brother.

R. S. VAN RENSSELAER.

Miss Arrietta Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill.

"The Duke of Marlborough's magnificent residence is one hour's distance by carriage from the town of ancient Woodstock. This earthly paradise was erected during the reign of Queen Anne, and presented by the British nation to the great Duke of Marlborough after his glorious victory, parliament voting $2,500,000 for that purpose. The park, consisting of 2,700 acres, is filled with flocks of sheep and herds of deer, and is considered the most glorious domain the sun ever shone upon. The immediate grounds surrounding the palace, which is situated near the borders of a lovely lake, are filled with trees, plants, and flowers from

every quarter of the globe, the whole embellished with lovely walks, fountains, and water falls. In the centre of the lawn stands a Corinthian pillar 130 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the duke. On the pedestal are inscribed his public services, written by Lord Bolingbroke. The principal front of the building is 350 feet long. The interior is magnificently finished, and contains a fine collection of sculptures and paintings; among the latter are some of Titian's and Rubens's masterpieces. The library is 200 feet long, and contains nearly 18,000 volumes. Woodstock was the birth place of the illustrious Black Prince. How different too now is London the metropolis of the United Kingdom of Great Britian, and the most wealthy city in the world with its population of 3,000,000 to the aspect it presented in those early times. Before the conflagration in 1666, London was totally inelegant, inconvenient, and unhealthy, of which latter misfortune many melancholy proofs are authenticated in history, and which no doubt proceeded from the narrowness of the streets, and the unaccountable projections of the buildings, that confined the putrid air, and joined with other circumstances, such as the want of water, rendered the city seldom free from pestilential devastation. The fire which consumed the greatest part of the city, dreadful as it seemed, was productive of permanent benefit."

A Wedding Invitation for 1776.

Maria Gansevoort's Compliments to Miss Van Rensselaer and requests the honor of her Company to morrow evening at Six O'Clock.

Wednesday Morning.

To Miss Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill.

My mother (then Miss V. R.) has written on the invitation the following: "This was an invitation to a wedding September 22nd, 1776. Thursday evening Maria Gansevoort was married to Abraham Hun, just 7 o'clock. N.B. the gentleman stood on the left! There was a violent gust of wind with thunder, lightning and rain." These were the parents of our respected kinsman, Thomas Hun, M.D.

"The first *tea* party in Schoharie county was given by one of the Vrooman family. When the *enlivener* was announced as ready, the party gathered about the *round* table upon which stood not a morsel of anything to eat except a liberal lump of maple sugar, placed beside each cup. The true ancient Dutch custom always placed a lump of sugar beside each cup. In doing the honors of a tea table, the question *will you bite or stir?* was always propounded. The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds. The olikoekjes, small round cakes with raisins in the centre and fried in lard, were not forgotten; nor the koekjes, small sweet cakes. Sometimes the company of eight or ten persons would be seated around the old fashioned genial board, each with a spoon eating from a single dish of supaan enriched by fresh sweet milk. At these primitive banquetings the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquettting. The young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings, nor ever opened their lips except to answer any question that was asked them. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe and studied the blue and white tiles around the fire-place."

Capt. Wm. Mackea to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Alexandria, 12th January 1797.

Dear Sir,

It is now eight days since I arrived at this place, which time I have employed much to my satisfaction, and was surprised at not finding a few lines from you as I had wrote you from New York. The evening before I left Philadelphia we heard of *Genl. Wayne's death*, [In December 1796,] this will certainly make an alteration in Affairs. You are in Mourning I suppose agreeable to the Genl. Orders. Let me know if you have heard from Visscher and when and how he is. I would say more but it is near post time of departure.

I am Sir, Your very Obedt Servant.

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer. WM. MACKEA.

CHAPTER VI.

CUMBERLAND LINE.

Ariantie or Harriet, my mother, was the fifth child of Col. Philip Van Rensselaer and Maria Sanders, born at Cherry Hill September 3d, 1775. She was lovely in disposition, and retained a freshness and youthfulness of heart even in old age. In her elevated social position she had every wordly advantage obtainable in those "soul stirring times," was accustomed to the luxuries of wealth and fully appreciated the amenities of her childhood's home. While she did not by any means ignore the gayety and pleasures of life, she served God with a pure and unselfish heart, and always seemed "to walk worthy of the vocation" to which she was called. Gifted with a lively temperament, ever joyous and happy, with pleasing manners, and a general favorite with old as well as young persons, it was not surprising she had many suitors. One wealthy burgher seemed the chosen son-in-law selected by my august grandmother. The good lady was well aware of her daughter's preference for her cousin Solomon, and that his love was incalculably more precious, than the worthy burgher's glittering gold and guilders; but that could not be countenanced. Her gentle and delicate daughter marry a poor soldier cousin! no indeed. She well knew that cousin was a noble minded gentleman, but it mattered not; and with a twinkling expression of triumph and satisfaction in my grandmother's eye which even her spectacles could not conceal, and an ominous shake of her head, would say, "I will prevent such an unwise step." Grandpapa De Heer Philip however fully appreciated the soldier's worth; he was proud of his nephew; and all his sympathies were freely enlisted on his much loved daughter's side, and occasionally a merry twinkle was perceptible in his benignant eye as he quietly took a survey of the tender surveillance of his stately dame. Even in olden times the phlegmatic Dutchmen some times indulged in a little romance; nor was it surprising that De Heer Philip decided that for once the "course of

true love should run smoothly." So one cold frosty afternoon January 17, 1797, the good vrouw was enjoying her *siesta* and dozing on the sofa by a nice warm fire, while magnificent black Pompey, with his crisped woolly head and shining negro face, his large mouth grinning from ear to ear displaying a set of beautiful white teeth; with a proud and contented mien had mounted guard at the door of a certain room. Then Captain Solomon Van Rensselaer was, with the full consent and approbation of De Heer Philip, united in the bonds of matrimony to his loved Harriet by the venerable Domine Van Vranken of Fishkill, in the presence of her father and two of her brothers. After the happy ceremony, the domine and the trumphant bridegroom climbed out the back window, and the good old dame was none the wiser. She did not know the gallant and handsome Solomon was her son, till so informed a fortnight after by her good spouse. Then like a sensible woman as she was, with perhaps a shade of disappointment crossing her bright and good humored face that her cherished plans were thus unwittingly thwarted, made the best of what was inevitable and was fully reconciled to the event. She was one who in disappointments, or indeed "in every emergency turned to God as her helper and could say: "Blessed is he who, when the waves of sorrow or temptation are sweeping over him, is able to find the hand of God, and calmly to rest in his infinite strength." In after years when her own excellent husband was numbered with the dead, she made her home with this same daughter, receiving every care and warmest love from both of her dear children. It certainly was rather mysterious, and did seem like a preconcerted scheme, how the good domine happened to be on hand that special afternoon; but he frequently was a welcome guest at the hospitable mansion, and most domines then as now, were never averse to a substantial meal. That day the clever, quizzical Cornale surpassed herself in her particular forte, exquisite cookery, and the grand entertainment gave great satisfaction to the unsuspecting amiable vrouw. The joyful news, however, found its way to the kitchen, causing a flutter of excitement. The grinning sable dignitaries (with all of whom, the *liester kint*, Miss Harriet, was a great favorite), loving a frolic, were entirely unanimous in the opinion that dust had been thrown in grandma's eyes. They rejoiced that their lynx-eyed old missus had for once been outwitted, while they affirmed the face of the bonnie bride now wore a bright and cheery look. The humorous jokes of the loquacious darkies who were all "woolly-headed, and as black as the ace of spades" was the broadest farce of that eventful day. After judicious consultation between the *mynheer* and his amiable *vrouw*, a marriage portion was given to their beloved daughter, of a fine tract of land which they called *Mount Hope*. This beautiful site, then in the country, in Bethlehem two miles from the town, was a thick forest; many of the majestic trees were felled, the ground cleared and a spacious garden laid out with very wide walks; the culture of this farm was an occupation of great delight to my father who had an enthusiastic love for agricultural pursuits, and to this Mount Hope he was brought prostrate and suffering from the battle ground of 1812.

Cherry Hill, the ancient homestead, was left by my grandparents to their son Philip P., who was a most estimable and upright man, but unfortunately became involved, and after the death of that gentleman in 1827, the place was to be sold at public auction. A friend of the family, Peter Boyd, Esq., wrote to my father, who was greatly surprised to know the fact, and at the solicitation of my mother, who could not endure the

thought of its going out of the family, he purchased the old mansion with its grounds. Subsequently he sold Mount Hope to Ezra Prentice, Esq., its present occupant and proprietor, who revels in its luxuriance of beauty. After only a brief honey-moon, the groom, Captain Van Rensselaer, in March, 1797, went to Philadelphia with the intention of resigning his commission, as he very naturally desired to retire to private life and enjoy the happiness of his own cherished home. The beauty of such a placid life did not however seem at that time to be in store for him. At the war office he met General Wilkinson, and when, with the high principle of honor which he possessed, he informed his ci-devant commander that he was there with a view to resign, General Wilkinson and Secretary McHenry laid an embargo on that proceeding. They interposed a strenuous opposition on the ground that his valued services were required for a delicate, perhaps dangerous duty which they were aware he would faithfully perform; to aid and protect the commissioners running the Cumberland line. A blank furlough was given him, with the power to fill it at his own discretion. Though far from well, he would not refuse; such a mark of confidence induced him to consent, and the heroic, self-denying soldier returned to bid his bride farewell for a season, and relinquished all the true endearments of home, while he promptly responded to his country's call for further arduous duties in her service. The noble-minded wife, forgetting self, bade him "God speed;" his arrangements were soon made and he en route to the army.

Secretary of War to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, War Office, March 2d, 1797.

The necessity of the service requiring your immediate presence, with your company, you will be pleased, without delay, to repair hither, where you will receive further orders.

I am, Sir, with esteem, Your obed^{t} Serv^{t}

JAMES McHENRY.

I have before me a large bundle of valuable letters from which I make a few extracts. After a sad parting from his loved bride, he went with his body servant to New York on board of one of the North river sloops; it was in those days a voyage of a week from Albany, then by stages to Philadelphia. He says: "The roads are exceedingly bad; myself, Jake and the horses are nearly worn out."

The following is part of a letter penned seventy-eight years ago.

Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dear Harriet, Philadelphia, April 17, 1797.

On Friday last I reached this place in tolerable health, but great depression of spirits. I have been advised by disinterested persons not to go on, they fear my delicate constitution cannot endure the hardships. I leave tomorrow and expect to arrive at Pittsburgh in about nine days, if the riding is not too much. The Secretary of War has advised me to take my own time, and not to travel in wet weather; this however I shall not much attend to; the quicker I go on, the sooner I shall return to my lovely wife. I shall be obliged to stay at Fort Washington longer than I expected to wait for necessary articles to equip my Troop. I have been pleasingly confined since I came here, in sitting twice a day to have my Miniature taken by Stuart, a masterly artist; it was finished this evening

and will follow this letter on Thursday, with a request that it may be forwarded to you, by a careful Albany skipper. The price for painting was fifty Dollars, although it is extravagant, yet with much satisfaction did I pay for it, as it was intended to give you pleasure. The likeness is not as striking a one, as he took for President Washington and Gen. Wilkinson, in my eyes. Farewell my love; this time tomorrow I will be a much greater distance from you and that must be so for some time to come. Farewell, a sad word, but it must be so. God preserve you, and may every happiness attend you. Farewell my dear, lovely wife look forward with patience to our happy meeting in October or Sooner, once more with you, never, never will I leave you more again, adieu, good night my dearest Harriet.

Sol. Van Rensselaer

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer.

"The first portrait of Washington by Stuart created a great sensation on its appearance in Philadelphia."

Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dearest Wife, Philadelphia April 19, 1797.
* * * * The weather is fair. I send you my Traveling-Case, which I find, I cannot take with me, the inclosed key will open both locks, it requires however some exertion to open them; it cost me six and a half dollars. The case would have been of use to me if I could have taken it on with convenience, but I shall not incommode myself with it when I have one to send it to, whom I prefer should have it before myself; it is yours and my very soul accompanies it which you have long possessed as you well know * * * * The Limner tells me, if you keep the Miniature in your hands until the Ivory gets warm it will warp, it is in the case. My horses are ready and I must leave this in a few moments after delivering the Case. God preserve you to repay with happiness for the days of misery I endure in my absence from my loved Harriot.

Your affectionate Husband

Mrs. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

In its red morocco-case lined with white satin was placed this exquisitely painted miniature; it is on ivory, (executed by the eminent portrait painter Gilbert Stuart,) and is set in gold, with my father's and mother's hair in the center of the back. The initials "S & H.V.R." are interwoven in gold letters on the glass over the hair. His noble, handsome features are perfect; those dark brown, flashing, speaking eyes could not be surpassed; the black hair is well powdered and braided behind in the fashionable cue. His full wide ruffle shirt, black satin stock, his military blue coat with its red facings and wide red collar turned over, bright epaulets and black leather sword strap with United States arms inscribed on its shield across his shoulder, are all items of fond scrutiny to loving hearts. His wife writes: "I cannot tell you how the first sight of your Miniature affected me, it was sometime before I could recover myself. Methinks I

never saw a better likeness, but as you observed rather too much Gravity for you. It is my constant companion and far preferable to any other, although a Silent one; could I enjoy my wish it should be my only one till the return of the beloved original." No wonder his tender-hearted wife wept with joy and was transported in ecstasy when she received this excellent semblance of her loved one.

Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Lovely Harriot, Pittsburg, April 28, 1797.

I arrived at this place in eight days precisely from Philadelphia in pretty good health; having passed through the beautiful valleys, romantic dells, and looking with your eyes at the grand, the picturesque scenery along the winding rivers of this noble State and over its lofty mountains; all accomplished in safety with scalp still on my head! I found to my Sorrow that General Wilkinson had left this three days since for Fort Washington. I have some expectation of following him tomorrow, but in this I am not very clear, owing to the scarcity of men to man the boats down the Ohio. Doctor Carmichael and some Officers go down in about a week, they want to persuade me to wait for them, but this I shall not consent to if I can do otherwise. I wish for the Society of no one in this part of the Country. It makes me unhappy to see any one pleased who is in the situation I once was happily placed. I therefore wish to be with my command; to attend strictly to their discipline and Police will assist me in killing time in this far off country. What tedious months must elapse before I am again restored to happiness and what a great length of Territory must I pass over before my eyes once more encounter the dear object of its wishes, but thank Heavens the distance is not as great as I contemplated. I am told by the officers here, that I am not to go farther than Knoxville owing to circumstances of an unforseen nature turning up. [Knoxville in Tennessee is upon the Holston river, four miles from its junction with the French Broad and is 204 miles southeast of Lexington, Kentucky. "The city is delightfully situated, and affords a pleasant place of resort. It was laid out in 1794 and is famous for its manufacture of window glass. The caves and mounds in Tennessee are wonderful. In Coffee county, not far from Manchester, there is an ancient stone fort, enclosed by a wall, upon which trees are growing, whose age is supposed to exceed 500 years. This mysterious fortification is situated between two rivers, and occupies an area of 47 acres."] Georgia's climate I very much dreaded, it being quite unfriendly to a person accustomed to a colder one, but where ever I may be and whatever my situation is, I shall faithfully inform you, sick or well, dangerous or otherwise. I therefore call upon you by all the sacred ties that united us, not to give yourself a moments uneasiness at any Idle reports respecting me, should there be any of an unpleasant nature prevailing; and on your part I have not the smallest doubt, but that you will act with equal candor. I hope you have ere this received your Portfolio, Miniature and letters sent on from Philadelphia, and that they have given you pleasure. I wish I had *your* likeness here, what very great satisfaction it would give me, I wish to Heavens you would have it taken in my absence, I shall arrange matters in such a manner that it will not inconvenience you at all. Recollect my sweet girl what happiness it will give, so please oblige me and let me know if you intend to make me so happy. Tell black Maggy, Cornale and Flora not to neglect to take good care of their lovely charge; was this my lot how doubly happy would I be, but

it must be to the contrary and I shall submit with as much fortitude as I can muster, which God knows is but little, yet my duty is clearly to enforce it.

I left Philadelphia at 12 o'clock April 19th 1797, crossed the Schuylkill at 1 o'clock and proceeded to the Sign of Admiral Warren 23 Miles where I lodged. This tavern is on the Lancaster turnpike not far from the scene of the massacre of part of General Wayne's detachment on September 20, 1777, by orders of General Howe. ["General Grey cut down 53 Americans in cold-blooded cruelty in the well known 'Massacre at Paoli.'"] Moved early in the morning of the 20th, a rainy day and reached Lancaster that evening 43 Miles over a Turnpike road cut through a rich tract of land. Lancaster stands on Conestoga creek, has a fine court house, churches and handsome buildings with abont 800 houses. Moved early on the 21st, Passed over an intolerable bad road and reached a Tavern 2 Miles from Harrisburg on the Susquehanna; this river is one mile across and the Current very rapid. The town contains about two hundred houses, chiefly of Brick, with a stone Jail and a German church; it is pleasantly situated on the winding river with its little islands. Elizabeth and Middle Town are small villages I passed through; the houses are old and chiefly built of logs, the former is 17 and the latter 25 Miles from Lancaster, and where I lodged having come to day 36 Miles. The 22d reached Carlisle to Breakfast after 15 miles, passed Mount Rock 7 Miles, Shippenburg 14 Miles, and Lodged at Black's house, Gen. Washington had his Head Quarters at Carlisle in 1794; there are fine stone houses, a college, court-house and churches. All along my route, these villages flourish where the Indians and wild beasts lately roamed. The 23rd being a rainy day I did not start until near 8 o'clock, then passed through Strasburg six miles where I crossed three large mountainous spurs called Kittatinny hills; all these mountains are full of coal with much iron and marble; the valleys between the hills are of a rich, black soil. Skinners at the foot of the hill. I breakfasted three miles from the last Town, from thence to Fort Littleton is 12 miles, from thence to the top of the wonderful Sideling Hill eleven miles to another Skinners where I lodged, having moved 32 miles to day. Left Skinners early on the morning of the 24th, crossed a branch of the beautiful Juniata and thence to Colonel Hartleys, with whom I breakfasted. He was at the terrible scenes in the Wyoming valley. After a pleasant rest I proceeded to Bedford and lodged at the foot of the Alleghany mountains at Ryans. The next day one of my pistols was missing, which however I found with some difficulty, by offering a reward, hid by one of the Boys in the Stable; after it was recovered I commeneed my journey for the day which was rainy. Passed over an exceedingly bad road across the mountain, being 15 miles over a very rocky route. At Stony Creek I breakfasted and from thence to Freemans at the foot of Laurel Hill where I lodged in most miserable quarters. The 26th was at the Old Fort Legonier the post of General St. Clair during the French War, and proceeded to Riads where I breakfasted, 15 Miles from that to a Large Town by the name of Greensburg 10 Miles. [At Greensburgh is a monument to the same Major General Arthur St. Clair.] From thence to Turtle Creek 19 miles where I stayed for the night having gone 44 miles. On the 27th proceeded to Pittsburg being twelve miles and reached it at 11 o'clock where I found a number of my friends which in some measure relieved my depressed spirits. Farewell my dearest Harriot take good care of yourself,

much is depending on it. I have written to my Father and others. May much happiness attend you prays your affectionate husband,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Harriot Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill.

Extracts from Captain Van Rensselaer's Note Book.

The country about Pittsburgh is very hilly, and a few miles from here is the Battle-ground of General Braddock, where he was defeated in 1755. A French Fort called Du Quesne was then standing on the Pittsburg's site. I continued in this place till Saturday 29th; the afternoon of which day at 3 o'clock I embarked, to navigate the Ohio river, which is one of the most beautiful in the world, with a gentle current and easy of navigation, in a large Kentucky keel-boat [had a flat bottom, but no sails,] loaded with Dragoon equipments and the Chickasaw annuity for this year, with only three Soldiers and a Quarter Master's man. In this weak state of defence I commenced a really dangerous and very difficult route down the picturesque and extensive Ohio, with a head wind and rain to comfort me, but the water in pretty good order and we floated quietly all night without any alarm from Indian foes. Early in the morning of May 1st just before daylight passed Wheeling 96 miles from Pittsburg. This day nothing of note happened as we passed along in sight of a number of huts on each bank and a small town. On the morning of 2d May at 9 o'clock landed at Muskingum (Marietta) a large and beautiful Settlement of New Englanders. Here I remained half an hour and took on board a Mr. Lowder, a printer from New York and at 12 o'clock landed him on Belpree Island twelve miles from Marietta. Here I was introduced to a Mr. Bachus and his wife from New London, and was not a little astonished to find so accomplished a woman in these desert wilds. Being frustrated in my intention of procuring forage for my horses at this place, I hoisted my *wooden Sails* and at 1 o'clock P.M. again came too, at the lower end of the Island, three miles and succeeded in getting hay by paying at the rate of 50 cts. per Hundred. Opposite this Island and a little above it, are the three Settlements of Belpree, each village 3 miles apart. Two Turkeys were on the right or Indian beach for the first time since we left Pittsburg, the wind continually ahead.

3d. The wind from the South accompanyed with rain which much retarded our progress, a few huts were to be seen on each Bank. At 1 o'clock P. M., passed the Great Canawha river, the Town is called Point Pleasant, a name well adapted to the situation. Here was formerly a Garrison built of the Inhabitants of Virginia called together by General Andrew Lewis, it was some years since in 1774 attacked by the Indians, who unfortunately killed Col. Charles Lewis, but could not carry the Fort which was strongly fortified with logs and entrenchments. At half past one, passed a French settlement on the Indian Bank called Gallipolice three miles from the last river and 100 miles from Muskingum which we came in 14 hours. The Country on each side of the River was beautiful beyond conception with its wild scenery, tall grasses and trees.

4th. The early part of last night was clear and the moon shone bright until about 11 o'clock, when a violent rain and thunder storm came on which lasted until near four in the morning, with so much violence as to put us in danger of being drove on shore. The water being high it was with difficulty we could proceed, and to make land it was impossible without infinite danger from the Indians. No material injury however happened. At 2 P. M., passed the mouth of the big Sciota river on the

N. W. of the Ohio. The lands are very rich and the Country level. The head waters of this river is near the Lake and is Navigable for boats 200 miles, the width of it is about 150 yards. Four miles below this Island at a friend's Major Bellies on Turkey Creek, the old Bachelor treated me with great politeness. After viewing his plantation (which is really beautiful) I again started at six o'clock. Some distance below this, passed the three Islands in the night, the River serene and pleasant.

5th. In the morning it rained quite fast, and the wind ahead, passed Limestone at 7 o'clock A. M., the Kentucky landing place 60 miles from Lexington and the like distance from Cincinnati, a number of houses on each bank were to be seen. [Limestone is upon Limestone Creek and is now called Maysville.]

6th. Passed Columbia at 4 o'clock in the morning and at 5 o'clock landed at Fort Washington in good order, where I at once reported myself to General Wilkinson. [In those early times it was a very hazardous business to navigate the Ohio river. Often were the boats taken by the enemy, and every one on board, destroyed by the Indians. And if the settlers attempted to clear new fields, they did it at the peril of their lives. Guarded by sentinels, and carrying their arms, they hoed their corn fields. In 1791, some French immigrants settled on the Ohio river at a place, which they appropriately called Gallipolis. They had been swindled out of about one hundred thousand crowns in silver, by a few arch knaves, who, visiting Paris, pretended to own a large tract of land, immediately adjoining on the west side of 'the Ohio company's land.' These people lived at Gallipolis during the old Indian war, and suffered some from the Indians as well as from sickness, and many privations in a far wilderness. Columbia was near the mouth of the Little Miami river.]

Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dearest Wife, Fort Washington, May 7, 1797.

At Fort Washington every week there is a Mail to and from that place, and likewise at Knoxville, therefore I shall with anxiety attend regularly when the mail arrives. On Thursday next you will no doubt receive my letter from Pittsburg informing you of my safe arrival there, and the time I expected to leave the Site of the old French Fort Du Quesne, or Fort Pitt. Yesterday a week was the time, on the afternoon of that day I set sail with a head wind and raining very fast. Dr. Carmichael and the officers advised me not to proceed on my journey with the small force under my command, consisting of three Infantry soldiers and a hired man, having in my charge the equipments for my Troop, and the valuable Chickasaw Indian goods for this year. The obstacles I had to encounter were very evident to me, but knowing how tedious it would be to wait ten days for Colonel Butler and the company who wished to detain me, in a place where there was nothing calculated to draw my attention, and above all the continual idea of shortening my absence from a place, where all that is dear and interesting to me in this life is fixed, were reasons too forcible for me to disregard every difficulty. Of this you may be assured I had my full share; in the five hundred miles I only stopped three times to take in wood, forage &c. I kept the boat afloat at all times, fair and foul weather, night and day, the responsibility was intensely felt and I had no disposition, through negligence to try military achievements on inmates of the many wigwams ever in sight. Without any marvelous

adventures I reached this place at 5 o'clock on the morning of yesterday, all in good order. It could hardly be credited that I had come in so short a time under so many disadvantageous circumstances; but there was no need of an affidavit all saw for themselves. My pleasing expectations of dispatch were quickly blasted on being told that the horses and men had not all arrived. This is the case to my sorrow, nor will they be here in less than a fortnight contrary to the expectations of the General. He is much pleased with my punctuality and shows every mark of friendship, with a wish to make me satisfied with my situation. *May 11th.* General Wilkinson insisted upon my living with him in his family, which I have agreed to do while I remain here. Save my dear Harriot, I have every thing I can desire and Jake is a good boy, he takes good care of me. I shall be busily employed the ensuing week to get every thing in perfect readiness to mount the men, as soon as they arrive from Fort Defiance. The Saddles &c. will all want repairing, and after this is done and the horses a little accustomed to firing, I shall cross the Ohio on my route to the Cumberland in Tennessee. The General has invited me to take a ride with him to the big Miami tomorrow, thirty miles below this. To day we all dine with the Lieut. Governor of this place, I will soon have to prepare for the occasion, I suppose they will be pretty *blue*, but for my part I declare off. *Nine o'clock* P. M. We have my dear Harriot just returned from the feast, all pretty merry and one or two a little beyond it. The afternoon was pleasantly passed, and the Dinner in great elegance displayed, *nearly* as well as the Dutchmen of Albany could have done it, making allowances for his being a Bachelor, it was better. The General showed me your Father's letter, it was couched in very strong terms, he wished me to continue in service and told the General to keep me in it, you was very much opposed to it, for which they could make *allowances* on account of your situation. I had rather he had been silent on that business * * * Adieu, Adieu. May God bless you and keep you perfectly well and happy.

Your Sincere Husband
SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Sol. Van Rensselaer,
Cherry Hill, Albany.

Captain Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dear Harriot: Lexington, Kentucky 18th May, 1797.

* * * * Since writing to you by the last mail from Fort Washington, I have been ordered to this place to Inspect and expedite the completion of the purchase of the horses for my Troop, which I have accomplished, they are fine horses. I sent on all those the Quarter Master purchased save three that I condemned, they would not pass muster; yesterday they left this, and I shall follow them in the afternoon. I have given the Quarter Master directions to move very slow with them, that they may be in good order when I receive them. I shall get at Fort Washington two days before them and have every thing in readiness to mount the men immediately on their arrival; after this is accomplished and the horses a little manœuvred I shall commence my wished for march through this place to the Cumberland. Then around about way of some six hundred miles to Knoxville, Tennessee, where you shall again hear from me, and likewise before I leave this place on my return here. The people are very kind and friendly in Lexington, every day since my arrival I have dined out, and am engaged for a week if I was to stay, but how very

differently am I inclined towards them now to what I was three years since. Now all company is rather an incumbrance than a pleasure to me; no society can I enjoy until I return to Cherry Hill, there and only there can I be happy, but alas, this period is too far distant. How many uneasy moments must I pass away before I can possess a tranquil mind, never did I know how sincerely I loved you until this cruel separation. I have injured you more than ever I can make compensation for, I should not have married until after I left the Army; but my dear Harriot, you know I had no thoughts of leaving you at that time. And when I was unexpectedly called upon, I could not retire with credit. In your present delicate situation, you stand in need of the tender care and sympathy of a husband who has no other ambition but to make you happy, but this unhappily is denyed him at present, but you know it is not through his choice. Therefore keep up your spirits and let us meet with fortitude the misfortunes allotted to each in this life, of which we must expect our share, but very little can I boast of when I reflect on you.

Write to Knoxville immediately on the receipt of this I shall be there about the last of next month; give me all the news of the day. Has the fever left your Father? I am sorry to hear of the misfortune of my brother Killian, I saw the account in a paper before I left Philadelphia that he had been captured. My mother's letter to him says: "Your Father has been to New York, since his return your brother was brought in on April 23d by the Schr Betsey, master C. N. Mole in 24 days.

["Capt. Killian H. Van Rensselaer, late of the schooner *Two Friends* of New York port, and belonging to Thomas White, merchant of this city, came passenger in the Betsey. He sailed from Wilmington, N. C., on the 15th of February bound to Martinico, and on the 6th of March in lat. 26, long. 58, he was captured by a French privateer schooner, called La Voitisseur, commanded by Lombar. They took Capt. Van Rensselaer on board the privateer, ho was put in irons, and deprived of much; they robbed his chest of all his papers and great part of his clothing. They likewise robbed the mate and crew; then sent a prize master and six men on board the schooner and ordered her for Curracoa, detaining the captain, mate and 2 seamen on board the privateer. On the 8th, they spoke the sloop Industry, Capt. Lovell from Charleston, and carried into Jaquemel."]

"Disagreeable news is furnished with wings and Killian's misfortune adds greatly to our uneasiness on my brother Robert's account, he too may share the same fate and I fear his want of fortitude in that case. On Friday Papa went to attend the funeral of the Patroon's only daughter she died suddenly of the colic. The first you write after receiving this do inclose me a lock of your hair, I will have it put in the Back of your Miniature with some of mine, like sheaves of wheat. Far be it from me to beg you to return one moment sooner, than is consistent with honor or duty." Capt. V. R., continues, "I earnestly pray your brother Robert may not share the same fate, should he be so unfortunate, let me beg of you not to take it too much to heart, it can answer no good purpose. A Brother is near, but recollect a fond husband is nearer. If your two brothers Peter and Robert have arrived, tell them I am one of their best wishers. I am now in great haste to get off,

Your affectionate Husband,
SOLOMON VAN RENSSLAER.

Mrs. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill, Albany.

Extracts from Capt. V. R's Note Book.

May 11, 1797. At Fort Washington dined in Company with the General and other officers at the Lieut. Governors. At Fort Washington I found the men of my old troop dismounted. I had not seen the fine fellows since the great battle in which they bore a distinguished part. The meeting was as unexpected as gratifying. I immediately, on the 12th passed over to Lexington, Ky., to facilitate, superintend and expedite the purchase of horses to mount my men, and in a few days reported myself and troop ready for duty: having arrived at Lexington on the morning of the 14th and left in the afternoon of the 18th and reached Georgetown 12 miles after having forwarded the horses for my Troop, and on the 20th reached Fort Washington through a continual rain for 30 miles.

21st. The horses arrived at the river, Lieut. Ball with thirty Dragoons went over and took charge of them. I crossed with him and receipted for them.

22nd. They were crossed in tolerable order and without confusion. The two or three following days, the Blacksmiths were employed in Shoeing of them, and the Tarrier in trimming and Physicing them, whilst myself closely engaged in getting every thing in readiness for the March &c.

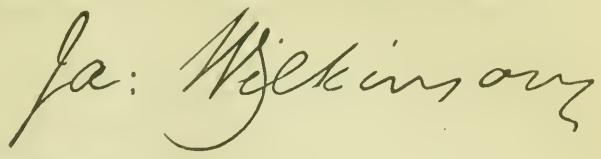
25th. Assorted the horses to their Riders and on the 26th, were for the first time mounted, and after being inspected by the Commander-in-Chief crossed the Ohio and encamped on its bank opposite Cincinnati, to prevent the frequent cases of drunkenness in the Troop. This day Captain Isaac Guion received orders to descend the River to Natchez in Mississippi, but did not go until the day after. Captain Ford's company also received orders this day and the General descended the River to the mouth of the Miami to the Camp of the 4th Regiment under the command of Colonel Butler intended for Knoxville, and returned on the day following when Captain Guion Sailed for the post of Natchez. In compliance with my orders received to day, I am exercising my Troop and in a few days will be ready to start. ["The equivocal conduct of the Spanish authorities of Louisiana in relation to the treaty of limits &c. induced General Wilkinson to reinforce our military posts on the Mississippi river; and for this service he selected Captain Isaac Guion, an officer of tried confidence and approved intelligence, who had served with General Montgomery before Quebec, and possessed great energy of character."]

General Wilkinson to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Head Quarters, Fort Washington, May 26, 1797.

You are, this day, to cross the Ohio river, with your troop, and to commence your march for Knoxville, in the state of Tennessee, without one moments unnecessary delay. You will proceed by easy marches, on the most convenient road for Fort Blount, on the Cumberland river. Should you discover on your approach to, or arrival at this place, that the Indians are hostilely disposed, you are to fall back, either to Nashville, or take some intermediate secure position, where your cavalry can be well subsisted, and wait the arrival of Lieut. Col. Commandant Butler, whose orders you are to receive. But should you find the Indians in a state of tranquility, you will proceed on to Knoxville, with due military precaution and on your arrival there, will report to the senior officer on that station, and require quarters and subsistence for your men and horses,

where you are to wait the arrival of Col. Butler, unless otherwise disposed of under the authority of the President. Wishing you an agreeable tour, I remain with much friendship your obedient servant,



Captain Van Rensselaer.

General Wilkinson was appointed deputy adjutant general by Gen. Gates, and, after the surrender of Burgoyne, congress made him a brigadier general by brevet. Congress was so overjoyed at the surrender, they allowed Col. Wilkinson, the messenger of the glad tidings, to stand upon their floor and announce the fact.

Extracts from Capt. V. R's Note Book.

June 4th. Remained until this day in the family of the General Lieut. Ball with the Troop on duty. The General, Inspectors and other Officers visited our camp and reviewed the Troop; in the evening I returned with them and remained until the afternoon of the 5th When I received my Orders to march, and took leave of the General and others. This morning we commenced our march and reached Reads on the Dike Ridge the 20 Miles. Seven of the men were drunk and one lost his sword, for which he received thirty Lashes, and another Six for his carelessness in losing his canteen.

6th. In the morning commenced our March and reached Little Station at 4 oclock P.M. without any accident happening, here Lieut. Ball joined me with Dispatches from the Commander-in-Chief for Knoxville &c, went to day 20 Miles.

7th. Left the Troop under the Command of Lt. Ball and proceeded onward with my Servant and one Dragoon to Lexington 40 miles, with a view to forward him on express if a Citizen of confidence could not be had, and reached that Town about sunset, and proceeded to accomplish the business.

8th. Dispatched the Dragoon Express, and then was employed in Scouring the Country to form our Encampment &c.

9th. The Troop arrived and took possession of a beautiful spot two miles from Lexington. Several of the men intoxicated and three did not join this day which will be all the worse for them.

10th. The men joined. Corporal Joiney I reduced to the ranks and ordered him to receive 25 Lashes for disobedience of orders. Maynard, Culin and Jackson received 50 Lashes each for leaving the Troop and getting drunk.

11th & 12th. Dined with the citizens who are very attentive and friendly to the officers. There are frequent parties visiting our Camp. The Saddlers and Blacksmiths are employed constantly in the necessary repairs of the Troop.

13th. The Volunteer Troop of horse, gives us a grand and pleasant Barbecue; theirs is a pretty Scarlet with Black and Silver lace. The social entertainment in the open air gave a day spent in harmony and friendship.

14th Mr. Brown, brother to a Senator in Congress, with his Wife and a number of fine agreeable young ladies honored us with a pleasant visit.

15th. A Ball was given in honour of the Cloth, but not feeling much inclined for such amusements I declined going but I requested Lieut. Ball to attend, which he did.

Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Lovely Harriot, Dragoon Camp, Lexington, Ky., June 14, 1797.

* * * I have taken possession of a beautiful piece of ground in a sequestered spot two miles from Lexington, and have formed a pretty Camp. The Ladies and gentlemen of the City pay us frequent visits, a large party are to be out to day. It is 9 o'clock A. M., I have ordered the Trumpeter to sound for Roll call. I must attend. While I lived with General Wilkinson in his family at Fort Washington, as an evidence of his confidence, not one single order was given me for the Police or discipline of my Troop. I was left to make such a disposition as I thought proper, it gives me pleasure that my little experience has placed me beyond the unpleasant reflection of inadequacy. Since I have been here, I have received letters from the General, amongst other things he says, "Deliver the enclosed to Col. Butler when you meet, and send forward the letter for Knoxville in such a way as your discretion shall direct, it is of importance. Life and Laurels my dear *Boy* to you." The letter I have forwarded by a confidential sergeant.

5 o'clock P. M. The expected party, my lovely Harriot, have been here, they were quite agreeable, and I did the honors to the best of my skill. June 15th. This morning it rained a little which prevented my moving, but it has now cleared off, and have given directions to have every thing in readiness for that purpose in the morning, a little more time can I only devote to you. The Ball is Postponed until this evening in consequence of the rain. Lieut. Ball is now making preparations for the occasion, but for my part, I am off; the perusal of your affectionate letter will, by far, give me more pleasure.

I have an elegant pair of bays, these with a fine sleigh and then what pleasure will I have with my Harriot. Jake takes good care of them and behaves well, he is a fine boy and makes an excellent body servant, you will hardly know him. I draw provisions for him by order of the General. I wrote this letter at different times as I could find opportunity, or be spared from the duty of the Troop, it is written on my knee, I need not make any apology for inaccuracy in it. Mr. Ball is just going to Town and I must close, with the cruel word Adieu.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill, Albany.

Extracts from Capt. Van Rensselaer's Note Book.

June 16th. Every thing being again ready for a march, the tents were struck and baggage packed. At ten oclock commenced our move through Lexington on the head waters of Elkhorn river, with about 900 inhabitants. Our cavalry passed on in handsome order; the streets were crowded with gaping citizens expressing their entire approbation "at the beautiful sight," as they were pleased to term it. The full uniform and dragooner's heavy sword always carry their peculiar charm; perhaps it is owing to the satisfaction felt in knowing how nicely they can slash through the wily Indian skull, just like cutting into a round ripe pumpkin in successful warfare! After a *walker* of 20 Miles encamped at a hot headed Democrats.

17th. Reached Danville twenty miles more after crossing the Kentucky and Dicks' River; a heavy rain accompanied us this day. The high rocks or precipices being 400 feet high of Dick river are wonderful; some of the banks are of lime stone and other of white marble; they are covered with large groves of red cedar, the banks high on both sides.

18th. It rained fast all day; our clothes being wet, we continued in camp, and were treated with much Civility by the Citizens.

19th. Two pack horses were missing and could not be found; proceeded to William Shaws, found a fine meadow for our horses.

23rd. Having procured provisions and forage we left Shurmans, and after two miles passed through the small town of Greensburgh and 12 miles further brought us to the little Barren river, thence to the Blue Spring grove where we encamped. The streams from some of these springs are quite as brinish as ocean water; the deer and other animals come to these licks to lap up the salt. The land here for eight miles at least may be called very barren in every sense of the word; the Soil is stony, the grass is long and coarse affording but little subsistence for cattle. Save small scopes of timber in a few places, nothing but scrubby oaks are visible. The extent of this piece of most extraordinary land is 100 miles each way, it is extremely unpleasant in warm weather and even dangerous to travelers. There are many curious caves of miles in length with singular pillars and arches; there was also a spring on Green river the water of which was very much like oil and burnt with a fine light.

24th. Encamped at Sinking Creek; for 13 miles the water was very bad, nauseous with sulphur and the land same as yesterday with very singular cavities; the Creek disappears for some miles.

26th. Found the 4th Regiment under Col. Butler encamped at the Forks of the road from Nashville I therefore advanced three miles from them and encamped at Major Wilson's 26 miles from our last encampment, where I got some excellent timothy and corn for the horses and Indian meal for the men, rain all this day.

27th. Proceeded in the rain four miles to Gen. Winchesters, where I purchased seven days provisions and Forage. This is the Cumberland Settlements and the richest soil I ever beheld. The Fourth Regiment encamped near us, only a creek dividing the camps.

Col. Butler to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Please give the Corporal a Pass to travel the Caney-fork road to South-west Point. I have notified the Officer at that post of your movements, and directed Capt. Sharks to provide for the Dragoons until they receive your orders to Join. Your Humble Servt.

June 28th 1797. THOS. BUTLER L. Gen. 4th U. S. Regt.

The Regiment moved before sunrise fifteen miles. My Troop continued in Camp until near 12 o'clock, being detained by rain, when it ceased the line of march was taken up. Being obliged to have on hand a quantity of provisions and forage to last us for 150 miles (not burgagable to get any at the Stations in the wilderness) I directed the Dragoons to march on foot to save the horses. The road being through a rich country and a continual thicket of cane-brake; it was very muddy in consequence of the rain.

29th. Early in the morning moved through rain and over intolerable roads, passed the Infantry encampment, who remained there for the

day; the Country was rich and well timbered. Crossed the beautiful River Cumberland at the Caney-fork ferry and formed our Camp on the South Bank thereof, between the large Caney Branch and this river, fifteen miles. This River is very deep and consequently the current not rapid.

30th. Moved early in the morning, the Dragoons still on foot but the road being over a light hilly ridge the traveling is better. The beautiful waterfalls among the hills over which we had passed and the high cliffs was an impressive scene. Passed the *Line* (two miles south east) between the United States and the Cherokee Indians where we encamped having gone twenty-five miles.

July 1st. Our route to day lay through a Barren Country for about six miles to the forks of the Caney-fort and Fort Blount roads at the foot of the Cumberland Mountain.

Capt. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Lovely Harriot, Dragoon Encampt. July 11th 1797.

I reached Knoxville the place of my destination on the 5th Inst. after a long march of six Hundred miles, which I performed in one month precisely from Fort Washington. Not being pleased with my situation in Town, and Col. Butler with the Fourth Regiment not soon expected, I moved on the 6th to this place two miles from it, formed my Camp and built fine strong Stables which has engrossed all my time. * * * My Troop is to be stationary near this place. The Country is beautiful and healthy, the river scenery exceedingly fine; the mountains and valleys have great natural wonders, and all is most agreeable to me. Every thing drives on smoothly about me, not a man or horse have I lost on the march or here. The Fourth Regiment have lost several by desertion etc; in about ten days they will be here, when my Troop will probably take its position at Telico Block House 30 miles distant. The pleasing hope of receiving a number of letters from you on my arrival in this state, made me bear with greater fortitude the fatigues of so long a march, but Col. Butler is now daily expected and I hope on the first of September I will leave this, never to return more if you are only spared to me. My time is almost constantly employed in the Police and discipline of my Troop, business and company leave but little for writing. I have this moment received a letter from Colonel Butler advising me of his arrival at the Confluence of the Tennessee and Clinch Rivers, forty miles from here, in a few days he will be here, possibly before this leaves me on next Wednesday by the mail. Under the Knoxville head of the inclosed paper you will find my name mentioned, it will please you and so I send it on. I have a beautiful pair of Moccasins for you, and from this will see I intend to make a little squaw of you. I must stop with this attempt at a little liveliness, it does not correspond with my feelings. Let me not look back to past scenes, it is too distressing; instead of finding the happy Harriot to welcome me with a tender embrace on my return from short visits on business I must attend to the dull routine of camp duty and then roused from my broken slumbers by the Trumpet before daylight in the morning. The Commissioners are proceeding with amicableness in the limit line survey, and my furlough will allow me to leave, if not necessarily required here. May you not be disappointed in spending your Birthday, Sept. 3, with me, we will celebrate it together, and may you see many days equally happy with your doting Husband and

fond little ones. And may they crown you with Laurels that will compensate for what you may suffer; in the character of a Mother you will shine in the care of your little family.

God Bless you Farewell.

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

"Knoxville, Tenn. July 19, 1797. On the 15th inst, Captain Van Rensselaer with his troop of light dragoons, arrived in this town. The good order and soldierly appearance of this corps of horse reflect honor on themselves and their officers. We understand that the commissioners who acted under the United States, in running the line between this state and the Indians, have desisted from extending the line from some distance beyond Cumberland to Clinch river, in consequence of some dissatisfaction expressed by the Cherokees. Col. Hawkins & Mr. Dinsmoor, returned to this town a few days ago, and Gen. Pickens has remained at his camp on Sinking creek about ten miles from this town, though we just learn he will come to town tomorrow. Also that Gen. Winchester will shortly be here, when it is understood these vicegerents of Executive power of the United States will proceed to the division line between the Cherokees and the district of Washington and Hamilton in this state. We do them but justice to add, that a strict regard to the claims and rights of both nations (we have understood) will be the governing principle of these gentlemen."

General Andrew Pickens took his first lessons in the art of war while serving as a volunteer in Grant's expedition against the Cherokees. He became a warm republican when the revolution broke out, and was one of the most active of the military partizans of the South. He was commissioned major general of the South Carolina militia in 1795, and was often a commissioner to treat with the Indians. He married an aunt of the late John C. Calhoun.

The Furlough.

Knoxville, State of Tennesssee July 30, 1797. Captain Van Rensselaer of the Dragoons is permitted to visit his Family, and to be absent during the pleasure of the Secretary of War.

Lt. Col. Butler. Ja: Wilkinson.

Lt. N. I. Visscher to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Fort Oswego, November 16, 1797.

How many days, and months, nay! almost years have passed since I have beheld a Letter from you, and I do not suppose that I should ever again receive a line if I was not to write you. How strange it is that whenever man (I mean the majority of mankind) slip into the matrimonial noose, their friendship is at once diverged. But with me, there will be a glaring exception to the rule, with me; where two hearts have beat in unison, where providence has thrown the sweet ingredient of friendship into the rugged path of life to enable us to sail down the torrent with ease and safety, nothing can efface the tie from my memory. No morbid tumor shall rankle in my breast, nor shall even the Bridal Bed snap asunder the tenderest ties of *consanguinity*, affinity and friendship with me. Friendship when once rooted in my breast is not like the plant of a temperate clime when removed to a torrid zone, where the leaf becomes withered, the blossom no more expands and the plant enervates and dies under the influence of the scorching sun. But with me it never en-

ervates, it is as impenetrable to infection as the castle which is impregnable, is impenetrable to the sword of the open invader. You have heard before this of my appointment to the command of this place. Pray when have you seen Miss Sanders? I wish she would prove friendly in assisting me to choose a partner like the turtle of the vale. I am too apprehensive of a rebuff, or I should request you to present my warmest esteem to her. I sincerely wish that my acquaintance with her was of an earlier period, but permit me to drop a subject which admits of so much doubt in its attainment to my happiness. This goes by Col. Smith my particular acquaintance who goes in a Boat that carries your Trunk from Fort Washington to Schenectady. I have given a certificate on Mr. Glen Agent for transportation, for the carriage. Present my friendship to Mrs. V. R. I hope you are made happy ere this by an increase of family, but mum on this score. Adieu, Yours.

Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. I. VISSCHER.

After remaining more than a year at Fort Oswego, Lieutenant Nanning I. Visscher of the Artillery, was appointed to the command of the garrison at that place. This fort was of great military importance during the colonial wars. The *London Magazine*, for the year 1757 gives an account of the investment and surrender of the place, it was reduced by the French under Gen. Montcalm. The works at Oswego at this time consisted of three forts, viz., the old fort on the west side of the river, and two forts on the east side, situated on two eminences, which latter were commenced the year previous, and were in an unfinished state. These works were very weak, and the walls of insufficient strength to resist heavy artillery. The English relied for a defense upon having a superior naval force upon the lake but it was incomplete. The French were the victors and after the capitulation immediately dismantled the forts.

Richard Varick to Philip Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir: New York, Nov. 28, 1797.

I have the Honor of acknowledging the Receipt of Mrs. Rensselaer's favor without date accompanied by two Cheeses and a Bag of Aragrietties for Mrs. Benson and myself. I should long ere now have forwarded an Answer with a Remittance of perishable articles, consisting of most excellent Carolina potatoes, Oranges and a pot of Brandy peaches, which are boxed up and have been at the Wharf and remanded on account of the extreme Cold Weather, and our hearing of your River being frozen up so as to Stop the Navigation to Kinderhook. I hope the river will open again, or both of us will be disappointed. While we congratulate you on the Birth of another Grand Daughter, and wish you and Mrs. Rensselaer as well as Arrietta and her dear Spouse [Solomon Van Rensselaer] every Blessing on the Occasion, we hear with extreme Concern the continued Indisposition of Mrs. Elmendorf, and that *you* are far from being well. Our best wishes attend you both and may a beneficent Heaven preserve our friends; to his Care and protection we cheerfully commit them, assured that there alone they can feel themselves safe and happy.

With regret I mention to you the Death of Mr. Martin Hoffman of Mount Ross in Dutchess County (whose lady you saw with us). He died on Tuesday last between 10 and 11, after about 24 or 26 Hours Illness of a Cholic. So we drop off one after another, and who knows the next Passenger in that Journey. Mrs. Benson joins Mrs. Varick and Miss Laidlie

and myself in thanks to you and Mrs. Rensselaer for your present, and in our best wishes for your Health and That of our other friends of your family, to All whom We pray to be affectionately remembered. Accept the best sentiments of Respect and Affection from your Friend (who is called to Court in Haste). RICHARD VARICK.

Mr. Philip Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill, near Albany.

Secretary of War to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, War department, 25 April, 1798.

The Service requiring your immediate presence with your Company, you will be pleased to join it with all convenient Speed.

I am Sir with regard Your most obedt Serv.

JAMES McHENRY.

Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany.

Col. Hodgdon to Capt. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Philadelphia, 26th November, 1798.

The Generals Washington, Hamilton and Pinckney are here making with the Assistance of the Secretaries an arrangement for bringing into effect the contemplated Army, if you have any particular claims to prefer I think you ought to be here as early as possible, for it is not expected General Washington will remain an hour longer than is Necessary to compleat this business for which his information and Station peculiarly fit and entitle him. I have no doubts deserving Officers already in Service will be properly noticed, yet I think it best they should urge their pretensions personally. In haste adieu. If I can Serve you, command me.

Yours very sincerely,

SAMUEL HODGDON.

Capt. Solomon Van Rensselaer,

Invitation from General Thomas Pinckney.

Mr. Pinckney requests the Honor of Mr. Renslaer's Company at Dinner on Monday the 23d Febry, at ½ past 5 oClock.

General Washington to John Tayloe.

Dear Sir: Mount Vernon, 23 January, 1799.

The Gazettes, which, I presume, you have seen, having announced your appointment as Major in the Regiment of Light Dragoons, I shall add no more than a wish that it may be acceptable to you, as it is a very honorable one for any gentleman who has not been in or seen much service. The other Major now is, and has been in the dragoon service several years a Captain, is a man of family, genteel in his person, has given proofs of his gallant behavior, and was wounded in General Wayne's victory over the combined Indian force in the year 1794.[1] Colonel Watts, you will no doubt have heard, was esteemed one of the best cavalry officers we had in the Revolutionary War, and whose merit is particularly well known in this state. In a word, I believe it may be said, that a more respectable corps of officers cannot well be than this, if all the appointments are accepted.

With great esteem and regard, I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

John Tayloe, Esqr., At Mount Airy.

[1] Solomon Van Rensselaer, of Albany, subsequently a general, and the hero of Queenstown.

Colonel Tayloe of Richmond county, having just been elected to the senate of Virginia after a fatiguing contest, hesitated before accepting this appointment in the army, on the ground, as he wrote to General Washington, that if he should accept, his seat in the senate would inevitably be filled by an opponent of the administration. Congress called Gen. Washington from retirement to take command of the army. He selected those he could rely on and sent his trusty General Hamilton who cherished my father as a friend and kinsman for him. In the presence of Gen. Hamilton and Gen. Pinckney he questioned him in regard to the state of his wounds, and in January, 1800, appointed him a major of cavalry. "By the law," says Major Van Rensselaer, "subsequently enacted for reducing this army, two troops of cavalry were retained without a field officer, I of course, was among the disbanded, but not until after every effort in my favor had been made by Governor Jay, the gallant but ill-used Gen. Schuyler, General Hamilton, and all the great Federal leaders of the day to have me retained in service."

Gen. Schuyler to the Secretary of War.

Dear Sir, Albany, Octr. 8, 1799.

As it seems of importance to the Community that Military officers should as much as possible, be selected from that class of Citizens whose property renders them interested in, and attached to the public weal, If in that class competent characters can be found; Under this impression I deem it a public duty, respectfully to draw the attention of Government to one who in my opinion and in the estimation of our Citizens, is every way worthy. Captain Solomon Van Rensselaer is the eldest Captain of Dragoons of the Army of the United States & who wishes to continue in the service, hoping that from his standing in that Corps, he may with propriety, solicit promotion to the rank of Major therein. Of his military character, Government is probably well advised; his civil one, is marked with prudence, sobriety, integrity and patriotism. As it will afford much satisfaction here and to many of your friends of the Government, to see its patronage extended to so very worthy a young Gentleman, permit me to entreat your countenance in his favor, with our worthy President.

I am Dear Sir, With great regard & esteem

Your obedient Servant.

Hon. James McHenry &c., &c., Secretary War. PH. SCHUYLER.

Lieut. N. I. Visscher to Major Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Fort Niagara, Nov. 14, 1799.

After a long lapse of time I have again presumed to address you. I have from your long silence supposed, that your friendship towards me had ceased, yet, I cannot conceive that the juvenile warmth so early kindled into benevolence and brotherly affection, and which had for years been cherished with the greatest reciprosity, should thus fade like the *falling leaf*. I think my conjectures must be right, for I cannot conceive that any material change could on your part have happened since I left you, save your rank and preferment in life, but this could not, and I am almost persuaded that it has not effected the smallest iota of change in you. On my part, fortune has frowned with its severest dispensations on me in the lottery of promotion, and my humble rank makes me despair of ever glittering as a Soldier, or acting a conspicuous part in the Science of War. To continue speaking of myself (and which I do with diffi-

dence) I have for a year or two been more particularly engaged in sciential pursuits, but my application has only been conducive of evincing how *insignificant is man*, and comparatively speaking, I have been left something in the same way, that Juno left Ixion, fully convinced of the truth, that "at twenty man suspects himself a fool, knows it at 30, and at 40" &c., thus have I in my searches arrived at the second stage, too well impressed with my deficiency of education, "and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," grieved to death that I am not capacitated to act a more shining part. I am sorry to inform you that my religious tenets have undergone some change, but on this I must for the present be silent, and request the same of you to this point. I find that I have in this Letter been quite an egotist, but I write to you as an old friend and compatriot, and with such, strict formula is therefore not necessary. I have lately met with a rebuff in application to General Hamilton for leave of absence. I shall to-day write my ultimatum to the General on that score, for I am determined no longer to serve under the auspices of this *Frenchman*, it will not be till sometime in the winter that I can expect to leave this, till then,

N. I. VISSCHER.

I remain as usual, your affectionate

Major Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Mr. Visscher returned to Albany and subsequently we read:

"Married, on Thursday Jan. 8, 1807 at Albany, by the Rev. John M. Bradford, Mr. Nanning I. Visscher, Merchant, to Miss Catharine Glen Van Rensselaer, daughter of Colonel John I. Van Rensselaer, both of Greenbush."

Alexander Hamilton was born on the island of Nevis, British West Indies. He was of Scottish descent by his father; *French* by his mother. Fort Niagara was under the supervision of Gen. Hamilton.

In 1798, when an invasion was apprehended from the French, and a provisional army had been called into the field, President Adams had offered

the chief command of this army to Gen. Washington, who consented to accept in case Hamilton should be chosen second in command, with the title of inspector general. He succeeded in bringing the organization and discipline of the army to a high degree of excellence. The chief command devolved on him at the death of Washington in 1799.

CHAPTER VII.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

President John Adams transmitted to the congress of the United States a letter received from Tobias Lear, Esq., private secretary to General Washington, communicating the sad intelligence that: "On the 14th day of December 1799, GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON breathed his last at Mount Vernon in the 69th year of his age." House of Representatives, Dec. 18, 1799, Philadelphia. Mr. Marshall rose and addressed the Speaker in the following words: "Information, Sir, has just been received that our illustrious fellow citizen, the commander-in-chief of the American army, and late President of the United States, Our Washington is no more! the hero, the sage, and the patiot of America, the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people."

"Philadelphia December 20. In consequence of the afflicting intelligence of the death of General Washington, Mrs. Adams's drawing room is deferred to Friday the 27th, when the Ladies are respectfully requested to wear white, trimmed with black ribbon, black gloves and fan, as a token of respect to the memory of the late President of the United States. The Ladies of the officers of the general government will please to wear black."

"WASHINGTON IS NO MORE! How shall we express our grief on this distressing event; with what language shall we give vent to the full feelings of our hearts. It is true, he had reached the summit of human honor, and was ripe for immortal Glory. It is true, he had retired, in a degree, from public office, to the walks of rural life. It is true, the government of our country has devolved on wise and faithful men; Yet *Washington* was still our guardian, our pride and our defence. His reputation was a bulwark, and a shield, under whose broad and protecting shade America reposed with unbounded confidence. He led our armies amidst the perils of revolution to victory. His virtues, his wisdom hushed to peace the voice of discord, and consolidated these states under one firm government. Heaven *lent* him to us, to make us a nation, and to render us prosperous, powerful and happy. Having accomplished his high errand, *he* is now recalled and *we* are overwhelmed with grief. He was taken ill on Friday. An intimate friend asked him if he wished to have anything done on the

arrangement of his temporal affairs; he shook his head and replied, 'no I thank you, for my books are all posted to Tuesday'"

"The Common Council of ALBANY N. Y., on hearing the melancholy tidings of the death of GENERAL WASHINGTON, came to the following resolution:

"RESOLVED, That the Bells of this City be tolled from three to five o'clock this afternoon; [Dec. 23d] and that the Members of this Board wear Crape round the left arm for the space of six weeks, as a testimony of respect to the memory of LIEUT. GEN. WASHINGTON, deceased."

During the tolling of the bells, minute guns were fired by the corps of U. S. Artillery stationed in this city, under the command of Captain John McClallen. The churches in this city were dressed in Mourning on Sabbath, and appropriate discourses delivered.

Funeral Procession in Albany.

Thursday, January 9th, 1800, was devoted by the citizens of Albany to the performance of military and civil honors in memory of the beloved and venerated Washington. The concourse of citizens, and inhabitants of the vicinity was uncommonly numerous. A deep and mournful silence hung over all ranks, and gave the most impressive testimony of a pervading heart-felt grief at the irreparable loss of a character uniting such unexampled virtue and public worth. The artillerists of the United States began the solemnities at daybreak, by firing sixteen guns in quick succession, and continued firing a gun every half hour until the signal was given by three guns for the procession to form. At ten oclock, the military paraded in Watervliet street, under the command of MAJOR SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER of the army of the United States, as Marshal. Capt. McClallen as officer of the day, assisted by Adj. Wendell and Lieut. Treat directed the procession.

[In June, 1799, we find regarding *Hearses*: "It is in contemplation to bury on *hearses*, instead of bearing on the shoulders. This certainly will be an excellent substitute for bearers, who are inevitably exposed to the putrid exhalations of dead bodies, with which they are almost in living contact. It is to be hoped that no ancient prejudices in favor of an old custom will prevail against propriety and expedience, for the life of no man ought to be endangered if it can be avoided."]

The *bier* was received on the left of the line, drawn up in open ranks with arms presented, the officers, colors, and music saluting. Minute guns firing at a distance, during the procession. At 11 o'clock by a signal of two guns, in immediate succession, the procession moved in the following order: Cavalry with swords reversed, Drums muffled, colors reversed and in mourning, Band of Music, instruments dressed in crape. Pall Bearers were: Col. Lush, Col. Wendell, Gens. Ten Broeck, Van Horne, Schuyler, Gansevoort. General's Horse, led by 2 black men in mourning with white turbans. Military Associations in uniform and full mourning. Law Society of young gentlemen wearing crape, with badges trimmed with black ribbon; their president in full mourning. Having arrived at the North Dutch Church, the procession halted, the troops formed in two lines, with open ranks; the whole body of military leaning on their arms reversed. The bier, preceded by the officers of government, and the clergy, passed through to the centre of the middle isle of the church. The officers of the army, the corporation of the city and the respective corporations then followed, succeeded by the several

societies in reversed order, the citizens following. As the bier was entering the church, a solemn chaunt, with accompaniments was sung by Miss Lilly. The walls, pulpit and the stage erected for the orator, were draped with black cloth. The solemnities in church were opened with prayer by the Rev. John Bassett. Funeral Oration by Wm. P. Beers, Esq. Concluding Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Nott. Anthem in full chorus. The vocal accompanied by instrumental music was very fine. The bier was then removed in front of the church where the last military honors were paid to the memory of the deceased. While the procession was moving the bells of the respective churches were tolled, they all had been previously muffled. The military presented a splendid appearance.

On Saturday, February 22d 1800, Washington's birthday, a sermon was preached by the Rev. John B. Johnson (at the request of the legislature of the state) on the death of Washington. The text was from 1st Chronicles, 29th chapter, 28th verse: "And he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour." The church also at this time was draped with black. In the afternoon an oration was delivered in the court-house. Our beloved Washington is no more! He has descended to the house appointed for all living, followed by the tears of a nation.

General Hamilton to the Secretary of War.

Dear Sir, New York, August 8th, 1800.

Major Rensselaer, who was eldest captain of dragoons before the late augmentation of the army, was under that augmentation promoted to a major. He has some time since devoted himself to military affairs, as a profession for life, and is unwilling to quit. For my part I have conceived there was a discretion in the president on this subject, which may be exercised in favour of the major. A field officer for the cavalry appears to me in every view proper. For the character of Major Van Rensselaer, as an officer, I refer you to Gen. Wilkinson, with whom he served. The inquiry I know will result greatly in his favour, and as a man, there is none more worthy: he is a kinsman of Mrs. Hamilton.

With esteem and regard

The Hon. Samuel Dexter, Secretary of War. A. HAMILTON.

Gen. Hamilton to Gen. Wilkinson.

Dear Sir:

I have received your letter from Washington, my wishes in every thing accord with yours. I shall be glad of every opportunity of brightening the charm. As soon as possible I will send you the information you desire. A change of office has deranged my Military papers and will occasion some delay. Major Rensselaer unwilling to quit goes to ascertain the possibility of remaining. I am of opinion that the thing is still in the discretion of the President. You I know are his friend.

Yours truly

To General Wilkinson. A. H.

General Hamilton was a noble man, quick to do justice to others if in his power. In speaking of General Washington, between whom and himself a coolness had taken place towards the close of the war, and the colonel had left General Washington's family, he says, "all appointments to office, wherein he was especially called to exercise his own judgment, he nobly divested himself of sympathy or antipathy, and made what he considered the fitness of the agent to the office the ground of his choice.

There had been for sometime such a standing, or misunderstanding, between us, that I had no more expectation of office, than I had of being appointed pope's nuncio, when I received the invitation to take charge of the treasury department." The coolness was caused by the following malapropos casualty. The army was encamped in New Jersey, General Washington was just mounting his horse, to visit his advanced post, when he recollected a letter he had recently received from the British commander, which it occurred to him he might have occasion for whilst at the lines. He called Colonel Hamilton, and requested him, to hand the letter to him. The colonel returned to the office, but not being able to place his hand on it, reported, that it was mislaid. The general replied, "I must have it." Search was again made without effect, and Colonel Hamilton returning, repeated that the letter had been mislaid, and expressed his sorrow at not being able to find it. The general rejoined with warmth, "Sir, you shall find it." Hamilton was astonished, but replied promptly, "I shall find it, sir, but must let you know, that in addressing me, you do not speak to a menial." The occasion was honorable to the parties; it furnished General Washington an occasion for the display of his magnanimity, and Col. Hamilton an opportunity to assert his personal dignity and independence of mind. Colonel Hamilton retired from head quarters, but was appointed to the command of a battalion in the *elite* corps, at the head of which he stormed a redoubt during the seige of New York before the surrender of Cornwallis. Whilst secretary of the treasury, he was *ex officio* one of the cabinet counselors of President Washington; and such was the confidence reposed by that great man in his integrity and ability, that he rarely ventured upon any executive act of moment without his concurrence.

There had been serious divisions in the federal party on account of President Adams's course in the appointment of diplomatic agents for the negotiations with the French government before that government had officially signified its willingness to receive them. Timothy Pickering and James McHenry were in Adams's cabinet but opposed to him. McHenry was desired to resign, which he did, and Samuel Dexter had been chosen secretary of war. The event caused much excitement, bitter animosities prevailed, while criminations and recriminations ensued. The alien and sedition laws were used adroitly by the democrats to excite the people against Adams's administration and the federal party. Burr, the most unscrupulous intriguer of the day, worked incessantly; the result was, the triumph of the democratic party over the federalists.

Extract of a Letter from Gen. Wilkinson to the Secretary of War.

City of Washington, August 9th, 1800.

* * * General Hamilton warmly recommends the retention of Major Van Rensselaer in service; but I fear the ground he takes is not tenable, though the circumstance is undoubtedly essential to the service, and is devoutly to be desired, as the major is a gem worthy preservation. A squadron of cavalry without a leader, is an unseemly thing; and not unlike a body without a head, from which much good cannot be expected. Mr. Van Rensselaer's pretensions to patronage are peculiarly strong. On the 20th August, 1794, he received a shot through his lungs, at the head of the troop. At the reduction of the then army, he continued in service, and on the levy of the late contingent force he was taken from his troop and promoted to a majority. The disbanding this force has, I fear,

thrown him out of service, unless you may judge proper to retain him on the ground of expediency, until the president or legislature may be consulted. Certain it is, he is essential to the formation and discipline of the squadron, which, without a chief, presents an original spectacle.

But he was among the disbanded at the reduction of 1800; and after that period, although anxious for a military appointment to which he would have done honour, his politics, as a good federalist, opposed an insuperable bar to his applications. The strong party feeling between federalists and democrats was strongly developed.

Governor Jay to the Secretary of War.

Sir, Albany, 19th Nov., 1800.

Whether a major for the cavalry of United States should be retained in service, is a question on which it would not be proper for me to make any remarks. But if it should be deemed expedient, that such an officer should be retained, I take the liberty of informing you, that, from what I have heard and know of Major Solomon Van Rensselaer, who wishes to devote himself to the military profession, I really think he merits the attention of government.

His qualifications and conduct as an officer have probably been made known to you by Gen. Wilkinson and others. His character here as a citizen and a gentleman attracts general esteem; and for my own part, I consider him as one of the most valuable and promising young men that I know. I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Sir, your most obedient servant, JOHN JAY.

The Honourable Samuel Dexter, Esq., Secretary at War.

Governor Jay, perceiving it was the policy of the democratic party or those in power, not to accede to his suggestions, subsequently gave to Major Van Rensselaer the best office in his gift, adjutant general of New York state. Regarding which, Gen. V. R. says; "Soon after, I received the appointment of Adjutant General of the militia of this state, under that great and good man Gov. Jay. This appointment I held during the respective administrations of his successors Governors George Clinton and Lewis; for nine years during Governor Tompkins's administration, and, though subsequent to the events on which the mention of these facts is intended to bear, for nearly the whole period of Governor DeWitt Clinton's." These marks of consideration and of confidence were from such high sources, and justly obtained. After the completion of John Jay's mission to England to obtain the evacuation of the forts which that power still held on the frontiers of the United States contrary to the treaty of 1783; compensation for losses suffered by American merchants from the seizure of their vessels, having cargoes for France &c., he was elected to the gubernatorial chair for the second time in 1795, two days before he landed at New York.

He was the first governor who set the beautiful example of proclaiming a day of public thanksgiving in this state. In 1815, he was appointed president of the Westchester Bible Society, and in the ensuing year, one of the vice presidents of the American Bible Society; in 1821, he became president of this society, which office he held till 1828, when he resigned on account of the infirmities of age. He died at Bedford May 17, 1829, aged 84 years. Mrs. Jay accompanied her husband to Europe and on leaving Paris in 1784, among the souvenirs presented by Madame de la Fayette to her, were two arm-chairs, embroidered by her own hands. The

Jay treaty at that time was universally applauded, Hamilton wrote to him "The New England people talk of making you an annual fish-offering."

Gen. Wilkinson to Maj. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Van, Pittsburgh, Dec. 29, 1800.

Your letter enclosing the testimonials of Governor Jay, soon reached me here and I immediately transmitted them to the Secretary of War, with every thing I could say. Your Brother [Kilian H.] will be appointed beyond Doubt. Mrs. Wilkinson is with me, and in Good Health. I hope this may find you and your fireside comfortable and happy. Visscher is on the Wing and I have one Moment only in which to assure you of my unalterable attachment.

Major Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. JAS. WILKINSON.

* * * Kilian H. Van Rensselaer was a very active and enterprising man, and particularly as a seaman was capable, very able and accomplished. We have good reason for saying this much, as by his extraordinary exertions on board a vessel in which we were largely interested, in a very severe gale of wind and a violent storm, the crew being nearly all frozen, it was by his exertions alone that the vessel was saved and brought into port. We do therefore recommend him as a seaman well qualified for any Station he may engage in.

DAVID GILSTON.

New York, Decr. 17th, 1798. NATHN: G. INGRAHAM.

Kilian Henry Van Rensselaer was the second child of Major General Henry K. Van Rensselaer and Alida Bradt, was born at Greenbush, Rensselaer county, February 17, 1769. He was a remarkably fine looking stately gentleman and much beloved by all.

Secretary of War to Kilian H. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, War Department, 18th February 1801.

The President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate has appointed you a Lieutenant in the first Regiment of Artillerists and Engineers in the Service of the United States.

You will be pleased to notify me of your acceptance or non-acceptance immediately on receipt hereof; and should you accept, at the same time report yourself to Major Thomas H. Cushing, Inspector, City of Washington.

I am Sir, with much respect, Your Obedt. Servt. SAM'L DEXTER.

Kilian H. Van Rensselaer Esq., Spring Hill near Albany.

"Kilian Van Rensselaer, Esq. of Greenbush is promoted to command the George Washington, of 32 guns and 350 men, now lying at Newport, where she arrived on the 12th inst. Captain Van Rensselaer passed through New York on Saturday December 1800 on his way from the Seat of Government, to take charge of the above frigate. He is to proceed with all possible dispatch to the West India station."

When Mr. Van Rensselaer was making an effort for this appointment, before Mr. Dexter came into office, in a letter to his brother, the major, he says: "Mr. McHenry our Secretary of War observed to me, that he should be very happy to see one of *our* Name in the U. S. Navy; he also mentioned that he should be very happy to see me conduct myself, in my professional Line, as *you* have done in yours. He passed a number of very flattering Encomiums on *your* prudent Conduct and abilities which he desired me to imitate."

Kilian H. Van Rensselaer was a lieutenant in the navy, a very brave and proud spirited man who aimed at a high position in life. After his promotion he sailed for, and arrived at the West Indies in safety, but fell in a duel at Cape Francis in Hispaniola at the early age of 32 years on Tuesday March 17th, 1801, with an English naval officer on that station. The cause of this duel was an insult to our country and its officers, which the patriotic scion of the Van Rensselaer family would not submit to, and a challenge was the sad consequence. In maintaining the dignity due to our "Star Spangled Banner" he believed in resorting to coercive measures if necessary, and evinced the same nobleness of spirit, that was subsequently manifested by General John A. Dix when he issued his famous order, January 29, 1861. "*If any one attempts to haul down the American flag*, SHOOT HIM ON THE SPOT." This noble officer was another victim to that mistaken code of honor, which has so frequently sent brave hearts prematurely to the silent grave, sacrifice to a false view of laws. He now rests in a far off sunny land, beneath the moss-covered stone, under the massive branches of stately trees, shielded by the luxuriance of tropical foliage and glittering blossoms. A younger brother writes: "Kilian being of a magnanimous and forgiving disposition, having by lot the first shot, fired his pistol in the air. The English officer, more bull-dog like, took deliberate aim and shot him down; for which act, my and his father, and his other brother, your father, never forgave the English nation. The old hate keeps good in the blood of the family. I have during life hoped for an opportunity to test it on one of the English race, but now I am fast passing away." In 1621, the *first duel* in New England was fought with sword and dagger between two servants. Both were wounded, and they were sentenced to have their heads and feet tied together and so to be 24 hours.

THE PEOPLE of the State of New York by the Grace of God Free & Independent. To SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER Esquire GREETING.

WE reposing especial trust and confidence as well in your patriotism, conduct and loyalty as your Valour and readiness to do us good and faithful Service, HAVE appointed and constituted and by these presents DO appoint and constitute you the said Solomon Van Rensselaer ADJUTANT GENERAL of the Militia of our said State: You are therefore to take the said Militia into your charge and care as Adjutant General thereof and duly to exercise the Officers and Soldiers of the said Militia in Arms who are hereby Commanded to obey you as their Adjutant General and you are also to observe and follow such orders and directions as you shall from time to time receive from our General & Commander-in Chief of the Militia of our Said State or any other your superior Officer according to the Rules and discipline of War and to do & perform all other acts and duties to the said office of Adjutant General by Law appertaining in pursuance of the trust reposed in you and for so doing this shall be your Commission, for and during our good pleasure to be signified by our *Council of Appointment.*

IN TESTIMONY whereof, We have caused our Seal for Military Commissions to be hereunto affixed. *Witness* our trusty & well [EXCELSIOR] beloved JOHN JAY Esquire Governor of our said State General and Commander in Chief of all the Militia and Admiral of the Navy of the same by and with the advice and consent of our said Council of Appointment, at our City of Albany the twenty-third day of January in the Year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and one, and in the twenty-fifth Year of our *Independence.* DANIEL HALE, Secry.

Passed the Secretary's Office the 27th January 1801.

When the army was disbanded, Major Van Rensselaer went into civil pursuits, but, after the death of Adj. Gen. Van Horne, was called by that great and good man, Governor John Jay, to the responsible position of adjutant general of New York state on January 23, 1801. His commission is signed by John Jay, governor, and Daniel Hale, secretary, which office he retained, notwithstanding the high political excitement which agitated the state, for twenty-two years. This was during the succeeding administrations of Governors George Clinton, Morgan Lewis, Tompkins, and for nearly the whole of that of Gov. DeWitt Clinton; the latter was, subsequent to the time he rendered such important and brilliant service, in his country's behalf, in the war of 1812. At this period the gallant major was appointed an officer in the North Dutch church. The first time he went around at the close of the sermon as an acting deacon, with the plate for alms, he was closely observed by his companions. During the collection, on handing it to our greatly beloved Dr. William Bay, since deceased, who was seated at the head of his pew, his patience was sorely tested. The fun loving doctor, with a twinkle of his merry eye, for some moments fumbled in his vest pocket to find his money, thinking thus to embarrass the church officer. With imperturbable gravity, the young deacon waited a suitable time, and then, with inimitable composure, put his hand in his own pocket, and taking out a penny, handed it to the mischievous, conscience stricken physician. I have heard Dr. Bay relate this incident with great glee, and say the tables were completely turned, that all the mortification was his own; for it made a little sensation in the church, causing the risible faculties of not a few of the devout worshipers to be exercised at the ingenious device of the young soldier.

"It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the HON. MAJOR GENERAL PHILIP SCHUYLER at Albany on Sunday evening Nov. 18, 1804 in the 71st year of his life. A man eminent for his useful labors, in the military, and civil affairs of our country. Gen. Schuyler was born in Albany on Nov. 22, 1733. In the dim galleries of the past, where now hang the portraits which commemorate the good, the gifted, and the brave, who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their honor to the cause of liberty in the stormiest days of the revolution, no one more deservedly challenges admiration than does Gen. Schuyler. Among all those grand actors in the heroic history of our country, whose shadowy outlines are now but faintly visible through the smoke of revolution and the haze of an intervening century, surely none should be more proudly recognized than General Philip Schuyler, especially by the citizens of Albany. At an early age he began to display his active mind and military sbirit and was a captain at Fort Edward in the year 1775. He was with Lord Howe when he fell by the fire of the enemy at the north end of Lake George in the summer of 1758; and he was appointed to convey the body of that young and lamented nobleman to Albany where he was buried, with appropriate ceremonies in the Episcopal church. He was a practical, not a theoretical statesman; an active, not a visionary patriot. He was wise in devising, enterprising and persevering in the execution of plans of great and public utility. The death of such a man is truly a subject of private and of public sorrow. On Wednesday his remains were interred with military honors, in the family vault of the Hon. Abraham Ten Broeck. The military under command of Major S. Lansing were drawn up in Washington street; and on the appearance of the corpse it was received by the line with presented arms, saluted by the officers and by the standard,

which was enshrouded with crape, and with melancholy music by the band. The military then preceded the bier in open column and inverted order with arms reversed, the band playing a dead march. The pall was supported by Chancellor Lansing, Stephen Lush Esq., Abraham Van Vechten, Esq., Peter W. Yates Esq., Col. Van Vechten, John V. Henry, Esq., Mr. James Caldwell and Mr. Barent Bleecker. On the top of the coffin was the General's hat and sword, with boots and spurs reversed across the horse. His grey horse was led by two black servants dressed in black with white turbans. The streets were lined with people, doors and windows were filled, and even the house tops were not without spectators to behold the melancholy procession, and to pay their last offices of respect to the deceased. During the procession's advance, there was a regular discharge of minute guns from Prospect Hill, by a detachment of the artillery." Subsequently his remains were removed to the Albany Rural Cemetery. In 1871, Mrs. Mary R. Miller, a grand-daughter of General Schuyler, erected, at her own expense, a costly granite monument over his remains, in one of the finest plots on the domain given by the trustees of the cemetery. It is eminently fitting that this beautiful city of the dead, so near to the home where he dwelt while living, and where slumber the descendants of friends and neighbors who stood, shoulder to shoulder in the contest of the past, should furnish for his remains a resting place.

"Gather him to his grave again
And solemnly and softly lay,
Beneath the verdure of the plain,
The warrior's scattered bones away."

June 16, 1806. Monday at 11 o'clock A. M., there was a total Eclipse of the Sun; the stars appeared and it was dark as at night for 3½ minutes.

Thursday, July 3, 1806. A shock of Earthquake was sensibly felt at 10 o'clock which caused much alarm but no disastrous effects from the occurrence.

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Hudson, 18th March, 1807.

Ever since my arrival I have been engaged in making arrangements relative to the election. This morning I returned from Cats-Kill, I find our friends in this Country languid though united. In this place the leading federalists are firm and determined, some of our friends, however, have as yet not made up their minds. Mr. C—l talks reasonably and I believe without disguise, many things might be stated which would satisfy you that great ardor and great zeal *could* not be expected from him. I have every reason to believe that with some trouble he will be induced to alter his tone, and to act promptly and decidedly in conjunction with his party. I however may be disappointed and I therefore am induced to add that no great expectations are intended to be excited. I am most thoroughly and completely satisfied that Mr. C—l is not a Clinton man, on this I would hazard my existence. The Govr. has his doubts on this subject. He stated to me a conversation with a Clintonian, relative to Mr. C—l which I confess alarmed me. When at Catskill I satisfied myself that Mackay, not Harry C—l was the person alluded to by the gentleman with whom Governor Lewis conversed. Mackay edits the *Recorder*. I will explain this at another time. The federalists at Catskill are not opposed to Gov. Lewis, Benton, Haxtun, and one or two of their dependants excepted. But they are not yet active or zealous, measures have been taken to awaken them, never did you know such

exertions as are made by the Clintonians here and in Green. Could it have been so ordered as to have roused our friends, all their exertions would have been counteracted, much can and will yet be done. But it requires more than one man to set a whole party in motion, why should we exert ourselves? is a question daily put to me! I answer it as well as I can, my friends listen to me but they are not all satisfied. However, I flatter myself we shall do pretty well both here and in Green. But how much better we might have done if a proper course had been pursued! never, never have I known so glorious a prospect for the triumph of good men and good principles so strangely and unaccountably trifled with. The policy which has been pursued was doubtless conceived to be the true policy. I have been for some time and.am daily becoming more and more satisfied that if we lose the election it is because the temper and views of our pary have been entirely misunderstood and wantonly sported with by the Council. I yesterday received a line from our friend Foot. He is extremely wroth, and is nominated as a Candidate for the Senate. The appointment of the Sheriff in Delaware has excited great uneasiness there, and I fear much injury will result from it. Foot tells me he has written to Tillotson. When I left Albany I mentioned to the Gov^{r} that it was best to postpone the appointment of the officers of the independant company proposed to be raised here until I might ascertain the state of things here a little better. It is essential that the appointments should be made as soon as may be, at the same time, I do not mean that these appointments should precede all others of a military kind. We had a meeting here last evening respecting Charter officers, never did I see our party in this City more animated as it respects the support of *federal* candidates, about 170 voters attended. We appointed a Committee for our County meeting, which will be about the 10th April, I am one of the Committee the rest are *good* men. I hardly know what I have written, I am confined to my house this morning (I began this letter yesterday) by a smart fever. Do let me hear from you soon.

Sincerely and truly yours.
W. W. VAN NESS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Adjt. General, Albany.

At this time there was a great struggle between the democrats and federalists. William W. Van Ness was one of the most eminent leaders among the latter. On June 9, 1807, by the Hon. the council of appointment, he was appointed one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of New York state, and took the place of Judge Livingston. No appointment which has been made gives greater satisfaction. It reflects great credit on Governor Lewis. He was a man of most wonderful ability, and seemed to know every thing that was necessary for a man and judge to know. Nothing he ever said or did seemed to cost him any effort, yet there was a power and a strength in his intellectual movements which every body felt who witnessed them. He was a brilliant and a noble hearted man, pure in spirit and in purpose as he was gigantic in his intellectual proportions.

These were troublous times, dating as far back as 1792. "When the proclamation of the French republic was made known in America, and that the French had made a conquest of Austrian Netherlands, the friendship of Holland during our own revolution seemed to be forgotten, for there was an outburst of popular feeling in favor of the French republic; they were blind to the total difference between their own revolution and

that in France. In honor of this great change there was a grand fête, held in Boston, January 24, 1793. An ox was roasted whole. It was then decorated with ribbons, and placed upon a car drawn by sixteen horses. The flags of the United States and France were displayed from the horns of the ox. It was paraded through the streets, followed by carts bearing sixteen hundred loaves of bread and two hogsheads of punch. These were distributed among the people, and at the same time, a party of three hundred, with Samuel Adams, lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, at their head, assisted by the French consul, sat down to a dinner in Faneuil Hall. To the children of all schools who were paraded in the streets, cakes were presented, stamped with the words *Liberty and Equality*.

By public subscription, the sums owed by prisoners in the jail for debt were paid, and the victims of that barbarous law were set free. These demonstrations were soon followed by the arrival of Citizen Genet, as he was styled, as minister of the French republic to the United States. He came in a frigate, and was landed at Charleston, South Carolina. His reception was all that his ambition could have demanded, and his journey from there to Philiadelphia, the national capital, was a continued ovation. He was a man of culture and tact, spoke the English language fluently, was frank, lively and communicative. He was precisely the man for his peculiar mission. He mingled familiarly with the people, proclaimed wild and stirring doctrines, scorned all diplomatic art and reserve, and assured the citizens of the United States of the unbounded affection of his countrymen for the Americans. The republican leaders hailed his advent with delight; and a large portion of the people were favorable to immediate and active participation by their government with France in its impending struggle against armed Europe. Many in the wild enthusiasm of the moment, forgetting the difference between American and French liberty, would not have hesitated an instant in precipitating their country into a war that might have proved its utter ruin. If our citizens have not already been shedding each others' blood, it is not owing to the moderation of Mr. Genet but to the forbearance of the government."

It was fortunate for the country that a man like Washington, and his wise counselors were at the helm and halliards of the vessel of state at that time, and endowed with courage sufficient to meet the dangerous popular gale. The unwarrantable conduct of Mr. Genet from the moment he landed in Charleston, until the date of his letter on the subject of the negotiation, was sufficient to excite caution in the American government. He had there violated the sovereignty of the United States by enlisting men and giving them commissions to commit hostilities on nations at peace with us. The president issued a proclamation of neutrality, warning citizens of the United States not to take part in the kindling war. At the same time it was agreed that the minister of the French republic should be received. The wisdom, and timeliness of Washington's proclamation of neutrality was soon made manifest. There were written proofs that Genet was truly engaged in villainous machinations against our peace and friendship, in endeavors to excite discord and distrust between our citizens and those whom they had entrusted with their government. He had secret instructions in his pocket also to foment disturbance between the United States and Great Britain, and to set the American government at defiance, if necessary, in the execution of his designs. The executive department however, unawed by the storm of passion that beat

upon it, went steadily forward in the path of right and duty. These measures greatly irritated the French minister and his American partizans. Mr. Genet assumed a new and bolder line of conduct; he engaged in a correspondence with our government which on his part was replete with insults, till finally the government instructed our minister at Paris, to desire Mr. Genet's recall because he was offensive to that of the United States. He was recalled, but never returned to France as a change of faction had taken place in his country, and he thought it not prudent to do so. Mr. Genet often spoke in after days of the wisdom of Washington and his administration; the folly of his own countrymen at that time and their admirers in America, and rejoiced that the proclamation of neutrality defeated his wild scheme.

(Mr. Genet married a daughter of Gov. George Clinton. His daughter married a son of Col. Nicholas Van Rensselaer of Greenbush; and his second son married Magdalena Witbeck a grand-daughter of Col. Nicholas Van Rensselaer who fought at Quebec in 1775. Mr. Genet was buried in 1834, in the grave yard of the Reformed Dutch church at Greenbush, and since then his eldest son has been laid by his side).

The failure of Citizen Genet's mission put an end to these unhallowed schemes of conquest, not however, until they had produced annoying effects upon the national government. A spirit of intolerance had been continued all this time, and still existed even in 1806, beyond the control of sober men, of either party; there were more than ordinary causes for this; the influence of the French revolution upon the people of this country remained with great power; the annunciation of liberty restored in France, after a dark night of centuries, gave an impulse, that caused a delirium in the public mind, especially among the masses. It was enough that the chain was broken, and the Bastile destroyed; the Marseillaise and other famous national hymns of the French revolution were chanted in our streets; scarce a thought occurred, whether here were materials to lay the foundation of rational liberty; whether the French character, at all times easily excited, light, frivolous and changeable, ignorant of the first principles of free government, did not require a long training, to prevent its termination in anarchy, or a despotism more oppressive, than that from which they had escaped. Many in the ardor of their feelings, were ready to suspect some of the best friends of liberty, if they expressed fears of the final result. An individual who was not prepared to hurra for the French, would have but little influence at elections with a portion of the republican party. On the other hand, the prevailing temper of the federal party was, to stigmatize their opponents, as French Jacobins, ready to approve the atrocities of the French revolution then apparent. In this state of things, truth requires the admission, that the republican party was more infected with the mania of wild French democracy, than their opponents. The federalists having the power of the state in their hands, were rather intolerant in the exercise of that power; this at times produced much irritation. The federal party were in favor of the Constitution of the United States, and the republican party generally opposed to its adoption without certain amendments, and in consequence called anti-federalists. There were feelings of alienation on that ground and prejudices which had not yet been removed; there was also much personal hostility between individuals arising from real or imaginary wrongs, these gave keenness to the edge of political warfare.

The political elements were in violent commotion and extended to Albany, at which place Mr. Genet now resided. The democratic party were nearly all in raptures and sympathized with Citizen Genet; not so my paternal grandfather, General Henry K. Van Rensselaer. Although a strong democrat, the old soldier had shed his blood too freely for our independence to see it now bartered away so easily; he still carried in his thigh a constant remembrancer in the shape of British lead, and exerted himself to stay the torrent of a misguided community. He gave his opinion freely, stating insolent declarations and menaces regarding America, which Genet had made to him, in the presence of his son the adjutant general and others. He was contradicted and told it was *false;* and this was more fully expressed at a public meeting of democrats, of which Elisha Jenkins was secretary, by means of the adverse resolutions, regarding a federal meeting, which were unanimously adopted. His son Solomon, was justly incensed that his own untarnished integrity was thus maligned; and though opposed to his father in politics, being a strong Federalist, would not hear of such an insult to his venerable and decrepit sire without notice. It was the law of a soldier's nature which prompts him to repel a base attack on the reputation of the brave and the deserving, in the same spirit which he would meet an assault on a military post or position, which had been committed to his own special keeping. He flies irresistibly to the rescue of his comrade, when in danger, and he is always ready to thrust himself in, to receive any blow which he sees aimed at the one whom he would save. Elisha Jenkins (secretary of state) being the author of the resolutions, adopted at the republican meeting that questioned Gen. Van Rensselaer's veracity, was held responsible. The sequence of a well merited chastisement inflicted on the secretary as a base traducer, was the occasion of a disgraceful political row, the crafty handiwork of democratic demagogues showing "the good old times of their boyhood," which resulted in serious injury to the intrepid and high minded son. The first brand thrown into the fire consisted of an affidavit by Colonel Nicholas Staats, of the county of Rensselaer, charging Adjutant General Van Rensselaer with what was characterized as "Corrupt Influence," to favor the re-election of Governor Lewis. This was followed by an affidavit from Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer and his father, Gen. H. K. Van Rensselaer, denying the whole charge, together with other affidavits and letters. The allusions to Mr. Genet in these documents called the minister of France to his feet. In consequence of which he published a lengthy statement as a counter debate, for the opposers of Governor Lewis in order to defeat his re-election and implicate the reputation of the adjutant general had fabricated an affidavit which was the occasion of much trouble.

E. C. Genet's Counter Statement.

Prospect Hill, April 7th, 1807.

Among the shafts which unknown hands dart incessantly at me through the poisoned channel of the papers devoted to the most virulent faction, I have noted one whose authors have had at least the honesty to give their names. I will accordingly answer them in the same way, excepting the ceremony of an oath, which I do not consider as necessary to strengthen my declarations.

The affidavits of Messrs. Henry K., and Solomon Van Rensselaer might require on my part several remarks; but as the public are very

little interested to know the minute particulars of my conversation with them, I will merely state, that the motives which induced me to obtain from Mr. Nicholas Staats, at the request of several of my friends in Albany, a testimonial proof of certain facts which that gentleman had frequently divulged, were grounded on public good and equal justice. An attempt made to seduce the honor of that representative of the people, and entice him to deviate from the path of faithfulness to constituents, was a very alarming precedent, if true, or a very slanderous report, if unsupported by evidence. The case is now before the tribunal of the public, and I am satisfied to have done my duty as a citizen, in exposing it there.

I wonder how private opinions, totally unconnected with the transaction above mentioned, have been introduced in the affidavits of the said gentlemen. It appears to have been done with an intention to hurt me: but as passion is very often blind, her blows seldom bear. I could also go to a justice of the peace and swear on the Holy Book, that I never have said, to the best of my recollection, that after Napoleon the 1st had dispatched England in "case the government of the United States did not conduct towards him with more civility and friendship than they had hitherto done, they would next be attacked and subjugated to him"— but by the use or abuse which has been lately made of affidavits, I confess that I am a stranger to the point in dispute, it would have very little effect upon my mind. I prefer to demonstrate, by plain reasoning, that I have not, that I could not have asserted that such an event should take place, with those degrading circumstances, or that I have been grossly misunderstood. The great object of the editors, co-operators and suppliers of the quid papers is, to make the people believe that I am here, at Prospect Hill, the agent, the emissary, the factotum of Bonaparte! Is it probable, if I had accepted that important embassy, after having abjured my allegiance to France, when France ceased to be free, that I should be imprudent enough to disclose, in that delicate situation, the ambitious views of my employer? Is it probable that I should be ignorant that he does not complain of our general administration? Is it probable that I should have offered for the service of this country, as I can prove I have done, memorials on the use, organization and tactics of the flotillas and plans for the defense of our coasts and harbors? Is it probable, that knowing the principles of the present form of government in France, I should support here, by all the means in my power, the cause of liberty? No, certainly not. The idea of a French invasion to take place after the conquest is accomplished, has for several years been held up among the people, but I have always considered and represented it publicly and privately as a mere folly, if it was sincere, or as a trick of the English and federal alarmists if it was not; and I never have thought that the conquest of the United States could be an object of glory, ambition or interest for France. What glory would there be for those veteran legions who have annihilated the renowned legions of Austria, Prussia, Russia, and so many other powers, to cross the ocean for the purpose of attacking a militia valorous but not yet equally disciplined? In what would the ambition of France be gratified by crushing down, at an immense expense, a government which owes to her in a great measure its existence? And what advantage would there be for her to paralyze by despotism the wonderful activity and enterprise of a people so useful to her manufactories, to her trade, to her colonies, and whom she has lately treated with

so much magnanimity, in excluding them from the severity of the decree of Berlin? It is absurd, it is deleterious to admit the possibility of such an unnatural event, unless that spirit of experience, reason, good sense and patriotism, which has occasioned the downfall of federalism, should abandon our fellow-citizens, and raise up a new English faction, ready to insult, outrage, provoke, and even declare war against the most powerful nation on earth. But in case the judgment should be passed on us by heaven, then would we see whether the quids or the republicans would be the first to shed their blood for the defence of their country, and to perish rather than be conquered and subjugated.

E. C. GENET.

The state of excitement was such, after the letter of Mr. Genet was published, that an indignation meeting of the federalists was held at the City Hall, on the 14th of April, 1807, at which among many other resolutions the following were adopted:

* * * * *And whereas* this meeting has understood that a certain emigrant from France, formerly minister of the French Republic in the United States, and notorious for his intrigues during the administration of President Washington, is now zealously interfering in the elections of this state, and has declared to one of our fellow-citizens: "*That in case the Government of the United States did not conduct towards the Emperor of France with more friendship and civility than it had hitherto done, they would next be attacked and subjugated by him.*"

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting, that the said declaration is an unjustifiable attempt to alarm the fears of our citizens, to violate the freedom of suffrage, and to overawe the ensuing election by the menace of foreign powers. And it is further

Resolved, That the renewal, at this critical juncture, of the intrigues of the above mentioned French emigrant, after so long an interval of obscurity, viewed in connection with the late turbulent attempt of the above said Irish emigrant, [Thomas Addis Emmet in an attempt made in the Hibernian Society of Yew York to inflame the passions of foreigners] contrary to his professed intention of taking no active part in political and party questions, affords strong grounds of suspicion and belief that a great effort is now making, by a certain party in our state, to accomplish party purposes by the united force of a dangerous foreign influence.

They considered the influence of intriguing and turbulent foreigners as dangerous to the peace and safety of our country.

Sol. Van Rensselaer to E. C. Genet.

Cherry Hill, 15th April, 1807.

In your statement of the 7th instant, you seem to consider General Van Rensselaer's and my affidavits as violent attacks upon you. Had you reflected one moment, it would have occurred to you that you was the first assailant. Your officiousness in procuring the affidavit of a weak and intemperate man to fix a stigma on my character, for the purpose of implicating the Governors, and of which I warned you to desist before that affidavit was published, rendered a defence highly proper. In making that defence I deemed it right to submit to the public every circumstance that might serve to develop your views, or to designate your secret prompters. I do not, however, mean this explanation by way of apology for anything contained either in the Generals or my own affidavit, to such an apology you are not entitled, because by assuming the

humble employment of an affidavit hunter, to subserve the basest party purposes, you have forfeited the consideration of every respectable citizen. Whatever the abuse may be which has been actually made of affidavits, it cannot exonerate you from the imputation of having made the foolish and unwarrantable assertions stated in the affidavits first alluded to. But lest my object in this disclosure may be misapprehended, I now tell you, that it was not because I gave credence to your assertions or thought them wise; but because I conceived that they evinced your real disposition in relation to the relative interests of this Country and France, for in that view, it is of little moment how absurd and preposterous soever the assertions are, when an adopted citizen (as you call yourself) utters sentiments which denote that he has not abjured his alien propensities, with the renunciation of his first allegiance, it shows that the work of abjuration is not perfected. That such a man, whatever his professions may be, is still an alien at heart, and not to be trusted in case of a conflict between his adopted and native country. I shall take no further notice of your statements, nor of the obligations which you seem inclined to impose on the United States toward France "*for their political existence, and the magnanimity of Bonaparte, in excluding them from the severity of the decree of Berlin*," than by observing, that whatever those obligations may be, they were due to your murdered Sovereign, and not to the Usurper, whose magnanimity and heroism you on all occasions delight to extol. But that the public may be more fully apprised that your confessed conviction of the absurdity of your assertions relative to Bonaparte's subjugation of this Country, does not restrain or regulate your tongue, I now subjoin two more affidavits. Hence it will appear that there are four affidavits opposed to your bare assertion on this subject. Go then to "a justice of the peace and swear on the Holy Book" that you never made use of the expressions stated in those affidavits, and then let an impartial public decide where the falsehood lies.

With respect to your affidavit maker, Staats, I only remark, that while he stands convicted in essential points by two credible witnesses, besides myself, and is a convicted *liar*[1] of many years standing, and was seen going home intoxicated on Saturday the 11th inst., when his affidavit, accompanying your statement was taken, I deem it unnecessary to bestow any further attention on him than by exhibiting that conviction anew to the public.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

"The demonstration made by the federalists at their indignation meeting on the 14th was followed by a mass meeting of democrats, at which Mr. Rufus King, resident minister of the United States at the court of London, came in for a large share of censure, while Mr. Emmet was warmly applauded as deserving of thanks. They viewed with lively satisfaction the bright prospect of triumph for their cause."

"At a numerous meeting of republican electors, held pursuant to notice, at the Albany Coffee House, on Friday, 17th April, 1807, George Merchant, chairman, Elisha Jenkins, secretary. The meeting proceeded to

[1] Mr. Staats in the year 1798, caused a publication to be made in the public papers about himself in regard to the nomination of Mr. Jay, which was proved to be a mis-statement as solemnly declared on oath by eighteen persons who were cognizant of the whole affair.

take into consideration the resolutions passed at a federal meeting lately held in this city, censuring the conduct of THOMAS ADDIS EMMET, Esq., and approving the interference of RUFUS KING, Esq., American minister at London, in preventing the migration of certain Irish state prisoners to these United States, and other resolutions passed at the same meeting. The business of the meeting was opened and explained by the Honorable *John Tayler*, in an eloquent and spirited appeal to the judgment and feelings of all present. After reading the federal resolutions, etc., the following RESOLUTIONS were read and duly considered, and the question being put upon each, they were all unanimously agreed to:" * * * The *Third Resolution* was the cause of the State street affray, viz:

"RESOLVED, That we wholly disbelieve that EDMUND C. GENET, the former minister of the French republic, has declared, 'that in case the government of the United States did not conduct themselves towards the Emperor of France with more friendship and civility than it had hitherto done, they would next be attacked and subjugated by him.' And we are warranted herein, not only by the positive denial by Mr. Genet of his having made such a declaration, but by the whole tenor of his conduct which has fallen under our notice since his residence in this part of the state. That this meeting has incontestible evidence of his attachment to this country, inasmuch, as he has purchased and holds considerable real estate within this state; has resided here more than fourteen years, has been naturalized more than three years, and, by his marriage with the daughter of a native citizen of distinguished rank, by whom he has several children, he has every tie to bind him to the interests of his adopted country. That to deny him the rights of an elector, would be a prostration of the constitution and laws of the UNITED STATES, and an act of tyranny, which we abhor and detest.

"*Resolved*, That we see no evidence whereon to ground a suspicion or belief, that an effort is now making to accomplish party purposes by the united force of a dangerous foreign influence; but to the contrary thereof, the citizens now assembled see in this charge the revival of those stale and antiquated attempts of the federal party, to alarm and agitate the public mind for the obvious purpose of promoting the election of Morgan Lewis, and defeating that of the republican candidate Daniel D. Tompkins &c. &c."

The next thing in order was *the fight in State street:* After Dr. Samuel Stringer had dressed the wounds of General Van Rensselaer, at the Tontine Coffee House, which was located on the north side of State street, above where the City Bank now stands, he was taken to Cherry Hill, on a mattress, in a boat. His thick, beautiful long hair, fortunately, was braided and clubbed behind, and this had afforded some protection to his head; but his symptoms continued very alarming. The stroke from the heavy club on the back of his head, and the dastardly kicking after he was prostrate, brought him to the verge of the grave; for many weeks he lay nearly unconscious, and the chance for life appeared but small. "The patient was confined to his bed about three weeks, sometimes worse and sometimes better; the wound probably would unfit him for business many years. Any violent exercise of body or mind, at some future day, might carry him off. Dr. Stringer was repeatedly asked by defendant's counsel, whether he *knew* that there was a contusion of the brain in Van Rensselaer's case; the witness replied, that he *had not been on the inside of the skull to*

look. Witness had forbidden his riding even in a chair, Van Rensselaer had formerly rode much on horseback; but could do it no more." For years afterwards he could not bear the motion of a carriage.

Lieutenant Governor Tayler to the Public.

I certify, that I do not know or believe that his Excellency Governor Lewis furnished Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esquire, with a Cane on Tuesday last; nor do I know or Believe that the said Solomon had the Governor's Cane during the Affray on that day; nor do I Know or Believe that his Excellency the Governor did in any manner encourage or countenance said Affray, but when I saw him, after it was over, he plainly and unequivocally disapproved thereof.

Albany, 25th April, 1807. John Tayler.

William James, while writing at the back of his store, heard Mrs. Cooper scream and went out just in time to separate Bloodgood from Van Rensselaer. "Mrs. Cooper was between Tayler and Van Rensselaer when Bloodgood came up." Mrs. Cooper had been an intimate friend of my mother's, and till her death, my father always sent a couple of *olikoeks* to her, on New Year's day by the hand of her excellent son, Gen. Cooper.

The following letter was received a few days subsequently.

Lieut. Governor Tayler to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Albany, 24th April, 1807.

The unfortunate affray that took place on Tuesday last excites in me the deepest regret, and to add to the misfortune the grossest misrepresentations are propagated, it is said that my negro was armed with a Club, and the others of my friends were also armed and prepared.

I can in the most solemn manner declare this to be an untruth, I did not Suspect any thing of the kind nor did I know that Mr. Bloodgood was in my house, passion and not Malice induced me to address you in harsh Language and to go up to you when you called to come on. I was confident from your skill in the use of the back sword, that small injury only if any could fall on you from the mean of defence I possessed, in this I am sure you will agree with me and I can most solemnly protest that I meant no more.

Mr. Cooper at my door seeing me engaged with two men as he supposed ran out and got between you and Mr. Schermerhorn, getting hold of him but did not as he positively declares, see you after that or touch you at any time, his back being towards you.

Mr. Bloodgood, acted under the same impression, as he also positively declares, and that neither of them made use of any harsh or improper language to which they are willing to be qualified.

That I should in the remotest degree be the mean or Instrument of giving so much pain and distress to a family for whom I always had the greatest respect gives me great pain. Mr. Bloodgood most sincerely laments his imprudence and would not hesitate to make any atonement in his power. I have learnt with pleasure that the Symptoms were very favorable last Evening.

That the Parent of all good may be graciously disposed to Continue them, and that your health may Soon again be restored to the great Joy of your respectable and afflicted family is the Sincere wish and devout prayer of Your distressed humble Servant,

John Taylers

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esqr.,
Adjutant General of the State
of New York.

"Those savage gentlemen, who came well nigh being assassins, hired persons to watch the house and obtain information, as to the patient's situation, from the four attending physicians. They made arrangements to leave the country in case of his death, which for a long time was hourly expected." One of the honorable men sent a beautiful letter, expressive of contrition, to my dear afflicted mother and begging her forgiveness; but, while she believed his deep regret to be sincere, the wrong inflicted was felt too acutely; and the uncertainty if the life of her "loved one" would be spared, together with the thought that the wound might, at any rate, unfit him for business many years, decided her, and in sorrow the letter was at once returned to him. They all regretted this sad breach of friendship, and many years after, when the federal and part of the democratic party united on DeWitt Clinton for governor, they sent friends to my father's friends, to ask them to intercede, and beg for a reconciliation and his forgiveness. The general sent them word, he was not a savage, he forgave them, but could not forget the wrong done, however, he was willing "to bury the hatchet," and meet their advances if they were sincere. It was a great trial to him, but those who had once been the aggressors, behaved so frankly, so heartily, while the friends on both sides engaged in bringing about the renewal of friendship effected it so handsomely and judiciously, that after a long consultation with my mother, he fully consented. The step was never regretted, and those once bitter political enemies, were ever after his warm friends. Francis Bloodgood, when on his death-bed, sent a mutual friend, Isaac Denniston, Esqr., to beg my father to visit him and grant him forgiveness. With tears rolling down his aged cheeks, the venerable man, pleaded that General Van Rensselaer would accompany him, to that chamber of death. From a quivering lip, slowly came the response: "Tell Mr. Bloodgood I freely forgive him, but cannot go to see him."

Years after in 1826, my mother accompanied my father on a tour of inspection of post offices, by order of post master general, John McLean; from one of her letters we take this extract: "At Rochester we remained a few days, after viewing the Falls left there in a canal boat in company with Colonel and Mrs. Elisha Jenkins, they were very sociable. All was as pleasant and cordial as if nothing disagreeable had occurred between the gentlemen; they parted with regret on both sides."

A Brief Statement of Facts Which led to and attended the Affray in Albany, April 21st 1807.

On the 17th instant, at a meeting of the Clintonians in this city, certain Resolutions were adopted, one of which declared the utter disbelief of the meeting of certain facts contained in a deposition of HENRY K. VAN RENSSELAER, Esquire, and SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, Esquire, the Adjutant General. The latter gentleman feeling himself grossly injured and insulted, and having understood that the Resolutions were drawn up by ELISHA JENKINS, Esquire, who was Secretary of the meeting, attacked Mr. Jenkins in the street on the morning of the 21st inst., having first accosted him and told him to defend himself, and gave him a severe caning * * * Mr. Jenkins himself being armed with a cane. About two hours after this Judge TAYLER, in the presence of several gentlemen, used abusive language of the Adjutant General, calling him *Assassin, Rascal, Scoundrel*, &c., and shortly after seeing the Adjutant General passing down State Street, pursued him with his cane raised, calling him damn'd rascal, and demanding of him why he had used Mr. Jenkins thus, and coming up with him attacked him, the General defending himself with his cane, which was soon wrested from him by Judge Tayler * * * * On which Mr. Cornelius Schermerhorn, jun. came up and furnished him with another, with which he struck Judge Tayler, and while they were thus engaged Francis Bloodgood, Esquire, and Dr. Charles D. Cooper came up, one of them crying *knock the damn'd rascal down*, the other *kill the damn'd rascal*, and Bloodgood with the thick end of a heavy cane which he held with both his hands, struck Van Rensselaer from behind a blow that felled him * * * Both Tayler and Cooper as well as Bloodgood, then struck Van Rensselaer while down with their canes, and Cooper also kicked him, Van Rensselaer being raised up by two persons and greatly disabled, walked off with their assistance, Bloodgood pursued him, and while he was led off, struck him two severe blows with the thick end of his cane, held as before, Van Rensselaer being then unarmed.

While Judge Tayler and Mr. Van Rensselaer were engaged, and just before the first mentioned blow from Mr. Bloodgood, Henry Yates jun. Esq., came up and interfered with Mr. Van Rensselaer, but being disabled himself by a stroke from a person unknown retired. The Governor, [Morgan Lewis took hold of Tayler and told him it was a shame. Tayler replied, My dear Governor, I could not help it, are we to be murdered for expressing our sentiments,] who happened to be near at the time of the affray, exerted himself to the utmost, in quelling the tumult, and the Mayor of the city [Philip S. Van Rensselaer] and other Magistrates, were very active in the discharge of their duty. The Adjutant General now lies very dangerously ill of his wounds. To prevent erroneous impressions, as to the transaction above mentioned, and to contradict the false reports that have been industriously circulated, by our political opponents, to answer party purposes, we publish the above statement, from actual testimony, and from a full conviction of its truth. *By order of Federal Republican Committee of Albany,*

JOHN H. WENDELL, Chairman.

TEUNIS VAN VECHTEN, Secretary.

Albany, 27th April, 1807.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPEECH OF HON. ELISHA WILLIAMS.

The affray gave rise to more law, ill feeling and vindictiveness than any occurrence that ever took place in Albany. For this murderous attack, Gen. Van Rensselaer subsequently had all the parties arrested, and those concerned in the several encounters went to law about their grievances. [The difficulty which caused these suits took place at Albany, on the 21st day of April, 1807, a few days previous to the general election, at which time the republican candidate Daniel D. Tompkins was elected over Morgan Lewis of the federal party.] The actions were commenced in the Supreme Court, and, by consent of parties, referred to SIMEON DE WITT, Esq., Mr. JAMES KANE and Mr. JOHN VAN SCHAACK, as arbitrators, and was tried at Albany in Aug. 1808. ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN and JOHN WOODWORTH, Esqs., were associated with ELISHA WILLIAMS, as counsel for Mr. Van Rensselaer, and THOMAS R. GOLD, EBENEZER FOOTE and JOHN CHAMPLAIN, Esqs., were opposed. SPEECH OF HON. ELISHA WILLIAMS in the causes of Elisha Jenkins *vs.* Sol. Van Rensselaer. Solomon Van Rensselaer *vs.* John Tayler. The same *vs.* Charles D. Cooper. The same *vs.* Francis Bloodgood.

"The great importance of these controversies to my client, as they respect his feelings, his property and his character, is the only apology I shall offer to you, gentlemen, for the observations I am about to submit. The high confidence reposed in you (who are selected by the parties themselves) may be more finely expressed by the opposite counsel, but cannot be more sincerely felt than by ourselves. Nor, gentlemen, can a more sure and ample pledge of your ability, candor, and integrity, be required, than that which you have furnished in the patience and impartiality you have displayed through the tedious details of this unprecedented investigation. These considerations, inspire a confidence that the few observations I shall now submit to you, will be attentively heard and duly appreciated.

"The opposing counsel have confined their observations to the transactions of that unfortunate day, when, on the one hand insolence and insult were justly chastised, and when on the other, unbridled rage and brutal violence finally triumphed in the destruction of a patriot and a soldier. They have described General Van Rensselaer as the baleful star, which arose in the morning, and produced and justified all the fatal excesses and crimes perpetrated throughout the day. Upon this theme, they have poured forth torrents of declamation, and evinced all the fiction, all the 'melancholy madness,' if not the inspiration of poetry.

"But, gentlemen, I must beg the favor of you to travel back with me to an earlier period, to examine the causes, which produced the misfortunes of that unhappy day. And if, in this examination, we find that the political elements were in violent commotion, prior to that lamented day, if we find that the machinations of the evil genius of our country, had prepared all things for an explosion, if in fine, we find 'the hand of Napoleon even in this thing,' let us hear no more of 'the baleful morning star,'

and its baleful mid-day influence. Rather let the guilty authors of those horrid transactions, those incendiaries, who, to gratify an unholy ambition, dared to attack and stigmatize the fair fame of a soldier, to torture his honorable feelings with the most unfounded calumnies, until at length they compelled him to raise his arm in defense of his injured character, let these calumniators be dragged before the public, and let them feel from your hands, gentlemen, the punishment which their dastardly conduct merits.

"What, then, is the real cause of all these outrages, where and when did they commence, and by whose hand was the fatal apple of contention thrown among these parties?

"It had pleased Mr. Edmund C. Genet, by some means, to procure from a Mr. Nicholas Staats, an affidavit, deeply impugning the character and conduct of the adjutant general. [Said to be a bribe to vote for Gov. Lewis.] The adjutant general, then, not suspecting the dark and extensive system which had been planned for the destruction of his character, accompanied by his aged father, called on Staats for an explanation of his affidavit. He was referred to Genet, whose bureau, it seems, had now become the grand arsenal, whence were to be drawn all the political weapons and democratic ammunition which the approaching contest might require. Staats, acknowledging the errors which his affidavit was calculated to propagate, declared to the general that he had long refused; but finally was prevailed upon to swear by the incessant and pressing solicitations of Genet; and, at the same time, referred him to the citizen for an inspection of his oath. The General and his father then repaired to the house of Genet, there it was that the offensive observations were made which are detailed in the affidavit of those gentlemen. There it was, that this Frenchman painted the power, the designs and the intentions of the Corsican tyrant: Bonaparte, he said, had now disposed of all his European enemies, excepting England and Russia. They soon would fall before his power; and then, if America did not treat him with more respect, she must expect that chastisement which his imperial master had never failed to inflict upon national insolence and national impudence, foolishly styled national independence. These, gentlemen, were the observations which my client and his aged father felt it their solemn duty to submit, under their oaths to their fellow citizens. In this were they wrong? Did they violate any rule of justice, any principle of honor in this procedure? No. It was a public conversation, nor, with a semblance of truth, can it be said, that any confidence was violated. Nay, gentlemen, had they concealed it, had they failed to give it every degree of publicity in their power, then indeed might they justly have been charged with treason against the independence of their country. Who was this man, who menaced our country with the vindictive power of Bonaparte? A Frenchman! a man who, from birth, from education, from habit, and, perhaps, from principle, was well calculated to subserve the cause of his imperial master. A Frenchman, by birth, by education, a very Talleyrand in all the mysteries of political intrigue; allied, extensively, to the leaders of the triumphant party; his influence almost unbounded over that party; this man now stood forth the commander in chief of the republican forces of the northern department. To awe the federalists into silence, when art and intrigue, when calumnies and affidavits had failed, he now, as the dernier resort, brandishes over their heads the powers and the vengeance of his imperial master.

"Gentlemen, conduct like this is not new in the annals of the French nation, for the last twenty years. Look at all those miserable countries which France has deceived, betrayed, revolutionized and conquered, and you will find the same means in full operation. Not a nation but has been first corrupted by the emissaries of the tyrants of the terrible republic. And if patriots have resisted the ruin of their liberties, if they have detected and exposed the delusions, the deceptions of their enemy, then have they invariably been menaced with the vengeance of the tyrants of the world. But, gentlemen, these emissaries, who in every form, spread like locusts through every country, have always been able to delude and lead astray the majority of the people. They corrupt the presses, the very sources of information. They flatter the ignorance, the prejudices of their intended victims, they wrap around them the glittering robe of liberty, which veils a thousand deformities, they become the friends of universal liberty, the genuine defenders of the rights of man, they represent France as engaged in the great cause of philanthropy and liberty. They constantly, and through a thousand channels, pour upon the people whole floods of high sounding terms and metaphysical jargon, and thus they succeed in bewildering the judgment, and corrupting the integrity of millions. In this seductive form, they have constantly proffered their accursed principles to the world; and on the eastern continent, nation after nation have 'drunken the medicated draught, nor dreamed of the lurking poison, until, racked by convulsions, they awoke to expire!'

"Gentlemen, are not these facts established beyond the power of controversy? Do you not already perceive, even in this our native country, that this sentiment, which, when first expressed by Genet, was deemed so infamous as to call forth its condemnation from the united suffrage of the party, is now heard with approbation? Yes, it now passes current for sound republican doctrine; and the very thoughts and sentiments then first broached by Genet, are daily ushered into public, through the columns of the *Boston Chronicle*, the *Baltimore Whig*, and even Col. Duane's *Aurora*, with the silence, at least, if not with the approbation of the republican party. With a full knowledge of all these circumstances, gentlemen, let me now ask to whom were these insolent menaces uttered? To Gen. Van Rensselaer, an old and faithful servant of his country, an officer of the revolutionary army, who had little left but his honor and his wounds, to entitle him to the notice of his country; and to his son, the first military officer of the state. These American officers heard this language from a Frenchman, with that indignant spirit which should ever inspire the defenders of our country. They were bound by every principle of honor and virtuous patriotism, to caution their fellow citizens against the intrigues and principles of a man, dangerous from his connections and influence. They felt the full force of the obligation, and their affidavits came before the public, supported by the oaths of M'Donald and Rockwell, in whose presence Genet had made similar declarations.

"The federal meeting, referring to the affidavit, and extracting the paragraph, express of Genet, his sentiments, and his political conduct, their warmest abhorrence. In the estimation of certain gentlemen, who styled themselves republicans, it became important to clear their northern manager from the imputation of sentiments and designs so detestable, and then so unpopular. But how was this to be effected? Two American patriots, two gentlemen of unblemished character, had, by their oaths, convinced the public of their truth. To remove that conviction, the most violent and

imposing measures must be adopted. First, Genet must be called on to deny the assertion of those gentlemen. He, however, declines making his affidavit. He surveys himself with all the complacency and pride of conscious greatness, and asks 'shall I, who but yesterday a great minister of the terrible republic; who assisted in the production of a revolution which has wholly overthrown the land-marks of civil society, shall I, who, with impunity, attacked the character of the god-like Washington; who appealed from the constituted authorities of this country, to the populace, and shook to the very center the government and constitution of this republic, shall I, who sanctioned in my own country all those principles which finally mingled in one mighty ruin the throne and the altar, shall I, who even now bask in the dazzling glory, and greatness of Bonaparte, I, who am *myself* a Frenchman shall I, stoop to kiss the Gospels of God to sanction what I publish? No. Two American officers have sworn to a fact. Singular indeed must be the state of the republican mind, and all my efforts and intrigues must have wholly failed of their wonted success, if the very troops *I*, command, are not yet prepared, upon *my word of honor*, to pronounce those officers guilty of perjury.' Gentlemen, was he mistaken? Not at all. As though inspired by *his* genius, a *republican* meeting was called at the seat of government: a ci-devant republican secretary of state, descended to the rank of a republican secretary of this electioneering convention. This universal secretary, introduces to this meeting, a resolution substantially adopting the assertion of his manager, as truth, and substantially declaring that General Van Rensselaer was guilty of perjury. Yes, gentlemen, an officer of our government, dependent upon his superiors, if not upon Genet for a future salary, thus descends from his high station, to become the propagator of the basest slander. But he did not stop here. Not contented with this private blow at the character of the general, he steps forth into the gazettes of the day, and sanctions by his name and his official character, the basest slander that ever transpired. That this name gave a character, weight and deadly influence to this calumny, which it never would have derived from ten thousand anonymous publications, is not to be disguised.

"Much has been said of the character, the exalted standing, the extensive influence of the secretary. We admit them all. But surely in proportion to that character, standing, and influence, when he gave his name to the propagation of the slander, he inflicted a wound upon Gen. Van Rensselaer's character more deep and deadly. And in the same proportion, was the injury he inflicted and the crime he perpetrated, more aggravated, more destructive. And here, gentlemen, let it be remembered, that Gen. Van Rensselaer was not a volunteer before the public. He was drawn out in self-defense against the foul aspersions of Staats, upon whom Genet has prevailed to swear to conversations implicating the general's reputation. He was not the first 'to cheapen oaths,' by making voluntary affidavits. No, this very Citizen Genet, who afterwards disdained to swear to a suspicious statement, he was the man, that first induced the attack in the form of an affidavit. How, then, can his advocates indulge in declamation against Gen. Van Rensselaer, for the course he adopted? Away with all this French mummery — this squeamishness of 'cheapening oaths.' They are observations which should blister the mouths of the advocates of the man, who imposed the painful duty on my client of repelling with his oath a base and insidious slander, to which Staats had been made to swear.

["The federal republican cause, founded on the basis of the common

good, and having for its objects the preservation of social order and the protection of general liberty, is a common cause, in which the interest of free citizens in general are concerned: That it is a common duty of federal republicans without regarding local distinctions, to support that cause wherever it is questioned, to assert and maintain its principles wherever they are assailed, and to defend the reputations of our most virtuous and distinguished patriots whensoever, and by whomsoever they are calumniated."]

"But it is now denied that Mr. Jenkins referred at all to the affidavit of Gen. Van Rensselaer. He referred, say his counsel, only to the resolutions of the federal meeting. Gentlemen, if those resolutions were before him, the marks of quotation therein used, clearly demonstrate from whom the extract was made. If the public papers of the city were before him, the affidavit itself was under his eye. If in short the denial, the *word of honor* of Genet was before him, then he was referred to the affidavit, and then all pretense of not referring to the general's affidavit, while he cites its language with such scrupulous exactness, must appear a hollow pretense and a puerile evasion. I disdain to spend another moment in exposing this weak subterfuge of conscious guilt. What grounds then, gentlemen, had Jenkins to publish to the world a charge of perjury against Gen. Van Rensselaer? Is his veracity questionable? Is the story improbable? Is there any opposite testimony? On the contrary, he is fully supported by three witnesses of unimpeachable veracity. Yet, says Mr. Jenkins, I believe these gentlemen guilty of perjury, because Mr. Genet denies the charge. I believe his naked assertion though opposed to the oaths of four American citizens, characters above suspicion. But why believe Genet? Because 'this meeting have incontestible evidence of his attachment to this country.' And where is that evidence? Is it to be found in the calumnies which he heaped upon the immortal Washington? Is it to be found in his early attempts to drag this country into the wars of Europe; in his efforts to involve us in all the horrors of the French revolution? In the insults which he profusely dealt out to our firmest patriots? Or is it to be found in those wretched remnants of jacobin clubs which *a la mode de Paris* he scattered through the continent? Where is it to be found? What exploit for American independence exists of which he is the author? What monument of patriotism, of bravery or of wisdom will remain to tell posterity even that he ever existed? You search in vain! Not so my honorable client and his venerable father! The one even in youth a veteran. The other long a faithful servant of his country both in the cabinet, and in the field. Let them bare their scars, those honorable testimonials of their long and faithful services to their native country; and to them let this adopted citizen boast of his warm attachment to our republic.

"But the meeting further say Genet had married into a respectable family, that he has several children, that he had been naturalized and, was the purchaser of real estate. I dispute not the respectability of the family with which he is connected. But if this consideration is to affect the question, I ask, from what family has my client descended? Search the annals of the state, and you will find from its earliest settlement that family has never ceased to be honorable. The children of Mr. Genet, I grant, are conclusive evidence of the soundness of his constitution; but by what species of necromancy the secretary could drag them in to bolster the veracity of their father, is wholly unknown to me; nor can I perceive

in what manner his naturalization and property can be applied, either to confirm the denial of Genet, or to prove the perjury of Van Rensselaer.

"If Mr. Genet was naturalized, I admit he was entitled to all the political privileges which the directors of this 'asylum of oppressed humanity' have determined to extend to emigrants from Europe. But I would humbly submit, whether the citizen, or any other emigrant, has any claim to a credit superior to that of the native citizens of our republic. Gentlemen, all these pretenses are straws at which counsel will ever grasp, when sinking in a flood of absurdity, and behold no chance of escape. Had they not been dwelt upon in the resolutions, and supported by the very respectable counselor, in opposition, I should have deemed them scarcely worth a comment.

"Gentlemen, you will perceive that I have treated the resolutions of the democratic meeting implicating Gen. Van Rensselaer's character, as the act of Mr. Jenkins. We do not deny to any man or number of men the privilege of canvassing on the eve of an election. But we deny that any political club is justified in greater liberties with individual character, than is permitted to individuals of that club. We deny that any individual of the meeting who promoted the circulation of the slander, is to be at all protected because others joined with him in perpetrating the outrage. And, above all, we deny, that a man who gives his name to the public in support of a calumny, who, thereby, gives it force, and form, and durability, can skulk from the responsibility, behind that portion of the populace, whom he might prevail upon to sanction the transaction. Wherever, then, the vile tale originated, whether in the wily brain of a foreigner, or whether in a motley concourse of electioneering dependents, Jenkins adopted it as his own. He placed it on a lasting record. He attempted to hand the name of my client and his aged father down to their posterity, covered with the deepest infamy. Is he not then answerable for his conduct? As a gentleman, can he wish to avoid responsibility? Does he attempt to shield himself from responsibility behind the political puppets, whom he collected and danced before the public in Albany? For his own honor, gentlemen, let him disavow attempts, so weak, so degrading. Let him step boldly forth, and in the character of a man, tell you, 'If I have injured General Van Rensselaer, here I am to answer him.' Let him disdain longer to keep a position so humble, so disgraceful, as is that in which his counsel have placed him. It is strongly insinuated, however, that, as a soldier, General Van Rensselaer was bound by the code of honor to *call* his antagonist into the field, and wash away the injury with blood. Gentlemen, he might have called him; and so might he have 'called spirits from the vasty deep.' Not that I would insinuate aught against the personal bravery of Mr. Jenkins. But this is certainly true, that Van Rensselaer, who had sought a personal interview the preceding day, could hardly expect that this gentleman, who had promised to see him, and had falsified his promise, would now reproach him with any violations of the rules of honor. And here, gentlemen, permit me to correct the opposing counsel, who seems to suppose that Schermerhorn was directed by Van Rensselaer to conceal his name from Jenkins. He did not. The measure was adopted by Schermerhorn, as he says, because he believed it the only course to procure a personal interview between the parties. That Jenkins knew the person who sought the interview was Gen. Van Rensselaer, is perfectly obvious, by the testimony of Mr. John C. Spencer. Why then did not Jenkins com-

ply with his promise to Schermerhorn. This he might have done in the presence of his friends. And if he was unconscious of having inflicted intentional injury, he could have feared no personal violence. Gentlemen, if Jenkins could have uttered the language which his counsel now utter for him, would he not have met the general and have said to him, 'It was not my intention to question your veracity, I did not allude at all to your affidavit. I only referred to the proceedings of the federal meeting.' Such an explanation (if founded in truth), would as readily have been offered as accepted as satisfactory by any man of honor. This, gentlemen, Jenkins did not do. With truth he could not do it. No, he well knew that he had inflicted upon Van Rensselaer a wound which apologies could not heal. He had declared to the world that the general and his father had incurred the moral guilt of perjury, that they had severed the chain which bound their consciences to truth and to heaven, and had become richly entitled to temporal and eternal infamy and wretchedness. What, then, could General Van Rensselaer do? Insulted in the grossest manner, wounded in the tenderest point, and doubly wounded by the attack upon his aged and defenseless father; denied the possibility of access to Jenkins; goaded almost to madness by the conduct of his adversary, he determined to chastise and disgrace the man who had wantonly and in cool blood aimed the dagger at his reputation; and who when called on for a personal interview had promised it, but had basely forfeited his promise.

"This he did. And now gentlemen let me ask, was the chastisement disproportionate to the offense? I do not contend that the provocation, high and aggravated as it is, furnishes a legal justification of the assault and battery. But it must reduce the damages to a point, merely nominal.

"That Jenkins expected (as he knew he merited) the chastisement he received, is evident from his language to Spencer, that he knew of the attack, is evident from the testimony of Miss Steele, of Eaton, and of several other witnesses; for when he beheld the man he had injured in pursuit of him, could he doubt his object? It is also evident from the conversation that succeeded the affray. When Van Rensselaer declared that he had given him notice prior to the blow, he did not at all deny the truth of the assertion. But above all it is evident from the character of the assailant. Strong and conclusive, gentlemen, must be the evidence to convince any one, that a man of acknowledged honor, bravery and humanity, like Gen. Van Rensselaer, could act so contrary to all his principles and his habits.

"There cannot be a doubt then, gentlemen, that Jenkins beheld Van Rensselaer in pursuit of him, heard his call, and expected the attack. That Van Rensselaer was his superior, both in activity and resolution, and that he easily inflicted the chastisement he intended, we admit. And if we are to give any credit to the towering flights of the counsel, a scene followed in which more blood was spilt than flowed at the battle of Trafalgar. If the counsel are correct, poor Mr. Jenkins was beaten to a very mummy, his joints were dislocated, his bones broken, his features all disfigured, and he exhibited to the astonished citizens a spectacle to dissolve the marble heart of the veriest savage. This, gentlemen, is a doleful picture; but unfortunately it has no original. What is the evidence? While Jenkins was down and in Van Rensselaer's power, he did to be sure inflict several blows; but in a part where most it wound his honor and least endangered his life or limbs. He then voluntarily retreated, and Jenkins rose and retired. Van Rensselaer did not pursue

him. He chose the manner best calculated to disgrace him, to punish him for his insulting and injurious conduct to himself and his father. You, gentlemen, as men of honor, who know and duly estimate the value of reputation, who can feel the situation of a man unjustly and vilely calumniated, you will fully examine the offense and the provocation, and you will say, whether Jenkins did not merit the slight chastisement he received from the man he had wantonly injured.

"I come now to the causes in which General Van Rensselaer is plaintiff. And, gentlemen, in the very threshold we are met by a sort of justification interposed by the defendants, generally, not a little singular.

"The argument of the opposing counsel is in substance this. To my client they say, 'you, sir, in the morning, broke in pieces the shield of the law. You therefore demolished all legal protection, and became an outlaw through the day. Upon you as upon Cain of old, was fixed a mark, and any that found you might kill you.' Really, gentlemen, I am disposed to allow much for the difficulties with which the counsel are forced to struggle. And much for that peculiar horror which their ingenious minds must have experienced when they were forced to enter upon the justification of a transaction so savage and flagitious. But this is a stroke so bold, so utterly at random, as to surpass the bounds of charity itself.

"If General Van Rensselaer had committed a breach of the peace in the morning, it might well operate as a warning against all similar excesses for the day. But by what principle of common sense, reason or law it could justify or extenuate subsequent outrages, outrages, too, so enormous and bloody, is wholly beyond my power to conceive. Nor can I devise any legal or rational connection between the morning chastisement and the savage excesses in the afternoon.

"But by what authority did these defendants become the avengers of Mr. Jenkins's wrongs? What connection exists between them and Jenkins? Not that consanguinity which, among savages, entitles to vengeance. None but a political connection has been disclosed. And has it come to this? If, insulted and injured in the grossest manner by a man who refuses me every other satisfaction, I chastise and disgrace the insolent poltroon; and if he happens to be a republican, has every member of that fraternity a license to grasp the cudgel, feel himself injured, and offer me personal insult and violence in the street. Gentlemen seem to suppose that when Van Rensselaer presumed justly to punish a man bearing the sacred name of republican, it was war *de jure* with the whole tribe of democracy. Nay, not content with this, they declare it a war of extermination, a war which would justify the tribe even in the vilest attempts at assassination. If, gentlemen, this triumphant tribe have arisen superior to the law as well as the constitution; if to gratify their passions, all the sacred principles of justice, equity and law, esteemed so sacred and inviolable by our ancestors, are to be trampled under foot, then this high claim may have some foundation. But if we are 'brethren of the same family,' and law and justice rise superior to the political squabbles and clubs of the day, then a weaker or more ridiculous extenuation of an outrage, never was attempted.

"Permit me, gentlemen, to call your attention to the case of Tayler alone. We are here charged with several offenses. First, after the affray with Jenkins, Van Rensselaer *insolently* walked the streets; went to the tavern where his horse was; and to the post-office for his letters. And pray, why should he not walk the streets? After caning a man who

richly merited it who but a tyrant would attempt to prevent it, and who but a madman would question his right.

"Again, it is said *he sought Tayler*. This is not true; for, had he sought him; when in full view of Lewis's Tavern he stood upon the side walk on the direct course to the post office, would Van Rensselaer have passed to the opposite side of the street, and on his return have entered upon the south side walk below him? 'Tis incredible. But he did not run, when Tayler called him d——d rascal and assassin. No, he did not run from Tayler. He never did turn his back upon an adversary, and I trust in God he never will. These, gentlemen, are not the general's habits. His conscience and his feelings never taught him this resort of cowardice.

"This Judge Tayler is a grave, wealthy, senatorial father of the city, whose presence might arrest the arm of the pugilist, quell a mob, or hush a riot; whose staff, like the trident of Neptune, could in an instant settle all the waves of commotion, and preserve order even among the elements of anarchy. Mr. Hutton, in the true character of a Christian, which he ever sustains, exhorted Judge Tayler to use his influence to prevent any further excess. This gravely and repeatedly he promised. While yet these promises are upon his lips, a messenger arrives at his door. The judge is no rude man; yet, *sans cérémonie*, he leaves his friends. What powerful motive impelled him? Possibly he heard that General Van Rensselaer was *insolently* walking the street. Vengeance ran rasping through every vein. The grave mentor, the venerable father of the city, grasping a bludgeon in his hand, while his eyes beamed meekness and complacency on his friends remaining within his own walls, rushed forth to gratify his malice, and to wallow in revenge.

"The age of Tayler may have dimmed his sight; but, when the name of Van Rensselaer is pronounced by Mr. Rodgers, he instantly drops the arm of his friend. Even the frozen blood of the grave old senator boiled like Ætna's crater; and the first words that issued from those lips that so lately, sweetly promised *peace*, were '*you d—d rascal* why did you, like an *assassin*, attack Jenkins?' In what '*code* of politeness' do the opposite counsel find a warrant for the venerable judge for the use of this language? Tayler, with cane uplifted, rushed to the conflict, and my client did not run. 'Ergo (say the gentlemen), they fought by mutual consent.' Let me not disturb this logical conclusion, but frankly admit, that my client never would have troubled you with this suit against Tayler, had he not reason to believe that by his procurement, the mob was drawn to the scene of action, with intention to permit the adjutant general to depart with his life, and with that only.

"What is the evidence of preconcert? Tayler's house *happens* to be the rendezvous of many of his friends. Tayler repairs to the market to purchase provisions, which he *happened* to forget to bring or order home. He whispered to the Cassidys. One of them immediately after Tayler left the market, with a club drawn, from some republican arsenal, *happened* to appear at the scene of action. The younger Cassidy invites his companion to go up to State street to 'see the scrape.' How did it *happen* that these Cassidys were so wonderfully correct if not previously informed? When Gen. Van Rensselaer passed up to Lewis's, Cassidy said, 'now the d—d rascal (the watchword of their chieftain) will pay for it.' At the moment of the conflict, it *happened* that Cooper, Bloodgood, the Cassidys, Tayler's tenant, and about seventy of his political friends, all appeared. This *may* indeed be accident; but much it savors of pre-

concert and of deep design. The battle soon commences; and while victory is suspended in equal balance, Cooper appears, not to rescue his wife from danger; she was of minor consequence, and committed to the protection of another. [Mrs. Cooper ran out of the house and took hold of Tayler, her father]. Not to defend Tayler from imminent danger, for his friends think he had the better of the battle, and stood in no need of assistance; but Cooper appears, crying 'knock the d—d rascal down.' He passed Van Rensselaer and took hold of him or his cane, probably the latter; for the small end of his cane being arrested behind would bring the large end forward against Tayler's breast, as described by the witnesses, and the force of the blow being spent, the cane easily be arrested from Mr. Van Rensselaer's hand. Cooper not only thus assisted to disarm Van Rensselaer, but, as one witness declares, struck him. And, when bleeding and defenseless, he lay prostrate upon the earth, he kicked him on the side; that side, in which great and continued pain long remained, without any other cause that has or can appear. This conduct, cruel and savage as it is, does not prevent his counsel from attempting to present him to you in the character of a peace-maker. A peace-maker! What, that man who, when the battle was raging, mingled in the conflict, who disarmed and presented my client as a defenseless victim to the bludgeon of his adversary, who, constantly cried havoc, and gave his full assistance to the production of the catastrophe, he a peace-maker! Gentlemen, if this be the conduct of peace-makers, let the blessing pronounced upon them be blotted from the holy record.

"It is worthy of remark, that while Tayler was surrounded by about seventy of his personal and political friends, Van Rensselaer contended with a host alone. But, 'tis said 'Schermerhorn was there.' Yes, Schermerhorn, who, as one of the witnesses swears, commanded almost the elements; he that day was there. This giant, this Hercules, this Orlando Furioso, was there. But that he raised his hand against any one, until Van Rensselaer was nearly murdered by the joint attacks of Tayler, Bloodgood, and Cooper, is not pretended by any mortal.

"These, gentlemen, are the facts applicable to the cases of Tayler and Cooper. That they participated in the outrage, that they gave their full assistance to the destruction of my client, is beyond a doubt. That by their instrumentality, the mob was collected and the catastrophe produced, is also clear. It remains with you to say what punishment their conduct merits.

"Passing over the causes of Tayler and Cooper, aggravating, and disgusting as they are, I approach one of a very different complexion; one which neither friend or foe can examine without extreme pain. Such a case I have never witnessed, of such an one I have never read, and for the honor of human nature, I trust such a case will never again appear for judicial investigation. I am not an enemy of Mr. Bloodgood; but I have, gentlemen, a sacred duty to perform; and if in the discharge of that duty, I lay him naked before himself, if I paint his conduct loathsome and shocking to humanity, he and his friends will be pleased to remember, that he furnished the detestable original. He has permitted this cause to come to this situation, where the silence of counsel would be treason to the client. In examining this cause I must, and I will, as far as in me lies, discharge the duty I owe to a worthy client and a suffering friend.

"Permit me, first, to examine the apology or defense set up for this man's conduct. It is comprised in this: 'He was in a frenzy of passion; and

thought his friend, Judge Tayler, in imminent danger.' Judge Tayler, who had grown gray in the study of the pugilistic art; whose dexterity and experience in the use of the cane, could not be unknown to those who were bound to him by a 'triple cord;' Judge Tayler, whose herculean stature speaks his prowess; who, with the assistance of his hopeful son-in-law, had disarmed his adversary, and who, surrounded by seventy dependents armed with bludgeons, was in contest with a single man; this same Judge Tayler, thus situated, was in such imminent danger, as to justify Bloodgood in the murder of his adversary! That Mr. Bloodgood was frantic with rage, is certainly undeniable. But why was he so? Had General Van Rensselaer ever, from his infancy, performed one act, or uttered one syllable that could justly kindle all his malignant passions into a conflagration so uncontrollable? Had he injured Bloodgood? On the contrary was not this man one of that very meeting which originated the vile slander against the general? Had he been in any way attacked for his participation in this outrage? Not at all. What then is the force of this paltry attempt in his justification? Without the slightest provocation, he tramples on justice, discharges his reason and his judgment, gives himself up to the control of his malice and his passion, and then pleads that very passion in excuse for the consequences of its violence. Now, gentlemen, examine the conduct of this man. While the contest continued between the general and Tayler, and none of the spectators thought proper to interfere, Bloodgood, whether from Robison's corner, or from the site of the old church, or from Tayler's house, is wholly immaterial, rushes into the street, crying "kill the damned rascal;" an expression used as a watchword by every member of the party, from Tayler to Cassidy. He then rushed behind Van Rensselaer, and with the butt of his bludgeon (the smaller end being grasped by both his hands) he aimed a blow which brought his victim to the ground. Gentlemen, what language can be found to express the deep infamy of this act? While engaged with Tayler in front, Bloodgood, like a man abandoned by every feeling of honor, of courage, and even of manhood, strikes a blow from behind with a violence which nothing could withstand. Attacked in this assassin-like manner, Van Rensselaer falls. At this, Tayler gave way, and, as though indignant at the infamous conduct of his coadjutor, left the ground. And even Cooper, having kicked his victim while wallowing in his gore, also retired and left the scene clear to the humane assassin who had brought him to the ground. Partially recovering from the effects of the blow, Van Rensselaer attempts to rise. But before he can recover, another blow from Bloodgood again brings him nearly to the ground. At this moment the crowd rush forward. Pale, bleeding, feeble, Van Rensselaer now totters from the fatal spot. Still frantic with rage, Bloodgood, as though nothing but the expiring groans of his defenseless victim could satisfy his mighty malice, still rushes upon him. Yes, gentlemen, a defenseless victim he truly was. His wandering eyes, his death like visage, spoke his disordered senses. Instinct taught him to strive for the preservation of his life; and, therefore, he raised his feeble guard against, he knew not what or whom. Bloodgood, still unsatisfied, still thirsting for blood, unmoved by this spectacle of weakness and wounds, beats down his guard, and continues the savage attack. Blow succeeds blow, and wound succeeds wound, until the indignant spirit of the soldier, tempered with the faith of an expiring Christian, exclaims in agony, 'Oh my Jesus!' At this moment, as if forsaken by his God, as if given up to the

perpetration of a crime at which his soul must still shudder; at this moment, when his mutilated victim could find protection from no human arm, and when, seemingly in vain, he cried to the God of mercy, this frantic man again drew his fell weapon in both his hands, raised himself as if to superadd the weight of his body to the strength of his arm, and seemed to aim the final blow at his feeble, bloody, and almost expiring adversary. Instantly Mr. William James, as a rescuing angel, rushed forward and arrested the arm of this infuriated, this forsaken man. To him alone is it owing that this trial is permitted to be had. But for his instantaneous presence the fatal blow would have fallen; a blow which would have widowed two families and left their children orphans; a blow, which must have sent to its long account the soul of a patriot and a soldier, and have drawn down the vengeance of justice and of heaven upon its bloody author. Let that unhappy man join in devoutly thanking the great disposer of events, that this was not permitted.

"This, gentlemen, is a correct portrait of this bloody scene. That it is a picture compounded by the blackest shades, without one tint of brightness; that it exhibits a creature of earth in all the naked deformity of corrupted human nature; that it displays all the vile passions and qualities which can reduce 'social man to a civilized savage,' is unhappily, wholly undeniable. And upon a full view of this infernal transaction, it is now your duty to mete out to General Van Rensselaer, the damages which his sufferings and his present ruined situation require at your hands. From whom are these damages to be taken? From men, wallowing in wealth; basking in the sunshine of political favor; monopolizing all the emoluments of the treasury, and enjoying the most lucrative offices in the state. As to one of them, it is, beyond all doubt, the first in point of emolument, of any in this state No small sum will reach their feelings. Award against them but a few thousand dollars, and they will, laughingly, assign a portion of their income, for a few months, to pay the award.

"And, to whom are these damages to be given? To a soldier, who, in the field of battle, has proved his patriotism and his bravery, and has, emphatically, learned that mutual dependence is the strong cord which binds ingenuous souls together; that the only proper use of wealth is to render ourselves and friends happy. To a soldier, who is a brother to the whole human race; whose heart pants to find the object of charity, and whose hand has never withheld from a friend in want even the price of his blood and his wounds. To a soldier, in whom, even while a youth, his country reposed the most unbounded confidence, and towards whom the veterans of our land cast a partial eye, and destined him for high military glory. To a soldier, who, by this cruel, this dastardly, this barbarous outrage, is compelled to drag out a life of pain and wretchedness. Should he be permitted to retain his present office, while there are few or no active duties to be discharged; yet his activity is gone, and the pride of his office and fame is vanished for ever. But should war, with which we are so loudly threatened, actually visit us, conscious of the want of health to discharge the arduous duties of his office, he must abandon his profession, and cast himself and his family upon the tender mercies of a republic.

"What portion of pain has he now already endured. What agony has been thrown upon his family. Behold him returned to the arms of a disconsolate wife, covered with wounds, and in a situation but a little above death. Scarce one ray of hope is afforded by the physicians.

Behold his wretched days and sleepless nights. Of his senses occasionally bereft and tottering to his grave in pain and misery.

"Gentlemen, observe him well, and say, what ought those monsters who have produced this ruin, to suffer for their savage conduct. With what sum can they, who are the guilty cause of all these sufferings, satisfy justice and remunerate the sufferer. This is the past. What are his future prospects? Forever blasted by this fatal blow; disqualified to pursue the culture of his farm, the occupation in which he delights, and chained to that narrow round, which his feeble limbs are able to bear him; torn from the fond embrace of his country which had lavished upon him her esteem, only, in proportion to the pledges he had given of future greatness; and finally barred from the possibility of rising to that bright eminence which was the darling object of his youth, the delight of his riper years.

"Gentlemen, view him well, and then tell me, shall not the ruffians who have destroyed him forever, repair, to the full extent of their ability, the ruin they have caused? Shall they not, with their fortunes, assist to mitiate his pains, and smooth his passage to the tomb? "E. WILLIAMS."

"*Awards in the several causes — with costs to be taxed against the defendants in each cause.* Jenkins *vs.* Van Rensselaer, $2,500; Van Rensselaer *vs.* Tayler, $300; The same *vs.* Cooper, $500; The same *vs.* Bloodgood, $3,700."

"The truly noble, warmhearted Honorable ELISHA WILLIAMS, of Hudson, New York, was born August 29, 1773, and died in the city of New York, at the residence of his early guardian, Captain Seth Grosvenor, June 29, 1833. He was the once famous barrister justly styled the Curran of America, the charm of whose eloquence still lingers about the Court House in Hudson, and the memory of whose remarkable powers as an advocate still serves as an incentive to many a poor student, as he pores over the legal lore of Blackstone and Chitty. He possessed a mind of superior mould, and he combined in his character a rare assemblage of great and splendid qualities; he was a man of rapid and quick perceptions, and was remarkable for his imitative, imaginative and descriptive power, for his brilliant wit, and his suppassing eloquence. He was exceedingly interesting in conversation, warm hearted and ardent in his attachments; and he was liberal, generous and charitable. He was as greatly distinguished for his personal appearance, as he was for his superior intellectual powers; he was above medium size and height, and perfectly erect and corpulent. His countenance was indescribably animated and expressive, and his general aspect denoted great superiority; a stranger would be forcibly struck with his majestic and dignified appearance, and without hearing him speak, would be conscious that he was in the presence of an extraordinary man. Mr. Williams had a very extensive practice. He possessed a deep, varied and profound knowledge of human nature, which enabled him to exert an unbounded influence over a jury; he always studied the character of the juries whom he addressed and swayed them by his powerful intellect, brilliant wit and matchless eloquence. He commenced the practice of law at an early age, and rose rapidly to eminence in his profession; and as a jury lawyer, he has never had a superior in this or any other country."

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Hudson 21st July, 1807.

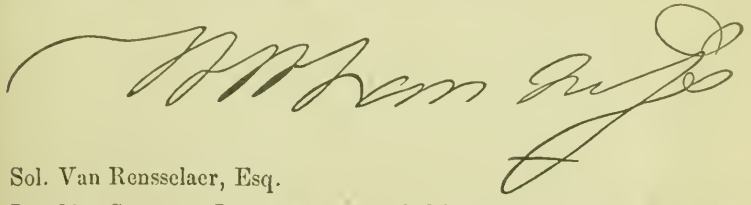
On Thursday next Mr Schermerhorn's note at our bank falls due, of which I have just received notice, will you inform him of this, so that he may prepare accordingly?

I have not heard from or about you since I was at your house. I see you and the Governor, however, are in great majesty busy organizing our military poet.

Already the British *Lion* humbles himself before the *Eagle*. you and the Governor have unfurled, and one more general order expressing two or three more "lively hopes" will make the poor Lion run and yelp like a wounded puppy.

Take good care your *Eagle* does not turn out to be an *Owl*. But to be serious, I want to know whether you are *well* or not (from that attack in April) when may I expect you and your wife, whom I love almost as much as I do my own, here?

Pray your *Excellency* just drop a body a line or two in answer hereto. If you and the Governor, however, are so much engaged in the defence of the Nation that you have no time to write, Mrs Van Rensselaer will probably be good enough to favor us with an answer. My wife and little ones are well. Yours affectionately & sincerely



Sol. Van Rensselaer, Esq.

In 1807 Governor Lewis was succeeded by Daniel D. Tompkins; and the same year Albany was made the capital of the state. Late in the autumn, at the particular request of Governor Tompkins, Solomon Van Rensselaer was in New York city, a member of his own family, to aid him in arranging for the defense of the city, but he was still suffering from his wounds.

In August 1807 the first steamboat made its appearance; it was an object of anxiety and wonder. As the Clermont under the immediate supervision of Robert Fulton (the eminent inventor of steamboats), was slowly coming up the Hudson river from New York on its first successful trip, a farmer living on the banks of the Hudson, hastened home to apprise his wife and neighbors that he had seen the devil going up the river in a saw-mill. This apparition of the first steamboat was a marvelous phenomenon. When the Indians assembled in groups along the river's bank, they looked at the "monster as it moved on the water, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke, as a fire spirit, which was lightning its path by the fires which it vomited. The first steamboat, as others yet do, used dry pine wood for fuel, which sends forth a column of ignited vapor, many feet above the flue, and whenever the fire is stirred, a galaxy of sparks fly off, which in the night have an airy, brilliant, and beautiful appearance. The uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of other vessels and from them she had a most terrific appearance. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach,

they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly coming towards them; and when it came so near, that they heard the noise of the machinery and paddles, the crews, in some instances, shrunk beneath their decks from the terrible sight; others prostrated themselves, and besought Providence to protect them from the approach of the horrible monster. She excited the astonishment of the venerable Dutch burgomaster who almost dropped his precious pipe as with strained eyes he exclaimed *Dunder en blicksem.*"

Judge Van Ness to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Hudson, 29th August, 1807.

I do not believe it is your fault, so I have nothing more to say than I wish you the richest blessings which are bestowed on man.

Yours &c., W. W. VAN NESS.

But Madam, to you I have much to say, you promised me and my wife to be here last week. Day after day have we strained our eyes east, west & north in expectation of seeing you approach our humble mansion. Disappointment saddened us for sometime, until reiterated again & again we are roused into passion & mortification. Your husband I know is willing to spend a few days with us. If even *you* do not wish to favor us with a visit, why not indulge him in doing so? But come my friends, let us forget the past and start anew, you are largely in our debt. But I release the whole provided, that sometime next week you, and little Van Vechten, and as many more of the children as you please are with us. Thank God we have room enough & altho' we abound not in wealth, & roll not in splendor, we have peace & plenty. To be serious, both Jenny & myself are not a little hurt. If there are any persons on earth whose friendship we want, whose society we wish to court, & whose good opinion to preserve, it is yours. I have reason to believe this disposition to be mutual, let us cherish & perpetuate it. It is possible I shall be obliged to go to New York to-morrow. If so you shall hear from me by Tuesday's mail. If you do not hear from me then, you of course will conclude I am at home. I began the latter part of this scrawl to Mrs. Van. I see however it will answer to be directed to the firm.

Yours affectionately, W. W. VAN NESS.

The foregoing memorial of his Majesty my Lord and Master is sanctioned by your friend. JANE VAN NESS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Adjutant General, Albany.

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Claverack [1] 30th April 1808.

FEDERALISM has triumphed most gloriously in this Country. We have at least 600 majority 200 more than ever we had. If Rensselaer County is faithful we shall carry both our members of Congress. Hasten to communicate this to our friend Abraham Van Vechten [Recorder]. Let somebody write us about members of Congress &c. &c., in Rensselaer and Washington Counties as soon as possible. I shall soon again be absent from my family, it is upon the whole an unpleasant life which my office obliges me to lead, but I must endeavour to reconcile myself to it as well as I can. Why can't you and your wife take a ride to Claverack

[1] *Claverack*, literally signified Clover-reach, so called in its settlement from the immense fields of clover which abounded at this place.

and see us? We are snugly situated, would be happy to see you and I want to see you about a thousand things. Do try; if you stay but one day suppose you start on Saturday. You can spend Sunday with us and return if your business drives you on Monday again. Mention this to your wife & come down if possible. It just occurs to me that our friend the Recorder [Abraham Van Vechten] and his wife would perhaps accompany you. Speak to him about it and try to make up a party at all events mention me to him with that friendship and esteem which I have for him and which I cherish as a great blessing. Make my respects to your wife, and please to tell her that I think of her as often as she can wish & that I ardently wish her happy & prosperous.

Yours as I ever shall be, affectionately, W. W. VAN NESS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

Gov. Morgan Lewis to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Staatsburgh 2d May 1808.

I should with pleasure have attended the Trial of your Causes agreeable to your wishes, had your Letter reached me in Time to have rendered it practicable. I presume however that the abundance of Testimony you must have been furnished with, rendered any Thing I could have said of little Consequence to you. I have not as yet heard of the Result. If they have been tried before an honest Jury, I cannot doubt but you have recovered handsome Damages. I am much obliged to you for your friendly offers of writing to promote the object hinted at in my former letter. But the Idea I have (whether right or wrong is immaterial) of my Standing in Society, forbids my being an Applicant for any public Situation. Should my future Services be deemed necessary on any Occasion, the demand of them must be made free from even the Shadow of Solicitation or the most distant Hint of a wish on my part.

How has the Election gone in your Quarter & the Counties adjoining you? In Ulster & Green, Gardinier is probably again elected to Congress; & in this County, Emmott's prospects are better than those of that old sinner Johnson. Ulster & Dutchess will return to the Assembly a mixture of Quids, Feds and Clintonians. In this County, Robert Williams who has turned Tail, made up the Hash, and the Quids literally suffered him to gull them. It is asserted among the Clintonians here, that Selden of Troy is to be your Successor and is to attend Daniel D. on the fourth of July when he is to appear in all the pomp of Military splendour. How does the Attorney General (John Woodworth) relish his removal, and what says his Papa to this Reward of his past Services? Does the old Man with Roman Virtue subscribe to the propriety of such conduct, or does he bounce & swear a little? Southwick's Appointment (as Sheriff) instead of Dennison, has I presume procured the Clerkship for Cooper, by way of Amends for old Tayler's pretended Disappointment; and Isaac Dennison I suppose has a firm belief that his Uncle played him fair, and that there was no Contrivance at all on his part.

Adieu, I hope soon to take you by the Hand, tho' I doubt whether it will be before you have regained the Post of Honor, by a reduction to the rank of a private Citizen. Mrs. Lewis desires to be affectionately remembered by all the Inhabitants of Cherry Hill.

Your friend & Servt.

M. LEWIS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Adjt. General, Albany, N. Y.

Major General Morgan Lewis was a true patriot and labored earnestly to advance the best interests of his country. In 1777 he was deputy quarter master general, was present at the battle of Stillwater on September 19th. When he returned from the field, being questioned by General Gates, he reported the undecisive progress of the action; at which Gen. Arnold, who was standing near, exclaimed, "*I will soon put an end to it,*" and clapping spurs to his horse, galloped off at full speed; Colonel Lewis immediately observed to General Gates: "You had better order him back, the action is going well, he may by some rash act do mischief."

Governor Lewis to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Staatsburgh, 4th Sept., 1808.

I should have given an earlier Answer to your polite favor of the 31st Ult°. had, I not been absent from Home when it reached my House.

The Decision of the Arbitrators does not Surprise me. It requires Men of great firmness of Mind to do complete Justice on Such an Occasion.

They certainly have been guided by no Rule, and must have forgotten that Tayler was an original offender, and attacked with a Club, while Cooper only acted as an Aid, and used the weapons which Nature gave him.

I should be sorry to think that Tayler's being President of the Bank produced any Effect, and yet I Suspect it will be thought so by many. When shall we have the Pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Rensselaer at this Place? Your friend & Servant.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Adjut. General, Albany, MORGAN LEWIS.

In those good, palmy old days, sixty-seven years ago, many persons were then "lachrymosely bewailing the existing state of things."

"If we all could unite with the Puritan mystic (Peter Sterry) doctrines: Let all that differ in principles, professions or opinions, and forms, join to see that good which is in each other, and the evil in themselves," there would be a steady improvement, and a better state of things. We then might hope with a certainty that the very times on which we have fallen, 'old times' to those who come after, will be even clothed with the marvelously roseate hues we love to invest our by-gone years.

Gen. Wilkinson to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Washington, Sept. 14th, 1808.

I have this moment received your lettter of the 6th Jany. & will reply by a single line. I had anticipated your wishes & had also nominated Visscher. If we have an army & I have influence he shall have a Majority. But at this moment, I am struggling against a torrent of Slander & Calumny, exceeding everything which has past, having disgraced John Randolph for a Coward & being about to report Daniel Clark as an accomplice of Aaron Burr, the one to gratify his resentment & the other to avenge the disappointment of the Conspirators, have assailed my Honor with made up documents, perjuries, & forgeries, and on the floor of Congress where privilege sometimes sanctions the most villainous abuse, they have worried & torn & mangled my Honor, without feeling or conscience. Yet let not my friends be appalled. I thank high Heaven I shall be able to vindicate my Fame, & save my Brethren in Arms from Blushing for my shame. In the first moment of Randolph's Anathema I demanded a Court of Inquiry into my Conduct, which was

ordered for the 10th Inst., & will actually convene to-morrow, when I shall offer a preliminary address which will make my Enemies stare, in the meantime say from me that Clark is the author of this attack, which was digested in New Orleans last Summer, by the Associates of Burr & the Mexican combination, who will seek my ruin as long as they are permitted to hang together. He came round & brought with Him the villainous power to Swear for Burr at Richmond, they arrived there got alarmed & after several conferences with Burr, Clark went off without appearing before the Court. I will prove Him an accompliee of Burr that He tampered with an officer of the army to induce Him to attack & take Baton Rouge in the summer 1806, which by producing hostilities would have effected Burr's plans. This villain has perjured himself to destroy me, but it will not do. I am sorry that your relative here [Killian K. Van Rensselaer, M. C.] & Mr. Barent Gardenier should have espoused the part of Randolph & this Scoundrel Clark before they knew what I had to say. My best regards to Visscher.

Your friend most truly,

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esqr.,
Adjt. General State of New York, Albany.

JA. WILKINSON.

Governor Lewis to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Staatsburgh March 2, 1809.

I shall have some Pear grafts put up for you and will send them by the first safe conveyance that offers. I hope they will succeed better with you than they do with me. A disease, which I cannot find a remedy for, is destroying them as fast as I can replace them, and I fear will oblige me eventually to give them up.

It certainly would give me great pleasure to be instrumental in the gratification of your wishes as to the regiment of Cavalry; and nothing shall be wanting on my part to effect that object, which can be done with the least prospect of success. I have already adopted the Measure which appears to me the most likely to succeed, but I cannot for certain reasons, acquaint you with it, until the issue shall be known. From what quarter Mayor Backus' recommendations proceed I am ignorant, but I understand he is considered at Washington as an able officer. Has he ever been in Service? I do not believe you will be gratified in seeing me in the Situation you wish, there are many Circumstances which will operate as a Bar to it. If I mistake not, an arrangement is about to take place, which is not suspected by many, and which will leave little room for those who are not already in Employment. We shall not be able to comply with our Engagement of paying a Visit this winter to our friends in Albany. We have with us our two eldest Boys, whose education employs all our time and furnishes sufficient inducements for us to stay at home. Our friends therefore must excuse us, and accept in lieu of a personal Attendance our best respects, with which are united our best Wishes for the happiness of you and yours Federal Majorities will probably be obtained at next election in Dutchess & Ulster, all due to De Witt Clinton.

With Sincerity I am your friend and Servt.

Sol. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Adjt. General. MORGAN LEWIS.

General Van Rensselaer to the Public.

"Albany, Tuesday, March 28, 1809.

"My recent removal from the honorable office of Adjutant General of this state, constrains me, in justice to myself, my family, and friends,

to publish a concise and plain statement of facts: After having been for seventeen years in the military service of the United States and of this state, and, as I trust, having discharged my duty with fidelity, it has been the pleasure of his Excellency Governor Tompkins and the Council of Appointment, to remove me from office, notwithstanding his repeated declarations of unqualified approbation of my official conduct. At the age of eighteen years, I was appointed a Cornet in the squadron of cavalry in the army commanded by Major General Anthony Wayne. At twenty, I was promoted to the command of a troop. In the action of 20th August, 1794, after the commanding officer of that corps fell, the command devolved on me. How I acquitted myself, the dispatches from Gen. Wayne to the war department bear ample testimony. ["The wounds received by Captain Van Rensselaer of the dragoons and others of the mounted volunteers bear honorable testimony of their bravery and conduct. But whilst I pay just tribute to the living, I must not neglect the gallant dead, among whom we have to lament the early death of those worthy and brave officers Capt. Robert Ms. Campbell of the dragoons and Lieut. Towels of the Infantry of the legion, who fell in the first charge."] On that occasion, I received a wound through my lungs, which was considered, at first, by the surgeons of the army, to be mortal, but which my youth and strong constitution surmounted. When the conduct of France towards this country made it necessary for the general government to augment the army, and when the Father of his country, the immortal WASHINGTON, was again called upon to place himself at its head, he sent for me, and, in the presence of Generals Hamilton and Pinckney, questioned me about the state of my wound, and soon after I was appointed a Major of Cavalry. When the army was reduced, I received, under the administration of that great and good man Governor Jay, the appointment of Adjutant-General of the militia of this state. When Mr. Jay was succeeded by Governor George Clinton, and when almost every federalist was swept from office by that council, of which DeWitt Clinton, and the Honorable Judge Ambrose Spencer were members, I was left undisturbed. This did not arise from any solicitation on my part, but from the honorable resistance of Governor Clinton against my removal, who informed me that a petition for that purpose had been put into the hands of John C. Hogeboom, then a member of the council. I called on Mr. Hogeboom, and after communicating to him the information I had received, and the channel through which it came, he unhesitatingly shewed me the petition. The charge against me was, the heinous crime of federalism. I am thus explicit in mentioning names, that my enemies may have an opportunity of contradicting my statement, if it is incorrect. When Governor Clinton retired from office, he recommended me in strong terms to his successor, as he told me at the time, and which Governor Lewis afterwards confirmed. How I stood with the latter gentleman, it is unnecessary for me to state. I have only to regret, that his honorable and impartial conduct as the governor of the state and not of a party, was one cause of his failing of a re-election. He would not submit to be made the supple tool of DeWitt Clinton and Ambrose Spencer, and they therefore selected his successor [Daniel D. Tompkins], hoping that he would be a fitter instrument to promote their unhallowed ambition. How far that hope has been realized, the community can determine. Last winter, when it was notorious that there were many applications for my office, and when it was generally supposed that my removal was cer-

tain, I called on Governor Tompkins, to know whether it was the intention of the council to remove me, and I informed him that the reason of my inquiry was, because my private arrangements depended on a knowledge of that fact. His reply was, that he had no wish to make a change, for he was perfectly satisfied with my conduct, and had expressed himself so to some of my friends; but that I had better speak to some of the members of the council. My answer was, that I had never asked any member of the council to continue me in office, and that I never would — that if *he* did not wish for a change, the council had no right to interfere — that the business of my office was not with *them*, but with *him*. He then observed, that if that unfortunate affray (meaning my suits against three cowardly wretches) was settled, there would be no difficulty. My reply was, that if my continuance in office depended on a compromise of these suits, it would be better to remove me at once, for that I was determined to bring the circumstances of that affray fairly before the public; and I pressed him to know the determination of the Council. This application I repeated on a subsequent day, as I apprehended my removal might lay over until after the determination of the suits before mentioned. He told me that if I requested it, he would urge the decision of the Council. A day or two afterwards I called on him again, and he then informed me, that the Council had no intention of removing me at their then session, but what they would do at their meeting in June, they declined saying. I mentioned to Governor Tompkins that I understood the thing perfectly, and that under such circumstances, I should not let my farm, which I intended to do, if I remained in office. He observed in answer, 'I don't know but it is best.'

"On Tuesday of last week I called on the Governor upon business; after finishing it, and as I was about to leave the room, he called me back, and told me that my removal had been agitated in the Council the day before, that he had put it off until he could see me, on account of the promise he made me last winter, to give me notice whenever such an event was resolved upon; and that he believed it would now be accomplished, as a member of the Council had pressed it. I observed to the Governor, that I was much obliged to him for his information, but that I had nothing to say on the subject, except I requested of him, that if there were any charges against me, he would give me an opportunity of meeting and repelling them; to which he answered, *that there were no charges against me, and that he was satisfied that none could be brought against my official conduct;* that my removal would be on account of my politics *and the affray*. I have now a word or two to say about a *trio* of precious spirits, to whose dastardly malice and persecuting villainy, I have, in all probability, fallen a sacrifice.

"The first in order, as in the attack on me, is John Tayler, a grave Senator of this state. I had supposed that his vindictive spirit had been fully glutted, by seeing me at death's door, in consequence of the joint and cowardly attack made upon me by himself and his assassin-like associates, Bloodgood and Cooper, in the ruin of my health, and, perhaps my future prospects in life; and that he would not, still further to gratify his malice, have connived at, and encouraged the taking of bread from a much injured and unoffending family. If he panted to revenge to a still more savage extent the merited chastisement which I inflicted on Mr. Jenkins (and of which the same John Tayler was the cause, by urging and advocating the base slander against me which produced it, and which he knew

at the time to be false) why did he not call on me like a man of honor? I had hoped, that the alarm which he felt during my hopeless illness, occasioned by the wounds and bruises which he and his coadjutors had inflicted upon me that the remorse he felt, (if he is capable of feeling) for the death of the most enlightened citizen of this state, [Gen. Alexander Hamilton] of which he, as I verily believe, was the occasion, by a base disclosure of a confidential conversation, would have secured me against the further effects of his boundless malignity.

"As for Francis Bloodgood, the clerk of the Supreme Court, no language is strong enough to express my abhorrence of him, or convey an adequate idea of his dark, malignant, cowardly, assassin-like villainy. His very looks are an index of the malignity of his heart; he is a disgrace to human nature; and I derive some consolation from the reflection, that he has incurred what he deserves, the detestation of every liberal and honorable man.

"My resentment against Charles D. Cooper, is not great. He is too contemptible to excite my indignation. From this humble dependent on Tayler's bounty, who is looking with anxious eyes for the period when he will succeed to the greatest share of his property, little else than what has happened could be expected.

"If this language is deemed harsh and grating, let it be recollected, that the persons to whom it relates cannot be justly represented in any other. It is not in my nature to glory over a fallen and disgraced enemy. I can therefore say nothing more about Mr. Jenkins, the Secretary of State, than that I equally *pity* and *despise* him. "SOL. VAN RENSSELAER."

"In one respect he was even victorious, for he challenged his opponents upon an issue which they could only meet by evasion and artifice. If either of the political parties would claim no more for themselves than they are willing to give, the right of being free and independent, and not be enslaved by a majority, it would be far better for the nation." We love to study the letters of ancient times; we see men and things at their full length, and we generally see them through a medium which is less partial, when presented in history, than that of experience. We see the system of politics on the sure and false foundations and human nature in many garbs, but we collect general principles and view certain rules of conduct with an unbiased judgment.

Solomon Van Rensselaer to William Simmons.

Dear Sir, Albany, January 28th, 1811.

The Attorney of the United States for this District of New York, having presented an account against me for money due to the United States, it becomes necessary that I should know what balance, if any, is found against me, and with that view I transmit my account and beg you to fill up the blanks, which can be ascertained from the Books in your office. If I mistake not, in that Examination it will be found, that there is pay, forage and subsistence due me as Major of Cavalry, besides two months Pay, &c., allowed by Law as a gratuity to the disbanded officers of the Army. The vouchers for the expense of moving my Troop from Fort Washington to Knoxville, I left with Col. Hodgeden on my return from the latter place in October, 1797.

The reason why I did not settle with him then was, that the army papers for that year had not come on. The papers marked No. 1 & 2 are copies

of those receipts, taken by one of his clerks, duplicates of which I have in my possession & will forward them if necessary, whenever a private occasion offers, which cannot be done conveniently by the mail, as well as those of my Expenditures for the Recruiting service, agreeable to Statement No. 3. I regret sincerely that the distance is too great for me to attend in person to this business, and that the same reason has prevented me heretofore, but I am induced to believe from your former friendly conduct and the Statement of my accounts, that there will be no difficulty in striking the Balance. As Mr. Sanford the District Attorney is now here, [Nathan Sanford,] a member of the Legislature, a convenient opportunity of settling with him, I must beg the favor of an early answer from you. I am very Respectfully your Obt. Sert.,

William Simmons, Esqr. Sol. Van Rensselaer.
Accountant of the War Department, Washington.

Hon. John P. Van Ness to Judge Van Ness.

Dear Sir, Washington, Feb. 16, 1811.

Yours of the 28th Ult. accompanying the papers in the case of Adjt. Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer were all handed to me by Mr. Knickerbacker [Herman Knickerbacker] some days ago. I immediately called on the Accountant of the War Department, with them, for the purpose of an investigation &c. He proposed that the papers should be left with him for a few days for examination &c. I replied that as the case appeared a simple one, perhaps we might conveniently dispatch it immediately; but being informed, by him, that the other was the usual course; and that, in addition, he was then engaged in other business, I left him in possession of the papers, under a promise that he would soon communicate with me. He appeared friendly; and at the same time expressed a regret that Mr. V. R. had not taken the advice which he (the Accountant) had repeatedly given him heretofore, to have his account settled &c. A few days afterwards the papers were sent by him to my house, with information referring me to the Controller's office. I called there with Mr. Knickerbacker yesterday, The Controller referred them back again to the Accountant's office. We left them there. Last Evening Mr. Simmons informed me generally that he had examined the account &c.; and that if he received the papers which it appeared Mr. V. R. has in his possession (and for which he had yesterday written to him) there would be a mere trifle, say 20 or $30 only due from him instead of the present stated amount. He promises me to pay every attention to the subject, and I shall not fail to remind him of it, if it should be necessary. I think the business in a good train. It has given me pleasure to have an opportunity of co-operating with yourself and the Adjutant General in endeavoring to arrange satisfactorily an affair which if not attended to, may become troublesome and injurious to him. And be assured I shall attend to any further commands you may favor me with, in the same temper. I thank you kindly for the offer you make me, which I only reciprocate.

The present is a very interesting crisis in our political affairs, and it is becoming more so, as the Session of Congress is drawing to a close. The present state of foreign news is by no means satisfactory and it is not believed that our government has, as yet, sufficient *authentic* data of that kind on which to form *any* system in relation to foreign affairs. The Idea of an extra session is gaining ground. The Bank question is laboring

very hard in the Senate. Its fate there is admitted, on all hands, to be very doubtful. There are one or two *Mutes* in that house, on the subject, whose *noses* (strange as it may seem) cannot be found by the calculators, in consequence of the loss of their *tongues*. Upon the whole taking into view both houses, the advanced period of the session, and the accumulated mass of business, I think *two to one*, against the Bank, a fair calculation.

I had no idea that my brother [William P. Van Ness] had the Secretary's office in view, if indeed he had any. I have not had a line from him since he left New York. There appears to be a flood tide again in the political affairs of a part of your state that was lately ebbing; and it seems, the Bark drives on with a *prosperous gale*. Does the storm lately gathered in the City of N. York, menace with its thunders the northern and interior parts of the State? By all accounts Cornelius [Cornelius P. Van Ness] is very successful in both business and consequence in Vermont. It gives me great pleasure. *My* Mrs. V. Ness begs to be kindly remembered to *your* Mrs. V. Ness. Yours very sincerely,

JOHN P. VAN NESS.

Hon. Wm. W. Van Ness Esqr., State of New York, Albany.

Gen. Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, March 13, 1811.

Yours of the 26th Ult., reached me in course. I was extremely sorry to hear of your Indisposition and hope by this time you are restored. Your account of the War Department is, as Mr. Simmons informed me he would advise you, finally closed. The balance against you $24 or 25. Simmons sent the Account up to the Comptroller, with whom I am well acquainted, and with whom I have had two or three conversations relative to your business. He will forward to the District Attorney instructions conformable to your wishes. Were the case my own, I would, as you doubtless will, immediately pay the trifle remaining due. I believe your wishes have been fully met in the whole arrangement. I am extremely happy to have had it in my power to give you a little aid in this business; but, Sir, my *services* have been trifling, as the case required no more; and *they* have much less claim to the polite acknowledgments you are so good as to make me, than my *good wishes* have.

Should any other case occur in which I can serve you, be assured of my disposition to do so, and believe me with consideration

Your obedt & hble Servant,

Adjt. Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer. JOHN P. VAN NESS.

"John P. Van Ness was a cousin of the noble hearted and truly brilliant William W. Van Ness. He was born in Claverack, in the county of Columbia in the year 1770, and died at the city of Washington, March, 1846, at the age of seventy-six years. He was educated at Columbia College, in the city of New York, and studied law in that city, in the office of Brockholdst Livingston. At the age of about twenty-two he commenced the practice of law in Columbia county.

"In the year 1801, he was elected to congress from the district composed of the counties of Columbia and Rensselaer. In 1802 he was married to a very interesting, accomplished and wealthy lady of the city of Washington, and as her fortune consisted principally of real estate in that city, he fixed his residence there until his death. He was appointed by President Jefferson, brigadier general of the militia of the district of

Columbia, and was afterwards promoted by President Madison to the rank of major general, which office he held for many years. He was for several successive years elected mayor of the city of Washington, when he declined a reëlection. Through his influence the Bank of the Metropolis in the city Washington was established; he was the first president of that institution, and remained so until the time of his death.

"He possessed a high order of talents, and was a man of great personal influence. For the last forty years of his life he was extensively known and celebrated for his liberality and hospitality, many of the churches, and the temperance hall in the city of Washington, was erected on grounds given by him for that purpose. During his long residence in that city he had formed numerous acquaintances. Few men had more devoted friends, and his death was greatly deplored by the people of the American capital, his friends and his country.

"The Van Ness family, viz: John P. Van Ness, William P. Van Ness, and Cornelius P. Van Ness, is one of the most distinguished and talented families in this country, and are sons of Peter Van Ness. Willian P. Van Ness was the second to Aaron Burr in his fatal duel with General Hamilton. He was a man of transcendent talents; he died of apoplexy in New York on September 6, 1826."

Albany, July 2, 1812, Died. "This morning Brigadier General Peter Gansevoort of the United States Army, after a very distressing illness of several months, aged 62 years, 11 mos. 16 days.

General Orders.

Head Quarters, New York, July 6, 1812.

The General announces to the troops in the City and harbor of New York, the death of Brigadier General Gansevoort at Albany on the 2d instant.

In testimony of respect to the defender of Fort Schuyler in 1777 of an officer of intelligence, bravery and distinguished military merit during the revolutionary war, the colors will be hoisted half staff high for the day, and the officers wear the usual badge of mourning for 1 month.

By order.

R. H. MacPherson, Aid-de-Camp.

Colonel Peter Gansevoort commanded Fort Stanwix during its memorable seige, and conducted its defense with a vigor and success which crowned his name with distinguished honor, and for which he received a special vote of thanks from congress. In 1809, he received the commission of brigadier-general in the army of the United States.

He was a man of noble presence, and fearless and magnanimous spirit; of undaunted courage, and inflexible integrity. His public life was without a blot, while his private character was of unimpeachable morality, and showed distinctly the influence of Christian principle. General Gansevoort was with Gen. Montgomery in his attack on Canada in 1775, in one of the early letters, mention is made of his illness when at Isle Aux Noix.

CHAPTER IX.

DECLARATION OF WAR IN 1812.

Upon the declaration of war, in 1812, by the United States against Great Britain, "Major Gen. Henry Dearborn had in February, been placed in the command of the northern frontier, with views to the invasion of Canada. Lake Champlain presented the great military highway to the centre of the enemy's province, and the American settlements at the foot of that lake were remote and exposed; the general therefore judiciously determined to take his first position with the regular recruits in that quarter." In the progress of the campaign, the western frontier of the state of New York was in danger; and in defect of regular troops, a requisition having been made by the general government, for a body of New York militia, it was the pleasure of Gov. Tompkins to appoint GENERAL STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER to take command of the forces, which should be raised for the defense of the northern and western frontiers of this state, in answer to that requisition.

Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, as also the adjutant general, Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, were greatly opposed to the policy of the war, and both differed in politics from Governor Tompkins. General Stephen Van Rensselaer and Gov. Tompkins were rival candidates for the government of the state. When General Van Rensselaer was selected to command the troops, it was considered by every one as rather an ambiguous compliment: and it was fully supposed that under existing circumstances he would refuse it, and thus injure his popularity, but for once the interested intriguers were baffled. When the noble man saw his country in danger, with true, elevated patriotism, all minor considerations were immediately laid aside, and he promptly responded to the summons.

At the solicitation of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, my father took a position on his staff and joined the army for the frontier. "That officer entered upon his command on the 13th of July, 1812, having done me the honor to request my services as his aid. I was anxious to serve my country in the contest in which she was engaged, and I did not hesitate, therefore, to take the situation thus offered me." The benefits of that war have not yet been fully realized but are beginning to be seen. It taught the world whether on sea or land, American arms were invincible. The bravery displayed in that war commanded the respect and admiration of the world. It taught England that the country whose freedom and free institutions were born in blood, would not shrink from baptizing them in the same element.

"Government asked for the soldier's blood, it was freely given. It told the patriot to sever all the domestic ties, he cut them asunder at its bidding. It told him to take the last look of his children, and away to the tented field. He looked, offered one prayer for their safety, and turned his back on his home. Such sacrifices demand consideration and remuneration. Those veterans served their country in her weakness, she should remember them in her strength and glory. That struggle defended our honor at home and gave us a lustrous name abroad. It developed

the prowess of American arms as a whole and furnished some of the most striking instances of individual bravery, the world ever saw. A truly brilliant catalogue of names was added to the world's list of heroes. Many who served in the first struggle for independence, capped the climax of their glory in the war of 1812."

Albany, July 13, 1812, General Van Rensselaer and suite set off this morning for Niagara, where a large body of troops are now assembling, but whether for offensive or defensive measures we are not able to say. They are principally volunteers and militia.

Herkimer, July 16. On Tuesday last Major Gen. Van Rensselaer, his aid and private secretary passed through this village on their way to Niagara. We understand he is to take command of all the forces on the frontiers. The citizens of this village being apprized the preceding day of his approach came to the determination of escorting him into town. Accordingly about twelve o'clock a number of citizens accompanied by several officers of merit, formed a cavalcade under the direction of Captain Myers as marshall of the day, and moved on the village of Little Falls, where they were joined by a number of gentlemen from that village who were desirous of showing this meritorious officer the intended tribute of respect. The cavalcade then proceeded about three miles below the Falls where Gen. Van Rensselaer was received by them in a most cordial manner. They then moved back to the Falls, where the company partook of an excellent dinner provided in a sumptuous manner by Major Morgan. After the cloth was removed a number of appropriate toasts were drank all breathing the true spirit of American liberty, that spirit which animated the breasts of our fore-fathers in the glorious struggle of seventy-six.

The general was then escorted to the village by the cavalcade, who observed the utmost regularity where he was received with expressions of joy, and his arrival announced by a federal salute from the artillery.

The following are a few specimens of the toasts at the dinner. By Gen. Van Rensselaer. The Citizens of Herkimer. May their patriotism in the present struggle of our country, equal their valor in the revolutionary war.

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer. A speedy and glorious termination of the present war.

Mr. Lovett. The example of our fathers. Trusting in God they achieved our independence; following their example, we may preserve the inheritance.

After a short tarry, the general proceeded on his way, and thenceforth his name was identified with the military glory of his country. A mere narration of facts within my knowledge would not be sufficiently interesting; something might be written of the incidents and romance of history, as connected with this campaign, calculated both to instruct and amuse; for the recorded events will never pass into oblivion, though they have been but summarily despatched. There are many transactions, many exciting incidents relating to the war of 1812, which are more than fancy sketches, yet have to the present time remained unwritten. There were many divisions and heart-burnings, throughout the political masses, which culminated into bitterness of feeling and alienation, on the part of the initiated few, and now the selection of Gen. Van Rensselaer, "considering the adverse state of his political relations to Governor Tompkins, was deemed an equivocal act on the part of the commander in chief of New York. Although the situation of Gen. V. R. was exceedingly embarrass-

ing, yet he had one on his staff who had signalized himself by his undaunted bravery."

"Hon. John Lovett, of facetious memory, was a lawyer, a man of genius, and possessed great versatility of talent. He frequently wrote fugitive pieces of poetry full of wit and keen satire; he always had at command a great variety of anecdotes, ready for use, whatever might be the subject of conversation. He was remarkably pleasant, and his sparkling wit and flashes of merriment would set the table in a roar. Although possessed of fine talents, he never relished the dry study of law; skillful in the management of a cause before a jury, he never excelled in the argument of a question of law, and did not obtain that distinction as a counselor, which was in his power, by applying himself more closely to judicial studies. One of the errors of his life was a passion for change of employment, not often the road to distinction or success.

"In the war of 1812 he accompanied Generals Stephen and Solomon Van Rensselaer to Niagara, as secretary of the former, and honorably acquited himself in that campaign. When invited by Gen. Van Rensselaer to become his military aid and secretary Mr. Lovett said, 'I am not a soldier,' the answer, 'It is not your *sword*, but your *pen* that I want,' decided the point. He afterwards represented the county of Albany in congress with much reputation. He purchased a tract of land on the Maumee, and commenced a settlement which he named Perrysburg, in honor of the gallant hero of Lake Erie. He died of the prevailing fever of the country at Fort Meigs in Ohio, in August 1818 aged fifty-two years."

The following letter is descriptive of the journey from Albany.

John Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

My dear Sir, Ogdensburgh July 20, 1812.

If flying through air, water, mud, brush, over hills, dales, meadows, swamps: on wheels or horseback, and getting a man's ears gnawed off with musquitoes and gallinippers make a *Soldier*, then have I seen service for — one week. I certainly intended before now to have written you, but I assure you I have very little leisure, and I think you will soon be convinced of it: Let our tracks speak for themselves. It was about 11 oclock before Gov. Tompkins gave us our orders, the next evening we were at Utica; having fought our way again and again through Cavalry, Artillery &c. The hearty and cordial respect paid to our General everywhere, is really pleasing. As we approached the Little Falls, we were met by a grand Troop, Carriages &c. At the Inn a superb Band saluted the General and played delightfully, while a very large company sat with us at an elegant Dinner. The escort proceeded with us to Herkimer; then a Salute was fired as we entered the Town, and a thousand compliments &c. &c. Before we got to Utica the street was thronged with Patriots: Genl. Platt's Cards for Dinner the next day &c. Poor souls; they did not know that *We were all* SOLDIERS!! Utica was full of dreadful News. Sacketts Harbor was blockaded. The Oneida dismantled, her Guns landed, and much more of the same sort: All believed it. Our General, therefore, thought it his duty to abandon his route to Niagara and visit Sacketts Harbor: so away we flew, and found all we had heard was false. Could I see you, I might *talk* much; but I shall *write* little of Sacketts Harbor. There are about 200 Militia at the harbor, not a word of them. The Oneida was there still. Woolsey invited our General on board, the yards were manned in the twinkling of an eye, three cheers

from a truly hearty Crew, then "Starboard, Fire," "Port, Fire," "Starboard, Fire," "Port, Fire," and so on, about as fast as you will read it; until all was blue. Then the Crew were exercised in all possible shapes. Truly, truly in style; but this another time for I see I shall soon be called off. Now will not your heart ache when I tell you that this Brig can be burnt at any hour the British choose to do it. They have the Royal George of superior force, the Earl Maria 14 Guns, Prince Regent 10 or 12 Guns and one more, Duke of Gloucester. Woolsey is trying to mount a 32 pounder in a Schooner, and 6–9 pounders on board a sloop; both vessels now lying in the harbor.

Woolsey is also with the assistance of the Militia, erecting a small Battery on the harbor to secure, if possible, the retreat of the Oneida if hard pressed by superior force. Can you conceive how important Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence are to us? if so, pray answer me; Why have we not 10 Gun Boats *there*. That force, at present, would answer us. Sackett Adieu. Sad tidings from the County of St Lawrence; the Inhabitants are panic struck, and flying off in shoals? To quiet them, to give them confidence and constancy to keep their homes, secure their crops, &c. &c. our General deemed an object worthy his attention. Therefore down we came to Watertown and on to this place about 80 miles of the most horrid road I ever saw, in a great part of it, two miles an hour is quick riding. The Inhabitants have fled like foolish children, from just such danger, and no greater, as our General was in all day yesterday. Now after we have put all right here, we shall return to Sackett's Harbor, and if no bones are broken, we shall then go on to Oswego, and from thence to Niagara, where in about two weeks I hope to lie like a Soldier on my own Blankets free from the infernal bugs which have already gnawed away ten per cent of my whole frame, legs inclusive. When I get encamped I will *write* you; at present I can only *sketch*.

All I shall here say of my General is, that Albany may justly be proud that she has such a citizen. Solomon was born for war. We all travel as harmoniously as heart can wish; and you may depend on it we have enough to do, go where we will. On the Frontiers, our General is hailed, almost as a new Washington. * * *

I told you *I* should not give up first, I told you true, I have perfect health; and as much activity as is necessary; I believe, I might say, as almost any man of my age. I shall say a word of this place after I have looked about a little: this is only bringing up my journal a little. I have nothing to say of the War; only when the whole truth shall be told, and understood, heaven and earth must stand amazed. Write me the news, and direct to Niagara. Heaven only knows how or when I shall return. I feel perfectly warranted in saying that, it was altogether desirable that I should come along. I see and hear many things and shall try to remember some. I write in such haste that I fear you will not be able to read. As to my little Flock, do step up and cheer them: I trust they will not suffer for any thing. My Horse is just what I expected, and he who travels with me, must ride a good horse or not keep up. I have not rubbed a hair off him in all this heat and dreadful rains. 22d. I have looked much about here to satisfy me that Ogdensburgh is one of the most charmingly situated places in the world. Fancy could hardly mend it, and the People are equal to the place, Driving, Cards, Tea Parties and all in elegant style. Glorious times for Soldiers. Good night,

To Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

Solomon Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriet, Ogdensburgh, July 22, 1812.

This night I shall be engaged in a most desperate enterprise, to board a British armed vessel lying in the St. Lawrence off this Harbor. I have only Militia to accompany me on this important service; of course I shall be compelled to expose myself in a high degree as an example to them to do their duty. I will succeed or fall. If the latter, let me beg of you to meet the event with fortitude, and do not unnecessarily repine at my loss. Kiss Adeline, Elizabeth, Matilda and our dear little Margaretta for me. Rensselaer I presume is before this at school in Middletown, Conn., where the Patroon will keep him. When you see Rensselaer give him a kiss for me, and tell him to be a good boy, and attend to his studies, but where is our dear little Van Vechten? in Heaven I hope, where sooner or later I trust we all will join him. I have written to the Patroon and Abraham Van Vechten about you and the family, and likewise about my back pay, which I presume can be got for you. The Certificates of the Surgeons of Wayne's Army are to be found among my papers, and they will attend to them. I have much more to say to you, but time is pressing hard on me. I must again repeat how anxious and interested, I feel on your and our dear little ones' account. Give them an affectionate embrace for me, and think kindly of me as you ever did, for you possess my warmest affections. Forget the past and believe me to be your affectionate and unalterable friend and Husband. Adieu.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Harriot Van Rensselaer, Mount Hope, Albany.

Upon reaching Ogdensburgh, information having been obtained which induced a belief, that a descent was meditated upon that place, temporary breastworks of cordwood, &c., were hastily thrown up, and two old guns mounted to repel it. The belief was confirmed while the work was in progress, by the appearance of two vessels of war which sailed out of the lake and came to at the wharf opposite the village. It was supposed that such palpable indications of being greeted with a warm reception, were the reasons why the intention was abandoned. The sight of these vessels so near him was enough, however, to excite the resolute spirit of Colonel Van Rensselaer, and he forthwith projected a handsome enterprise, (which failed through the want of a few regular troops,) against an armed vessel of the enemy, which lay along side a wharf adjoining the British magazines at Prescott on the opposite shore. The tocsin of war still continues to ring. Colonel Van Rensselaer proposed with one hundred and twenty men, to ascend the St. Lawrence four or five miles, after night, cross the river, down under the Canada shore, take possession of the buildings and carry the vessel, boarding her by land and water at the same time. Volunteers from the militia, turned for the enterprise at evening roll call, but at midnight, they had changed their minds, and as they believed there existed no competent authority to order them beyond the limits of the state, this feasible project was abandoned. A similar occasion never again offered, as the next morning the two vessels sailed back to the lake. It was subsequently ascertained, that there was no other force at the place to contend with, but the crews of the two vessels.

Major General Van Rensselaer to Governor Tompkins.

Sir, Ogdensburgh, July 23d, 1812, 8 o'clock, P. M.

On receiving information that Sackett's Harbour was menaced by the enemy, I deemed it expedient that General Brown should repair there; and accordingly he departed from this place early yesterday morning. One reason for my remaining a day or two longer at this post was, to await, and possibly improve the success which might attend a projected attack upon a ten-gun British schooner which has for several days been lying at the dock in Prescott, opposite to this place. The proposed attack was concerted by my aid-de-camp, Col. Van Rensselaer, and Col. Benedict who commands at this post. Yesterday was spent in preparations. The boarding-boats were ready at 1 o'clock, last night, and the attack was to have been made by land and water, at 3 in the morning. But when every thing was prepared in such manner as to promise complete success, it was discovered with infinite chagrin and mortification, that only *sixty-six* men would volunteer for the service! This number being by no means competent, Cols. Van Rensselaer and Bendediet, who would certainly have led the men to action with the most cool and determined bravery, were compelled to abandon an enterprize honourable in itself, and upon the result of which might have depended the whole command of the Lake and river.

This promising project having been blasted, and as nothing further of consequence appeared to demand my longer stay here, I was on the eve of my departure at five o'clock this afternoon, when a large armed ship was discovered coming down the river. She anchored close on shore, on the opposite side of the river, near to the schooner, and appears to be a fourteen-gun ship. Considerable solicitude prevails in this place. It is generally believed that the vessels in the harbour are the object of the enemy. The owners of the vessels are preparing to scuttle them, or remove them as far out of the reach of the enemy as may be. The troops are busy constructing a fort of timber north of Parish's store, on the best ground for the purpose. But, sir, our very great misfortune is, that we have only *two six pounders*. If this harbour is to be protected, it is absolutely necessary that I should be immediately furnished with cannon of competent calibre, for the probably approaching emergency. I shall wait your answer by the return of the express, and govern myself accordingly.

I have the honor, &c.,

His Excellency Gov. Tompkins. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

John Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Sir, Ogdensburgh, July 23, 1812.

By throwing off my flannel, and being a little too much in the rain, I caught a horrid cold which laid me up yesterday. And as we quit here this afternoon, I must soon close my wretched scrawl. We have here say four hundred troops, well armed, pretty well disciplined. Three Field pieces, a little amunition, no works.

Last Saturday a ten Gun British Schooner came down from the narrows and anchored at Prescott opposite this place. We have been squinting, and squinting again and again at her. Last evening it was determined by my friend Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer and Col. Benedict to attack her at 3 o'clock this morning, the night has been spent in activity; excellent Boats and all things were in readiness at 2 o'clock. The men

were paraded, and out of *four hundred*, all clamorous for attack, just *sixty-three* men were willing to go! Of course, at daylight, the expedition was abandoned. Never did I see a man more mortified and disappointed than is Col. Van Rensselaer. Never did any man see a soldier more eager for attack. I am now, more than ever before, satisfied of the awful stuff for battle which he carries in his pluck. He was to have led the van, and I believe he would willingly have given a Quit Claim to all he possesses in the world, could he have but persuaded the men to go with him and stick by him. I may hereafter give you a number of amusing anecdotes of last night; yet as Thorn was present with us, and will soon be with you, I refer to him. *One word.* As I write you any how, you are never to publish anything I write: *you know* what I mean; the facts I state you may publish as you please when deemed expedient, but *now* this single fact of the Men's refusing to volunteer, if published, would raise a bobbery.

From Sacketts Harbor we learn that the British Squadron looked in there a day or two ago, gave and received a few long shots and retired. There are here eight or ten fine Schooners, which if armed, would give us command of the Lake and River. How came all this?

Although no blow is yet struck in these parts, it does appear to me impossible that the thing can continue so long. The command of the water is every thing: the British now have it; but I think there will yet, in some shape, be a struggle for it; there must be, for our little force must be subdued or increased.

What has become of our *Salt water Fleet?*

Tell my good wife, I have not another moment to write, that I am neither homesick, crop-sick, war-sick, nor sick of my Wife. Tell her also that we are in point blank shot of Mr. Honeywood. When you are up all night, and the devil about among Boats and Militia, you will write nearly as bad as I do.

With one foot in the stirrup and good pluck for Niagara.

Good bye to you.

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

There were many hardships and deprivations to be encountered in the early part of this, as in every campaign.

On one occasion Gen. Van Rensselaer accompanied by Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer and Major Lovett were traveling on horseback on a tour of inspection "along the frontier from Sackett's Harbor to learn the condition of troops and the means of offensive or defensive operations along the lake and St. Lawrence. Sending our horses by land, we took two sailors, a sergeant and eight soldiers and started in an open boat, prepared to fight a little and run a good deal, and escape any lurking boats of the enemy. Until nearly night we had no wind; then a breeze sprung up and increased to a gale, the night was cold. I had no outer garment but my flannel night gown, God bless my good wife, she made me bring it. We all were chilly, it was dark, the sea ran high and much to our vexation, were overtaken by a severe thunder storm. It was a wild and boisterous night, the rain came down in torrents and the lightning flashed in bright sheets of light from the heavy thunder clouds. Our pilot got bewildered, we run the lord knows where, but we struck on the rocks near the mouth of little Salmon river in Mexico bay, the guard hailed us, and gave us directions how to get off, we did soon get off and were glad to seek shelter in a deserted house from which its frightened

inmates had previously fled, leaving only a table and wash bench. Being destitute of everything necessary for their comfort, they were obliged to go supperless to bed. It was half past twelve and we sought needed repose. We placed our general on the table about four and one-half feet long, crooked up his legs, borrowed a thick blanket of a soldier and covered him up quite comfortably. The patience with which this man endures privations as well as hardships, can only be known by those who certify the fact." But as to the rest. Col. Van Rensselaer got two boards and laid himself down in his great coat, while poor Major Lovett had choice of a filthy floor or the large Dutch oven. He selected the latter as the more desirable couch and "the thought struck me it would be my safest retreat from the vermin. But how under heaven to get in I knew not. I got a wide board, placed an end in the mouth of the monstrous oven, laid myself on the board, then bade the sergeant of the guard raise up the other end and push me into the oven, in I went, like a pig on wooden shovel, yes, and there I staid and had one of the loveliest night's rest of my life." Making the best of present circumstances, the jocular major, during the night, hearing from their conversation, that his friends were sadly tormented with bats and vermin; boasted, much to the annoyance of the others, of his nice, snug chamber; and early in the morning greeted them with the vociferous information, that he never slept more comfortably, "such a lovely night's rest." His dubious, but amused comrades, allowed the gallant and contented major to rest long without any disturbance, in his so styled pleasant quarters, till at last, endurance was unsupportable, and he was very glad to beg them to draw him out. "I am still glad I came, tho' I have seen some pretty tough times, we all are about six and one-half hours on our horses amongst the most infernal set of fleas that ever graced a man's ears. I find the war is considered, in this part of the country unpopular and indeed intolerable."

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

My Dear Sir, Ogdensburgh July 29, 1812.

I have long considered it a given point that those who *do* nothing, are always *too much engaged* to do any thing else. Now this is very nearly my own condition: although we *effect* nothing, we are all the while busy. Here must be a redoubt thrown up; some Tents pitched yonder; this Schooner hauled this way, and that, that way. And the cursed *Flags* of *Truce* bother our souls out. Scarcely a day passes, but some scamp gets a canoe, sticks up a pole, and such part of his shirt as he can best spare, after having washed it so long that he can venture his soul and body on the chance of proving it *white*, and thus rigged away he comes to our shore after some raft, or boat, or canoe, or in plain truth, to reconnoitre us. But our General has a bait put on and to all this stuff. Thus and thus passes our time: stop, though, there is one good job going on: An old Naval who has been somewhere here about on the Grampian Hills ever since the year 1758, told our Soldiers where lay an 8 Gun Vessel sunk. At it the poor devils went; several days ago they *drew up* one good large 4 pounder, last night they grabbed another: we have strained it with 3 heavy charges and it stands; this day the Boys say they shall have up two more: Thus, Sir, while the General and State Governments are so infamously neglecting to supply this place with Ordnance, our boys are hoisting old French Pieces from the bottom of the bay. Now, Sir, I will

relate to you a little expedition which, God knows, was hazardous enough. At Hamilton Village, twenty miles below this, we have a few troops, and the British are throwing up some works. Our General had an inclination to visit that place. He ordered our Horses down by land and the General, the great Mr. Parish, a Mr. Rainheart, Col. Van Rensselaer and myself, made up the Passengers. Three Boatmen conducted us. Our boat was so small, that several gentlemen were alarmed when we started and attempted to have us called back, but without success. We went on very well eight miles; then appeared a Rapid which, to me, looked *pokerish enough*, but I am not timid on water, the boatmen run into the very worst place, the boat plunged bows under. Col. Van Rensselaer was with me in the bow, and the old soldier, who fears nothing on *land*, admits he was horridly scared on water. Our boatmen turned pale, and gave up, the boat walloping in the breakers; we shipped such quantities of water that the General and Mr. Rainheart got their breeches full. Mr. Parish his coat-pockets full. Col. V. R. and myself our boots full. My pistols were afloat. People saw us from the shore and gave us up, for without another boat, salvation was very distant. But we all kept steady, and that saved all: we got our boat ashore, baled out, and tried it again. I am not very fond of relating hair-breadth escapes, but I am to tell you the truth; and you may be assured this is just such a scrape as we *don't mean* to attempt again. We returned here last evening. I do not recollect where my war narrative left off. We have been all mortified, almost to death, by the failure of the expedition against the Schooner. Had she fallen, the Earl Maria which came down the next day, must have inevitably followed the example, and this bobbing, as it may look to you, would have led to the command of the waters, and the want of that command will distress us incalculably. We sent up to Woolsey to concert a plan for attacking both; and last night the concert began to be matured; and now, to renew our vexation, while I am writing, both the Ship and the Schooner are under way, with a very feeble breeze, going up the River. As far as I can learn their object here has been to wait for arms and stores from Montreal.

2 Brigades of Canada Boats, that is 24 of them have been several days below this coming up, each boat manned a small Piece, but we had pretty much determined to attack them, but the citizens discouraged the idea for fear of a retaliating Bombardment, as we have no guns for the Ship and Schooner; and now they will be up the River again. As long as *John Bull* travels by *water* and the rest of the world by *Land*, he will tucker all out.

I have seen letters from Sackett's Harbor, giving a dreadful account of the attack there, all froth; barely a few long shots. If any man wants to see folly triumphant, let him come here, let him view friends by friends stretched for hundreds of miles on these two shores, all loving and beloved; all desirous of harmony; all wounded by being coerced, by a hand unseen, to cut throats. The People must waken, they will wake from such destructive lethargy and stupor.

The Troops here are very steady, respectful, obedient, healthy. It is certainly a great compliment to the morality of the Country, that here on the lines, among a collection of every thing, there is no noise, disturbance, bad language nor uproar.

Soldiers without pay or Blankets as dutiful as children. What might not the good spirit of this great People effect, if properly directed. History while recording our folly, will dress her pages in mourning, the

showers of Posterity's tears will fall in vain; for the sponge of time can never wipe this blot from the American Name. We are all getting thin as shad, and brown as Indians; well we may, for, we are seldom in bed more than five out of twenty-four hours, but we are hearty and treated with the highest respect. Thursday Morning, 30th July, I intended to have written more, but last night our Express returned from Albany, without any answer, and as we have done all that can be done here without Ordnance, we must leave the place to its fate, and take up our line of march to day for Sackett's Harbor, Oswego and Niagara, where you may again hear from me, and let me hear from you, particularly as to the symptoms of awakening among the People. May Almighty God rouse them, for this War is the Ominous Gathering of folly and madness, and so every one must know who comes in sight of it.

Tell Sam. McElroy, I saw the old gentleman yesterday well. Comfort my Wife. Cheer all the Brethren and tell Gilbert Stewart I attend church *twice* a day.

You have seen General Hull's Proclamation, Matter and manner all speak our language. I am not timid, but my friend, my faith begins to quiver. The People must rouse quickly, or we shall inevitably be crushed.

Yours very truly,
J. LOVETT.

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

My dear Friend, Oswego 5th August, 1812.

It was my intention to have written you a long letter before I left this; and when I tell you the plain, honest truth why I have not, I really think you will smile and call it Military Pedantry. I was on parade, by the side of my General, from 3 in the afternoon until dark, and have but this moment (9 at night) concluded the Division Orders to Col. Flemming who commands at this Post. There are here, 525 as fine Militia as you could wish to see, under the command of an old Revolutionary Veteran who was in every general action during the last war. The whole service is to him, as familiar as housekeeping.

Fort Oswego is really deservedly the admiration of every one. The works, which were once of the very first character, have gone greatly to decay; but, like the great commanding traits of a handsome woman, they still charm the beholder, at the same time exciting admiration softened with tender sensations of regret, that any thing once so perfect should have faded with years.

The site of this fort is on a promontory on the east side of Oswego River; to the North and west the eye cannot command the sight of land. Here the Sun sets in majesty; bidding adieu to earth, he sinks as it were, in the western main. Without visiting these regions no living mortal can conceive the majesty with which nature has here painted; every stroke speaks the mighty, the mighty hand of Jehovah.

"Here Nature strikes her strangest, boldest lines,
And paints broad scenes unknown in eastern climes."

J. LOVETT.

On reaching the Niagara frontier towards the middle of August, General Van Rensselaer found his troops scattered along the whole line of the river, and exposed to be cut up in detail. Having inspected his ground, his resolution was promptly taken to concentrate his forces at Lewiston,

leaving the necessary guards of observation at different points. Orders to that effect were immediately given. His camp was formed, and the duties of discipline and instruction were entered upon without delay. From the moment of his assuming the command, his position was one of the utmost exposure and danger. He lay within sight of a powerful enemy, separated from him only by a narrow river, for the crossing of which, that enemy possessed every facility. He had a line of thirty-six miles to guard and his whole force was considerably less than one thousand men, on the first day of September, he had only 691 men fit for duty, many of them without shoes, and all of them clamorous for pay. Of ammunition, there were not ten rounds per man, and no lead. There was not one piece of heavy ordnance in the whole line, and there were no artillerists to man the few light pieces which we possessed. Add to this, that the troops could not take or keep the field, for want of tents and covering; that the medical department, if one could be said to exist at all, was utterly destitute of everything necessary for the comfort of the sick or the disabled; and that there was among the men that entire want of subordination, to say nothing of discipline, which always characterizes raw militia; and some idea may be formed of the condition of our army.

The condition of the forces on the opposite bank of the river, was in contrast with ours in every particular. There was a well appointed, and well found army, under the most exact discipline, and commanded by skillful and experienced officers. Every important post, from Fort Erie to Fort George, was in a defensible state, and the enemy had possessed himself of a very commanding position on the heights of Queenstown, which he was rendering every day more secure and formidable. He had, moreover, the mastery of the lakes, and was at that moment industriously employed in using that advantage to increase his numbers, and add to his supplies at Niagara. Expresses had been sent by Gen. Van Rensselaer to Albany, to represent this state of things, and to urge on the necessary supplies, which in time arrived at Sackett's Harbor, the nearest depot on the lake: but as the rendezvous of the army was now established *between* the two lakes, on the Niagara river, owing to the impossibilities of transporting those indispensable articles by land, it became necessary to resort to diplomacy, in order to secure their safe passage through the waters under the control of the enemy. Fortunately an opportunity of a trial of this act soon occurred. An armistice was in course of negotiation. Major General Dearborn wrote that, "Our government had received despatches from England of a conciliatory nature; to the proposition on the part of Sir George Provost, for a mutual cessation of hostilities on the frontiers, he would comply so far, as to agree to direct the respective commanding officers, to confine their operations to defensive measures for the present."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Governor Tompkins.

Sir, Buffalo, August 11th, 1812.

I have to advise your Excellency that I arrived here last evening, and various considerations induced me to adopt measures for obtaining the most satisfactory information respecting the situation of General Hull. Accordingly, I this morning sent my aid-de-camp to Black Rock, having heard that Judge Porter, brother of the Quarter Master General, had lately returned from Detroit. Col. Van Rensselaer has returned, having had a conference with the Quarter Master General, and Judge Porter. The amount of information obtained is substantially this. That Judge Porter

left Detroit, on the 29th ult., General Hull was entrenching himself opposite to Detroit; Fort Malden was not taken as has been reported; General Hull's force was eight hundred. At Brown's Town, below Detroit, are fifteen hundred hostile Indians. Quarter Master General Porter has lately sent several boats with provisions for General Hull; but unfortunately, one boat has been taken by the enemy, and unfavourable apprehensions are entertained for the other boats. It is here generally believed, that detachments of troops have been sent from Fort George, to relieve Fort Malden; the number remaining behind, I have not been able to ascertain, but shall endeavour to make this an object of early inquiry. It is said that the enemy abound on the opposite shore, with ordnance, and every munition of war. We are, here, as indeed at all of our posts, lamentably deficient in ordnance. The situation of Ogdensburgh, and the necessity of supplying it with heavy ordnance, I have before stated to your Excellency in my letter by express from that place. Every consideration connected with the success of any operations in this quarter, urges me to solicit the earliest possible supply of heavy ordnance, and some skillful engineers, and artillerists. Without such aid and supplies, I can hardly conceive how it will be possible for us to achieve anything of importance, or even defend our posts in case of attacks from the enemy. I shall, tomorrow, proceed on to Black Rock and Lewiston, and make further communications of every incident of moment.

I have spent a part of this day with Red Jacket, Corn Planter, and a number of other Indians of influence. They very kindly consider me as the messenger of peace and friendship, specially delegated by your excellency. Their professions are unreservedly friendly, and I believe sincere. I have this day received a letter from Major General Dearborn, in which he speaks of Fort Malden as being taken: I have given him such information on the subject as I have here obtained. I have the honour &c

To His Excellency Governor Tompkins.

Cornplanter, the venerable Seneca chief, did all in his power to keep his race neutral. At the request of the United State government, he induced their influential chiefs, to visit the Indians on the Grand river, talk with them about remaining neutral and bring back an answer. The authorities of the United States used every effort in their power to keep the Indians from the contest on both sides, knowing their cruel mode of warfare, and resolved not to employ the savages in the war unless compelled to.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

My dear Friend,, Niagara Falls, August 14, 1812.

I hope I may never cease to praise God for his bountiful gift of that strange kind of *something* which he was pleased, in mercy, to put into my composition which still continues to sustain me in cheerful activity when real stout men are willing to sit down and rest. At eight this morning I mounted my horse, and I have been on *his* back or *my* legs until this minute (nine at night) except at dinner. My General also, you may depend is no common man to endure fatigue, and my good friend the Colonel, I have left at Lewiston, seven miles off. Gen. Hull and Howe Cuyler, I have this moment parted from, and they say they are much fatigued. Now here I sit alone, in a little hut twelve by fifteen feet, on the top of the falls, so near that I can *spit* in; half deafened by that thorough-bass groan which nature in some awfully convulsive moment

struck; which she has continued for ages and ages; and which will probably continue until that dreadful moment when she will swell it a note louder and expire. Here I have slept, in state with our baggage, on the floor for two nights; and this makes the third and last. I say in state, because I have a sentinel the *outside* my door, and a Cask of Wine the *inside;* but I can have no intercourse with either; for etiquette forbids the former, and the want of a gimlet the latter * * * I now and then get a peep at your Papers, and the most abominable lies which are thrown out are producing such mischief, that I willingly rob myself of sleep to give you the truth, for what I write you may depend on as fact. I wrote to Van Vechten by the last mail the situation of General Hull, I am inclined to think he is not in a very eligible situation. General Dearborn believes Fort Malden is taken, he writes so, but it is *not* true. Now in justification of the movements of our General, who God knows would serve his Country if he could (I made a little sketch of the country &c. where and how Hull is situated, in my letter to Van Vechten, read that and you will see what condltion we are in), but how is that possible in our present condition. We have eleven cannon for all our extensive lines, no works of any consequence, except old Fort Niagara, and that, though once a master piece, is all going to decay. From Buffalo to Niagara both inclusive we have not 1000 Militia. Capt. Leonard, of the Garrison at Niagara told me this afternoon, that our Regulars are 360 and no more! Wait another sentence, although Gen. Van Rensselaer is incessantly pressing the Commander-in-Chief with the indispensable necessity of a competent supply of heavy ordance; for Engineers; Artillerists; still a noble company of 106 Artillerists, at Niagara, are in two or three days to take up their line of march for Albany! This, Capt. Leonard told me this day. After all that you have heard, you will not, you cannot believe me, but *hear* me, and wait until the next mail when we shall send the Commander-in-Chief our Inspection Returns of all the Posts. Now as to the enemy: Although they have sent off large detachments, General Wadsworth, who commands at Lewiston told me to day, 1000 from Niagara to reinforce Fort Malden, yet they appear to be awake all along the lines, yet exceeding civil, and still with ordnance, of every description, and all the munitions of war they abound.

Every three or four miles, on every prominent point or eminence, there you see a snug Battery thrown up, and "*the last*" saucy *arguments of Kings* poking their white noses, and round black nostrils right up in your face, ready to spit fire, ball and brimstone in your very teeth if you even offer to turn *Squatter* on John Bull's land. Niagara, on the British side, or as it is called sometimes, New Ark; I mean at Lake Ontario, looks wicked every where. It is a charming, fertile, broad village, but all a camp, fortified at every point. Capt. Leonard was this afternoon, in my presence, asked seriously, for his professional answer, as an able, gallant, and experienced officer, What number of Troops would be competent to promise success in an attack upon Fort George, that is, their main work? I heard the answer "*Not less than* 2,000 WELL DISCIPLINED TROOPS. Those who know Leonard will believe, for they must respect his opinion. No sooner did we approach with our cavalcade, than away ran expresses, on the opposite shore at full speed. Here, again I saw our old Friend, the *Earl of Moria*. While we were reconnoitering the works, the Prince Regent up sails and stood off North. Now let the reasonable part of the world judge why Gen. Van Rensselaer *cannot act.*

To-morrow I take our Baggage to Lewiston, where we shall establish Head Quarters. Thank my Wife for her *Political* Epistle. I consider you the organ of communication to all my friends. Thank my Wife for the Flannel Night Gown, in which I roll myself this moment and tumble on the floor, to rest. Yours ever truly.

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. J. LOVETT.

Journal of the Campaign continued.

Sunday, August 16, 1812. Head Quarters Lewiston.

The oftener I get a peep at your Papers, the more I feel it my duty to give you the correct history of every occurrence which can possibly be tortured into a lie; but as I must of necessity write in great haste, stealing, as it were the time; writing on my knee, my hat, or any how, you will of course excuse 10,000 blunders; but *Facts* you may depend on. My last to you I closed late at night on the 14th at the Falls. Yesterday morning I brought our Baggage down here. And now for a little scratching sport, which I relate principally for the purpose of enabling you to meet the *lye* should any fool, or scoundrel manufacture one, out of what little did actually take place. You know the banks of this outlet continue of a uniform hight from the falls down to within a mile and a half of this place, on the high bluffs on each side the river are guards. I had but just arrived yesterday when a firing of Musketry commenced on both sides the river at this place.

My General says, I was the first man on my horse and that as I started he called to me three or four times to come back, and the reason he very handsomely assigned was, that he expected I was going to run away, and that he should never see me again. However, Gen. Wadsworth and Col. Van Rensselaer were on their horses and started with me. We run our horses up such horrid rocky precipices as I never saw men ride before. The firing increased, and the moment we darted out of the bushes on to the open land, a soldier catching his breath ran up to me and sung out. "General, do ride down into that hollow, for the balls fly dreadfully here!" It was partly true; they did fly a little: but I did not observe only two that went near enough to make me grin. Col. V. R., says he heard 6 or 8, about near enough. We pursued on a little further and halted on our horses, inquiring of another soldier what began the skirmish, while he was relating his story, there came a ball pretty near us, and had I been shot through, I could not have helped laughing to see the poor devil run behind a large black oak tree; draw his arms close to his body, catch his breath and grin! You may depend on it there is something perfectly indescribable in the face of a clown who expects at every breath a ball through his back.

Gen. Wadsworth was extremely cautious to keep his breast towards the balls, saying he "*had no notion that a* WADSWORTH *should be shot through the back!* However, after six or eight minutes the firing ceased on both sides, the guards were small and I do not believe there were more than 100 muskets discharged on both sides, but those were 4 to one by the enemy. So we galloped all back again by another route amidst the plaudits of our clever fellows, and no one more gratified with the little prompt zeal shown, than our Commander. Now this *exactly nothing* may, by some fool be conjured up as to another *Sackett's Harbor Battle.* In the afternoon over came a Flag from Lieut. Col. Myers of the 70 Regt. Commanding Fort George with a letter demanding the reason why his

guards had been fired on. And I have just had the honor of answering his letter, to say that 2 men appeared near the American shore under suspicious circumstances, they hailed the opposite shore, and soon a Boat appeared, presumed to be for the object of transporting the two men over; and she was therefore fired upon and the fire returned. Col. Van Rensselaer decorated with all the pomp of war, as the best sample we could give Canada, has just been over with the letter and returned, that's all. Now one civil question, and your answer to it if you please. Did you ever expect to see me encamped on the Field of Mars, in my own Horseman's Tent, with my board slaw-bunk, 2 blankets, 1 trunk, a brace of Pistols, my valise stuffed with hay for a pillow, a large tin box at my feet and 12 round of cartridges for my pistols? Just so is the fact. Col. V. R., is on my right and the 2 black boys directly in our rear, and to-morrow we rear the general's Marquee in the centre. I am hearty, eat my allowance, do my duty, am first up, and last in bed. I am happy and respect myself, but the Lord only knows what will become of home. I have not received a cent from any quarter. The General is now going to concentrate all our forces at this place, and order in more. We must soon hear from Hull and Albany, and affairs will by and by assume some further character. Everything is so uncertain that I can say but little. One thing I can with great truth say; nothing but Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer's having the command of this campaign could have saved the service from confusion; the State from disgrace, and the cause from perdition; and nothing could have been more fortunate for the General than the man he has at his elbow, for Solomon in *fact* and *truth* does know everything which appertains to the economy of a camp — Stop :— Away we must all march, at beat of drum, and hear an old Irish clergyman preach to us, Amen. I have become a perfect machine; go just where I'm ordered.

9, at night. Huzza! Huzza! and tantivy! we have been all day making out and dispatching orders to Oswego for a Rifle Battalion; Cayuga for a Troop of Horse; to Ontario for Bloom's Regiment &c. and now, since dark, comes a memorandum from Capt. Dox, at Albany, of the road full of Troops, Flying Artillery, Infantry &c. and all the Uniformed Companies in the State!!! An express from the Governor General of Canada to Gen. Dearborn proposing an Armistice!!!! Very well: I've got my Tent, and no one but a better fellow than myself shall oust me. I have, also, just got 1lb. of Candles; stuck up one of them in a little 3 cornered kind of a pig-yoke and begin to feel proud. The old Preacher to day gave us the whole history of David's battle with Goliath, under what zeal he pushed across the river to Goliah, and told us we should bring his marrow-bones to the ground if we only had faith. We believe he was right, but at the same time, we should like some ordnance heavier than 6 Pounders, otherwise we shall hardly be able to knock off Goliah's armor. Monday Aug. 17th, 3 P.M. Mr. Dickson, a gentleman of respectability from Queenstown, opposite this, is this moment over with a Flag of Truce. We asked him the News on the Canada shore? He says, that all the Re-inforcements going from Ohio to General Hull are cut off and destroyed by the Indians from Browns Town. Since writing the above, Peter B. Porter tells me that from information he before possessed, he has no doubt of the fact stated by Mr. Dickson. You have seen me tart, seen me sweet, so I am now. Not a moment has Col. Van Rensselaer or myself been off our legs since 5 o'clock this morning. Our Troops are all in motion concentrating, there is everything to do.

See that my Wife and children do not droop. It was right for me to come, and I cannot think of returning until *something* comes out of this scrape. Let Van Vechten and Westerlo know how and where we are.

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. J. LOVETT.

On the night of the 17th about midnight, I heard a whoop "Officer of the Guard! Officer of the Guard!" Out I ran: for to tell the candid truth I have about done with sleep. Reveille, Tattoo, "who comes there?" "A friend." "Friend advance and give the countersign," and the d—l knows what all, has broke up all the little regularity I ever had. I am a perfect piece of machinery. I feel no more like John Lovett than I do like Gat. Van Wie. Well, this was an express with letters from Gen. Dearborn inclosing a sort of three legged armistice between some sort of an Adjutant General in behalf of the governor general of Canada and the said Gen. Dearborn. Also letters to Lt. Col. Myers commanding at Fort George. In the morning we sent down to Niagara, seven miles, sent a flag across with the letters &c. There is nothing but flag after flag, letter after letter. Gen. Brock gone, somewhere. Lt. Col. Myers not at the Fort, now, and Major Gen. Sheaffe, formerly of Boston (brother of Nancy Sheaffe, tell my wife) is now commanding at Fort George. Our General often has to act when responsibility is very high, we can rely on no council but our little family: in what shape these acts may come up another day, I know not: for this reason, if I live, I am determined that the whys and wherefores of all these acts shall remain on record. This is work, try it who will. From four in the morning until nine or ten at night, no man is still. I do not believe there ever was a militia camp better regulated.

Those who only know Solomon Van Rensselaer in civil life, know but very little about him. He is all formed for war; the whole economy of Camp is to him familiar as Pot-boiling. The weather is unfavorable, alternate rains and sun excessively hot. We have to pay great attention to the health of the men. The duty of our Troops is really severe — about 160 mount guard constantly, but no grumbling. The General is indefatigable with them all the while among the men and is growing every day more and more the favorite of the whole Camp. Five minutes ago we returned through the lines, a man had fallen in a fit: the General looked and felt of him called one of his Mess to go directly with him to his Marquee, and by him sent the poor soul a tumbler of Wine. Encamping in the midst of the soldiers, and being every hour in their view pleases all. All the boats which Porter has sent to Gen. Hull are undoubtedly cut off. I do not see how Hull can get out but he may, I hope so. Freemen, and brave soldiers are sacrifices too precious to be offered on the altar to atone for folly and rashness. Great God! is there no redeeming angel who can rouse the People before it is too late. Must all that our Fathers purchased with their heart's blood, and bequeathed with their dying breath, go for nothing but the very smell of garlick soup which is pouring on our heads to scald us to death. I care not a rush for my own little inconveniences, they are not worth mentioning. But O for a voice of thunder to rouse my sleeping Countrymen. Tell my Wife I love her like a true soldier.

Truly your friend, J. LOVETT.

An armistice had been concluded between Gen. Dearborn and the governor general of Canada, and Gen. Van Rensselaer saw it became ne-

cessary to settle with the commander of the British forces opposite to them, terms of an arrangement for the government of the armies on the Niagara, during the continuance of the armistice. The performance of this duty was assigned to Col. Van Rensselaer; and at his suggestion he received the authority of Gen. Van Rensselaer to secure if possible the waters of Lake Ontario as a common highway for the purpose of transportation. "The following clause, proposed and insisted on, on the part of the British general, will serve to show how wide of each other were our respective views and interests. 'It is moreover to be distinctly understood, that there is not any thing in the foregoing articles, to be construed into granting facilities for the forwarding of troops, stores, &c., which did not exist before the declaration of the armistice, farther than they are to pass unmolested as therein provided, in the mode and by the routes assigned to them prior to the cessation of hostilities.' My interview with Gen. Sheaffe, on this mission, was one full of interest. As was anticipated, the terms proposed by me were met not only with objections, but at first by an unequivocal refusal to accede to them." The result of a protracted discussion, however, was an agreement which confined the restrictions to the movements of troops, stores, &c., to the country above Fort Erie, and left such movements elsewhere, entirely unshackled and free. Before leaving the tent of General Van Rensselaer, my father observed that, "Our situation is critical and embarrassing, *something* must be done, we must have the cannon and military stores from Oswego, I shall make a powerful effort to procure the use of the waters, and shall take such ground as will make it impossible for me to recede. If I do not succeed, then Lovett must cross over and carry Gen. Dearborn's order into effect." General Van Rensselaer gave his cordial consent; but Major Lovett said, "Van, you may as well give that up, you will not succeed." His answer was, "If I do not, it will not be my fault." The colonel in his full military dress, mounted his charger, for the British head quarters, and with the flag of truce crossed the river. He was of course courteously received. He met Gen. Sheaffe: Col. Myers and Major Evans of the British army were present at the interview.

To the proposition, that no troops should move from that district to join Gen. Brock, Gen. Sheaffe readily agreed; but when my father proposed to him, the use of the navigable waters as a public highway in common with themselves, as was expected, he replied, "It was inadmissible." Col. Van Rensselaer insisted upon his terms which were unequivocally refused. He then said to Gen. Sheaffe, "There can be no armistice, our negotiation is at an end. General Van Rensselaer will take the responsibility on himself to prevent your detaching troops from this district." The officers all rose upon their feet. General Sheaffe clapped his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and in an hostile attitude said, "*Sir, you take high ground!*" The colonel rose upon his feet, and put himself in a like position and replied, "I do sir, and will maintain it." Then addressing himself decidedly to General Sheaffe, "*You dare not detach the troops!*" Not another word was uttered. After walking the room for a few moments, the general said, "Be seated, and excuse me." He then with his two aids withdrew to an adjoining room. Shortly after he returned and said, "Sir, from amicable considerations, I grant you the use of the waters." Here the interview closed, perhaps, in polite enmity! Thus, by the decided tone and judicious management of Col. V. R., the only passage to all the

wants of the army was opened contrary to the expectations of even the commander in chief.

Major Samuel S. Forman of Syracuse and Jacob Ten Eyck of Cazenovia were in the camp at Lewiston, when the express arrived from Gen. Dearborn, with the intelligence that an armistice had been agreed on between him and Sir George Provost; it caused quite an excitement.

Major Forman wrote: "I happened to be on a visit among our people. I saw your gallant father, the finest looking officer I ever beheld, mount his *Buchephalus;* then he was in the prime of life, in full court costume, and indeed, he made a most martial appearance as he went over to the British side. We all watched for his return with the greatest anxiety; and when at length he came, full speed on his way to head quarters, I met him.

"He courteously made short halt. I hailed him with, 'Well colonel, what success?' His reply was, laying his hand on his breast, with a happy animated expression, 'To my heart's content, come to head quarters, and I will tell you all about it.' Your father then dispatched messengers to Sacketts Harbor. The necessary cannon and war implements were put on board of bateaux, and sent on the lake and landed safely at the four mile creek from Fort Niagara, thence to the camp ground without the knowledge of the enemy. What a saving of time and expense to the United States by this wise and judicious management is incalculable, they could have laid waste miles of our country and returned in safety to their own dominion!!! This most extraordinary manœuvre and its consequent, effected by the young dragoon (the result of stern discipline and firmness acquired on "the dark and bloody ground,") was not intended by his political enemies to be known, and has scarcely ever, even at this late day, now sixty-two years, had more than cursory notice, yet his services were of a peculiarly marked character.

Col. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dear Harriot, Lewiston, Niagara, Aug. 21, 1812.

What under the Heavens is the reason you do not write to me, I have written from almost every place I have been at, without receiving a line from you. The only person I have had a letter from is Robert which was dated at Utica, but which gratified me much as I heard from you, and that Rensselaer was safe with Rev. Mr. Huntingdon. Major Forman and Jacob Ten Eyck reached this to-day, the latter informed me he had seen you about a fortnight since and that you were all well; it is unnecessary for me to say how happy it made me. I had only one moment to speak to him but I shall see him when I have finished this which goes by the mail this evening. When they reached Camp I was mounted on my horse to go over to the British side to conclude an Armistice in which I have been engaged for three days in conformity to an arrangement made at Albany between Gen. Dearborn and the British Adjutant General. I have succeeded to the astonishment and admiration of all; and until we hear from below we are at peace with our neighbors. In my intercourse with the British Officers on the subject of the armistice and from other sources, we have been informed, and I have no doubt of the correctness of the information, of an action fought between Gen. Hull and the British at Detroit, in which our Troops suffered severely. From all we can learn, he has either been taken, or compelled to re-cross the river; but in my negotiations with Major Gen. Sheaffe, Colonel Myers and Major Evans, I

kept up such a *bold front* that although General Dearborn's Instructions were confined to their not sending re-inforcements to act against *Hull*, I succeeded in getting the use of the waters of the Rivers and Lakes. This to the Army and the Merchants is of incalculable value for future operations; and this was effected by a proper disposition of our small forces, and holding out to them moderate but strong language. The Troops before we came here, were scattered along the frontiers, we have concentrated them and are now getting in fine order. They did nothing before, they are pleased in the change, but in making that change I assure you I have my hands full; we have now eleven Hundred only above Oswego, instead of Tompkins's *five thousand;* but 1500 more are on the march. I am everything to all, and as for my General, he is much pleased with me. The Patroon and Lovett are well. We all live in our tents, are up at the firing of the morning gun at day break. It is getting too dark to add more, take good care of yourself. Kiss the children for me. God bless you my dear Harriot. Your affectionate Husband,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Mount Hope.

["General Brock crossed the Detroit river on the 9th of August, with white and Indian troops, and demanded the surrender of Detroit and Hull's army, at the same time intimating that, in the event of a refusal, the savages would have free rein in the exercise of their bloody method of warfare. Hull was cautious and humane. An intercepted letter assured him that a large force of Indians might be expected from Mackinaw. This letter was written at Malden, as if from a British agent, and so conveyed as to fall into the hands of Hull, who was completely deceived by it. Doubtful of his ability to sustain a siege with his limited supplies, and desirous of saving the people in the fort, Hull surrendered, August 16, 1812, the town, garrison, stores, and the Michigan territory, into the hands of the British."]

In a letter written by Colonel Van Rensselaer to General Wilkinson in reference to the difficulties of their situation, he tells of the negotiations with General Sheaffe. In Gen. Dearborn's instructions was "that no troops should move from the British Niagara district to aid against General Hull, they surrendered to me this important point &c. &c. This armistice is most important and highly favorable to us; and is as much esteemed as we could desire as securing advantages to our state and the country at large, and our posterity will reap the benefit of our judicious management in this effort." The importance of this arrangement has never been sufficiently appreciated. The immediate and pressing necessity for this step on our part, was, that without it, the ordnance and supplies intended for our army, having been collected at Oswego, were not likely ever to reach us; the roads were impassible, especially for heavy cannon, and the highway of the lake was beset by a triumphant enemy. As soon as the negotiation was successfully completed, an express was despatched to Col. Fenwick at Oswego, to move on with his supplies with all possible expedition. But General Van Rensselaer was enabled to use this advantage for another purpose, of great importance to the service. No sooner was the way open, than an express was sent to Ogdensburgh with an order for the removal of nine vessels from that place to Sackett's Harbor. To this movement was Commodore Chauncey indebted for the ascendancy which he for a time was enabled to maintain on

the lake, and without which the subsequent descent at Little York could not have been attempted.

Major General Van Rensselaer to Major General Dearborn.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, August 21, 1812.

Inclosed I transmit you a copy of an agreement, this day entered into between Major General Sheaffe, commanding Fort George and Dependencies, &c., &c., and myself, for the government of the forces on each side the line. You will readily perceive, that terms more favourable than those expected in your letter, have been obtained. The agreement speaks for itself. The relief of General Hull was a primary object. General Porter has just arrived here: I have communicated my ideas of the fair construction of the Agreement and he will act immediately for relieving General Hull. I have the Honor to be Sir, with great Consideration, &c.,

Major General Dearborn. S. Van Rensselaer.

CHAPTER X.

Critical Situation of the United States Army.

General Orders.

Head Quarters, Lewiston, August 22, 1812.

It is painful to the Major General to find that some part of the troops are so regardless of their duty as to disobey the orders issued for preventing scattering firing in and about the camp. This dangerous and disgraceful practice is once more, and for the last time prohibited. If any more of the line (the guards and sentinels excepted) shall, after this discharge his fire-arms without orders, he will be instantly confined; and the field and company officers are strictly enjoined to enforce this order. The Major General regrets that he is compelled to remind the officers under his command of the necessity of being in camp at night: for if *they* will be regardless of their duty, what can be expected of their *men* by such an example? They are, in future, directed to be at night in their tents, unless otherwise ordered; and in perfect readiness at any moment, to commence or repel an attack, to which troops in the face of an enemy are at all times liable. The Officers and troops meet with the perfect approbation of the Major General, for their alertness in parading at reveille; with the exception of one or two companies, which were not this morning on parade and the captain of one company not in camp. But let him beware for the future; if caution and remonstrance will avail nothing, more decisive measures will. Tomorrow being the Sabbath, the guards will not discharge their pieces until Monday, after roll-call; and this regulation will be observed until further orders.

By order of Major General Van Rensselaer,

Sol. Van Rensselaer, Aid-de-Camp.

General Dearborn to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Head Quarters, Greenbush, Aug. 25, 1812.

As soon as practicable after the receipt of this, you will please to have the enclosed letter directed to the Commanding Officer of the British forces at Fort George, at Niagara, conveyed to him by a flag; and the letter directed to Gen. Hull, you will please to have forwarded to him by express, with as great despatch as practicable; and at the expiration of four days after the letter is delivered to the British Commanding Officer at Fort George, you will consider the temporary conditional agreement for suspending offensive operations between the forces under your command, and the British forces in your vicinity, as no longer binding on either side; and you will act accordingly; and you will make every exertion in your power for annoying the enemy, as well as to guard against any attack from him. Considerable reinforcements have been sent on from Montreal to strengthen their positions in Upper Canada; and I trust you will very soon receive such additional force from this State, and from Pennsylvania, as will enable you to pass into Canada with safety and effect. A large reinforcement is on its march under Brig. Gen. Dodge, for Sacketts Harbour and Ogdensburgh, as well as for Plattsburgh. I have ordered thirty bateaux to Niagara, and an equal number to Sacketts Harbour, and have directed the building of proper scows for the transportation of ordnance. If the enemy should have detached from Fort George, it may afford you an opportunity to strike a blow. I have the honour, &c.

P. S. Sir, it will be advisable to wait until the arrival of Lt. Col. Fenwick with the cannon, and stores shall be rendered certain, within four days, before you send the enclosed letter to Fort George. I presume he must arrive before this reaches you; but it may be otherwise.

(Signed) H. DEARBORN.

Major Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer.

Major General Van Rensselaer to Major General Sheaffe.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, August 25, 1812.

I have learnt, with regret, that last night a subaltern officer with a few soldiers and citizens, contrary to my orders, passed over from the American shore, and on Buckhorn Island, surprised and brought off a sergeant and five men, with a boat. Early this morning, I ordered the sergeant and men released, and the boat restored to them.

I have the honour, &c.

Major General Sheaffe, Commanding, &c. S. VAN RENSSELAER.

Major General Isaac Brock to Major Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Head Quarters, Fort George, 25th August, 1812.

Major General Sheaffe having communicated to me your letter of this date, addressed to him, I seize upon the first moment to express my thanks for the measures you have adopted to prevent the possibility of any misunderstanding which might have arisen in consequence of the unauthorized act of one of your subaltern officers. It was not until my arrival at Fort Erie, late in the evening of the 23d instant that I learnt that a cessation of hostilities had been agreed upon, between General Dearborn and Sir George Provost; and I, in consequence, despatched early yesterday morning, an express to Amherstburgh, ordering a cessation of all offensive operations against the United States, in that quarter; and likewise to

exert every influence in restraining the Indians from committing any acts of hostility.

The fortune of war having put me in possession of Detroit and its dependencies, a small garrison has been ordered to occupy the Fort, the chief object of which was to afford protection to the inhabitants of the Territory. I have the honor to enclose a copy of a Proclamation which I issued upon this occasion. I have the honour, &c.,

ISAAC BROCK.

Major General Van Rensselaer, commanding Lewiston.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to General Dearborn.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, 26th August, 1812.

I have the honour to enclose you a copy of a Proclamation, which I this day received from Major General Brock, under cover of his letter of this date to me; a copy of which letter, I also transmit to you. My letter to Major General Sheaffe, of which mention is made, was to disavow an imprudent act of a subaltern officer, who, with a few soldiers and citizens, passed over, since the Armistice, to Buckhorn Island, and there surprised a sergeant and five men, of the enemy, and brought them off, together with their boat, which men I ordered to be immediately released and the boat restored.

The surrender of General Hull's army excites a great deal of alarm in this vicinity. I shall, however, as far as in my power, check and keep it under. I have the Honour, &c.

Major General Dearborn. S. VAN RENSSELAER.

There was so much unpleasant feeling at this time, that political controversy ran very high. "Gen Peter B. Porter and Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer had such a bitter dispute, that it resulted in a challenge from Porter, but they never reached the dueling ground on Grand Island. General Stephen Van Rensselaer watched them closely after he heard of the challenge, and was prepared to arrest them both when they should attempt to go to the island." The difficulty arose from an infringement of the armistice as shown by the above letters.

One of the old soldiers under Col. Van Rensselaer writes: "I witnessed the untiring exertions of this gallant officer to bring the militia in order for military operations, and never was there so great a change as was witnessed with astonishment and pleasure by all of us in so short a time, by the measures he pursued. The camp was formed, and the general orders for its regulation were the most concise and military I ever saw, our duties were clearly pointed out to us, while his amiable and decided deportment made it a pleasure to obey him. At four o'clock in the morning, the troops were on parade, where we always found him, directing the discipline so necessary to our safety and honor; wherever his services were required, there he would be found.

"The sick and well soldiers will long remember his exertions to make them comfortable; indeed no one but an eye-witness can form an idea of the order and regularity of the camp and his masterly arrangements along the whole line of the Niagara. The general orders were all written by him, they will compare with any orders written during the war.

"The want of cannon and military stores embarrassed them much. When the colonel left us to go over the river about the armistice, we could not but be proud of his handsome looks and manly bearing.

"When Hull's army was marched past us, there were insinuations that Gen. Van Rensselaer would do the like, but notwithstanding all the reports, Col. Van Rensselaer kept the troops every day at close drill and field duty, he was constantly among them. Some of the suspected officers discovered that his eagle eye was upon them; he was generally feared and loved; and it was owing to his unflinching firmness that there was not a mutiny in camp, and that the militia did not disband themselves and go home, as was the case after he was wounded. The disastrous fortune of Hull, together with several other reverses to our arms, up to this time, had a very dispiriting effect upon the army collected at Lewiston. Beside this, it was ascertained that there were persons in the camp, busily engaged, either from political or selfish motives, exciting this discontent and in promulgating doctrines which had the tendency of producing *conscientious scruples* among the men, against crossing into Canada.

"When Gen. Brock with all the force he could draw from the upper country arrived, he intended to take Fort Niagara, but the cannon and military stores had arrived and been judiciously disposed of, we showed a bold front, and no attack was made. Yet their difficulties were many, for the great deficiency of all the necessary munitions for war curtailed their movements. There were about fifty or sixty Schenectady boats loaded with heavy cannon and stores at Oswego not wishing to enter further on the lake for fear of the British ships but after the cessation of arms, they all passed safely on, as also the vessels with which General Dearborn and the lamented Pike made the attack upon York. If Gen. John Armstrong or any man of the same political clique, in favor with the government, had commanded at Queenston, he would have been promptly and properly supplied with all necessary articles for use and defense, but with the present officer, every thing had been curtailed. The agreement regarding the armistice and use of the waters of the lake, as a common course, was signed on the 21st of August; this important service which was only gained by the firmness of the *soldier's friend*, gave us the command of Lake Ontario, and by the safe arrival of the cannon and military stores enabled us to maintain our position.

"It was supposed that Gen. Hull was in possession of Malden, when the lamentable news arrived of Gen. Hull's treachery and the capture of his army. This indeed was a great damper to the United States troops, and what added to the mortification, on the 25th of the same month General Brock at the head of his British troops had been seen, on the opposite side of the river, within a quarter of a mile of us, conducting along the heights of Queenston Gen. Hull and his American army; marching these prisoners of war triumphantly along in full view of the United States troops laying at Lewiston!!

"Never did I see such vehement excitement and distrust on the part of our troops, the idea spread through the camp that Hull had sold the army. No doubt but this had some effect upon the militia of the United States declining to reinforce their brothers in the battle on the 13th of October. "After the disgraceful fall of Detroit and surrender of Gen. Hull, there were strong symptoms of distrust among the troops, and it was used by political leaders as a fire-brand to inflame passions and undermine the influence of General Van Rensselaer. The chaplain frequently noticed such reports in his sermons, and would advise them not to fear, and pledged his life to the troops that they would never be *Hulled*, but the unfortunate impression was not removed, and great alarm was felt by the inhabitants."

A letter received from Albany stated: "I must tell you a ridiculous report in circulation, and very much credited, which Madame Rumor says, the governor has propagated; he having seen Mr. Lovett run to avoid meeting his excelleney, first from Lewis's and then from Gregory's, which induces many to believe that the patroon has deserted his post and is concealed safely at his home, and you here with us! Mr. Van Vechten says: 'it is no joke, I am frequently asked about it!'"

From the first, Gen. Van Rensselaer acted on the certain knowledge, that it was expected of him to make a descent upon Canada at the earliest possible period. He knew that neither the government nor the country was prepared to be satisfied with defensive measures only. Notwithstanding this, the first glance he had of his position, after he reached the frontier, showed him at once, that nothing could be attempted, at least for a considerable period. Indeed his own condition was critical in the extreme, and even his ability to defend himself in case of attack, was more than doubtful.

Gen. Dearborn, the commander of this entire district, had been ordered by the secretary of war, in his instructions of the 1st of August, to make a diversion in favor of Gen. Hull, at Niagara. There was no preparation to do anything effectual under this order. Before Gen. Van Rensselaer reached the frontier, Gen. Brock was on his way, with a competent force withdrawn from his posts on the Niagara, to meet Gen. Hull, leaving behind him, however, a force abundantly sufficient, with the reinforcements they were then receiving, for the protection of the posts he had left, against any attempt which could have been made on them on our part; sufficient even to have made it quite possible to carry the war to the American side of the river, with every prospect of advantage and success.

During the month which succeeded the disgraceful fall of Detroit and surrender of Gen. Hull, the condition and prospects of the army were, on the whole, but little improved. There was, in nearly all this time, every reason to expect an attack. Every thing indicated great activity on the British side, and preparation for some signal blow. In the condition of Fort Niagara, it was natural to suppose that would be the first object. It is believed that an attack was only prevented by the *show* of defense which was set up. The mess house was unroofed and mounted with cannon, and a battery was planted on the bank of the river above the fort, while, in case of a hostile attempt, the safety of the troops was attempted to be provided for, by a new road cut through the woods at a distance from the river, in the rear.

"The general calls upon the troops under his command to make every effort in perfecting that discipline on which they must rely for their own safety and for their country's honour, in that crisis which may be fast approaching."

Major General Brock's Proclamation.

Proclamation by Isaac Brock, Esq., Major General commanding his Majesty's forces in the Province of Upper Canada, &c., &c.

Whereas the Territory of Michigan was this day by capitulation ceded to the arms of his Britannic Majesty without any other condition than the protection of private property; and wishing to give an early proof of the moderation and justice of the government, I do hereby announce to all the inhabitants of the said Territory, that the laws heretofore in existence

shall continue in force until his Majesty's pleasure be known; or so long as the peace and safety of the said Territory will admit thereof; and I do hereby also declare and make known to the said inhabitants, that they shall be protected in the full exercise and enjoyment of their religion: of which all persons, both civil and military will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly. All persons having in their possession, or having knowledge of any public property, shall forthwith deliver in the same, or give notice thereof to the officer commanding, or Lt. Col. Nichol, who are hereby authorized to receive and give proper receipts for the same. Officers of militia will be held responsible that all arms in possession of militia men, be immediately delivered up; and all individuals whatever, who have in their possession arms of any kind, will deliver them up without delay.

Given under my hand at Detroit, this sixteenth day of August, 1812, and in the fifty-second year of his Majesty's reign.

(Signed) ISAAC BROCK,
Major General.

A true copy.
J. Mac Donell, Lt. Col. Militia, P. A. D. C.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, August 26, 1812.

Yesterday I wrote you, Mr. Van Vechten and Col. Westerlo, but what I wrote I cannot say: it was a day of turmoil, mortification and humiliation through our Camp. Such a flood as the consequences of Gen. Hull's surrender poured in upon us that it required considerable nerve to meet every thing: and unluckily, Col. Van Rensselaer had gone to Buffalo to make some arrangements with Swift's Regiment which is getting down fast with sickness, and I might say too great a want of discipline. Yesterday, the first we saw was a guard of about 50 men passing with some waggons on the opposite shore: it was the victorious BROCK returning to Fort George. He sent over Col. McDonald, his Aid-de-Camp, and Major Evans, two strapping lads in scarlet, gold and arms, to make a Communication to General Van Rensselaer. I went to meet them at an Inn near the shore to learn their pleasure; but finding it was *general* and *verbal;* it could not be received. They were, however, very modest, very respectful; and altho' I constantly barred any communication, they still kept bowing and saying that "Gen. Brock only wished to acquaint Gen. Van Rensselaer" of this, and that, and that &c. &c. In this way they convinced me that Brock had not learnt any thing of the Armistice until he arrived in this Neighbourhood. That but a very small force was left behind, that Brock, learning the Armistice felt very friendly disposition &c. I made my best bow, and scraped as fast as I could; but a poor *private Secretary*, *alone* against *two* such *Scarlet-clad Champions* had, as you may suppose, an indifferent chance. We parted: but I think Gen. Van Rensselaer will shortly receive some written communication from Gen Brock. In the evening a number of Hull's Officers, on parole, visited Gen. V. R. They were very cautious of their words, but I could discern a degree of disaffection towards Hull. Gen. Hull will probably be sent to Quebec. The Militia captured I understand are sent home, that's all. Indeed I have not either time or patience to examine into this most nameless affair. I feel what you may suppose. I need say no more.

I was ever proud of my Country, and as an *American* could look any man, of *Any Nation*, at least *horizontally* in the face. But, yesterday,

my eyes seemed to have acquired a new attachment to the *ground*. I sent Van Vechten a paper giving the detail of the surrender; sent by an express to overtake the Mail, hope he got it. And now, my friend, what think you of *our* situation? It is true we are all tied up by the Armistice, but either party may throw it off by 4 days notice. I don't *believe* the Enemy will throw it off. Nevertheless we have to cast about a little. This part of the Country now think their whole salvation rests upon our little raw army. I *think* I know the fact, that after Brock had taken Hull, he expressed his determination to return and take Niagara. I think his mind is altered by the Armistice: but he *can* take Niagara any hour he pleases. Yes my friend, we can't defend Niagara *one hour*. And as for our present Camp, I now write with one eye on a single gun on yon hill in Queenston, which would rout us all in 3 minutes; and we have only two *Grass-hoppers* to return the fire. The Ohio Officers, prisoners, also were last evening with us, say that the Indians with Brock are the finest fellows they ever saw, a size larger than they ever saw, they are commanded by the Prophet's Brother Tecumsich, he is hourly expected at Fort George, 7 miles from us, about near enough, and it is said the tawny Host is to follow. Well! be it so; one thing our friends may be assured of, we are not scared yet. We shall never be HULLED. Our General is thoughtful but firm. We have been reconnoitering this morning; and shall probably this afternoon, fix upon a spot to which we shall remove in case the Armistice is broken off. We have a piece of ground in view where our little force may make a tolerable stand, and then secure our retreat unless they flank us wider then I believe their force will admit. At any rate we will not be HULLED, they may *pound* us, or *grind* us. Be all of you of good cheer as respects *us*, and use the fate of the other army as you *ought*. Now don't let my good wife get fidgety about me in this new predicament tell her I am well, and can *run* like a Boy, and *will not be taken*. I confess we are very solicitous to hear from Washington and know what we are to do, and take our measures accordingly. The night before last one of our rash Subalterns with a dozen men, went upon Buckhorn Island, surprised a Sergeant and 5 men and brought them off. We broke the Armistice; but Gen. V.R. restored the men and wrote Gen. Sheaffe commanding Fort George and Dependencies &c. &c. &c. [Kites fly best with long tails,] 120 of Swifts little Reg. sick I told you so, but I am well. The d—l seems to have got into every body. I am still

JOHN LOVETT.

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany.

General Orders.

Head Quarters, Lewiston, August 28th, 1812.

The army under the command of Brigadier General Hull has surrendered at Detroit. This is a national disaster; but it is the duty of *soldiers* to turn even disasters to profit. To this end the General calls upon the troops under his command to make every effort in perfecting that discipline on which they must rely for their own safety and for their country's honour, in that crisis which may be fast approaching. The General is persuaded that Americans know the inestimable rights which they enjoy; and he confidently trusts, that their bravery to defend is in proportion to the knowledge they possess of those rights. The troops will be exercised at reveille, and from four o'clock in the afternoon, two hours instead of one, as mentioned in general orders of the 19th instant.

Capt. Dogherty and Lieut. Hewit, of Col. Swift's regiment, are released

from their arrests, and will return to their duty. This renewed instance of clemency of the Major General, it is hoped, will be properly appreciated by them: it is not his wish to punish, but orders must and shall be obeyed. The unhealthy state of the troops under the command of Lieut. Col. Swift, at Black Rock, renders particular attention to them, and to the causes of their maladies, necessary. For this purpose Doctor Brown will associate with him Doctor Daniel Chipman; and they will proceed, without delay, to that place, and make full inquiry into the situation of the sick, the causes which have produced the diseases, and the manner in which they have been treated; of all which they will make report, in writing, to the Major General; suggesting the best mode, in their opinion, to restore those who are sick, and preserve the health of the well. These, and all other orders, are to be read by the Adjutants to the troops under the command of the Major General. The Commanding Officers of regiments and corps will give orders accordingly.

By order of Major General Van Rensselaer,
SOL. VAN RENSSELAER, Aid-de-Camp.

Major Lovett to Abraham Van Vechten.

Dear Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, 28th August, 1812.

It is an observation of Cicero's that "those things which we *see* with our eyes, make a deeper impression on our minds, and we longer retain them in our memory, than those things which we *hear* with our ears." Now Sir, in this letter, I shall have occasion to touch upon some things which I have *seen*, and I confess to you they have made a pretty deep impression on my mind. Things are bad enough now. I do not speak of our little Camp: we are snug, getting in fine order, and with infinite, unceasing industry preparing for the *worst*, while we hope for the best. I speak on the *general scale* of all things around us. Hull's surrender is to me incomprehensible. I had expected his destruction would be certain, but it has come in such a way as I did not expect. Three of his officers say, he had a force of 2,200; the British all around assert that he has surrendered between 2,500 and 3,000; his provisions were ample for 3 more weeks; of ordnance and every munition of war he had abundance, yet he surrendered to a force vastly inferior, probably to 600 or 700 British Troops, and about the same number of Indians. He fired not a gun, and but one was fired at him. Then *why* did Hull surrender, is the question? No one here can answer. From his Officers, and all I have seen it appears that there was through the whole army a very great disaffection towards Hull. Cowardice is pretty generally imputed to him. Many allege corruption, his officers seem greatly distressed at the character of the surrender. Now the Consequences of this affair cast such a blot on the American character as the tears of your children and mine and an hundred more generations can never sponge away.

This event has cemented Canada beyond any thing you can conceive. It has a serious effect also on our Indians on the whole Frontier. The affair with Gen Harrison gave them the scent of blood and you may depend on it, it has been well improved. *Tecumseh* the Prophet's Brother, a warrior of almost unbounded influence, now openly holds the language: that the Great Spirit intended the Ohio River for the Boundary between his white and red children. That many of the first warriors have always thought so: but a cloud hung over the eyes of the tribes and they could not see what the Great Spirit meant. That Gen. Brock has now torn away

that cloud, and the Indians see clearly that all the white people must go back east of the Ohio, and if one attempts to cross that river "*Indians will cut their Toes off.*" Yesterday, I beheld such a sight as God knows, I never expected to see, and He only knows the sensations it created in my heart. I saw my Countrymen, Free-born Americans, robbed of the inheritance which their dying Fathers bequeathed them, stripped of the arms which achieved our Independence and marching into a strange land by hundreds as black cattle for the market!!

Before and behind on the right and on the left their proud victors gleamed in arms, and their heads erect with the pride of victory. How many of our unfortunate Brethren were in this situation I know not; the road for more than a mile is perfectly in our view I think the line, including wagons, pleasure carriages etc. was half a mile long, scattered. The sensations this scene produced in our camp were inexpressible: mortification, indignation, fearful apprehension, suspicion, jealousy, dismay, rage, madness.

It was a sad day with us, but the poor fellows last evening went on board the shipping and I presume passed over to York [Toronto.] I saw a gentleman who was present when Gen. Hull alighted from his carriage at Fort George, hale, corpulent and apparently in high spirits, and hence will he ever return? He goes to Quebec. ["General Hull and the regular officers, and soldiers were reserved for the triumphant entry of the British officers into Montreal and Quebec. Thither they were taken, and Hull himself, seated in an old, ragged, open carriage, was drawn through the streets of Montreal, and thus exhibited as a rare show, to the natives there assembled."] Such the scenes before us; all eyes seem now turned on General Van Rensselaer, for direction and on our little army for defence. I tell you that nothing but the man who is now on the ground could prevent incalculable mischief in this quarter. It is his Respectability and character which effects all that is effected, and I am proud to say, he is assiduously, vigilantly and ably supported; we have plenty to do from the 4 o'clock morning Gun until 9 at night. I acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of your letter of the 4th. The General and myself heartily acquiesce in the sentiments it contains: But you kill Solomon. Should you plume a *Game-cock* in the feathers of an Ostrich, it would not alter him: it could not. He would be a *Game-cock* still. He is a vastly valuable man in an Army. Our little Army improves very fast and under his discipline, from 4 in the morning until 8 at night, something is constantly going on. 6, P. M. I had hoped for leisure to complete my letter, but the afternoon has been every moment taken up.

I saw a gentleman who had this day seen one of Hull's Captains also openly and roundly asserted that Hull was a *coward*. That as soon as the first gun was fired he sat down with his back against a solid protection. Don't forget my dear temporary widow and little ones; tell her I live like an Indian Chief in my Tent alone; and that my General has promised to make me Governor of Michigan — if I will take it.

Yours truly

Abraham Van Vechten, Esquire, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

"On August 14, General Brock, the British commander in chief, took a position opposite Detroit, and began to fortify it by erecting batteries. On the next day he summoned Hull to surrender, which he utterly refused to do, in reply. Brock opened his batteries and threw bombs during the night, for the purpose of diverting Hull's attention from what Brock was

then doing. In the morning it was discovered that the enemy had landed at Springwells. At the very moment, when every American in the army, except its commander, was ready and anxious to begin the mortal combat; what were their emotions when they were ordered into the fort and to lay down their arms? They reluctantly obeyed, and a white flag was raised, on the fort.

"Without shedding a drop of blood, without firing a single gun, the fort, with all its cannon, taken with Burgoyne, at Saratoga, from the British, with a vast amount of powder, lead, cannon balls, and all the munitions of war, all, all were surrendered, *unconditionally* surrendered to the enemy.

"Colonels McArthur and Cass, with about four hundred of the very best troops, in the army, had been despatched (just at the very moment, they would be most needed) under the pretense of guarding the wagons, with the provisions, which Governor Meigs of Ohio, was forwarding to the army. These troops under McArthur and Cass had marched about forty miles into the country, among the whortleberry hills of Michigan and then marched back again, without seeing any provisions, until they had arrived within about nine miles of Detroit on their return. Here they were refreshing themselves, on the products of some bee-hives and a fat steer, which they had just killed. Here they were met by a flag of truce borne by a British officer, and a file of men, from whom they learned that they were prisoners of war! They marched forward to Detroit, laid down their arms on the pavement, and were marched into the fort, which was then so crowded that there was scarcely room for them to lie down. Captain Brush who was guarding the provisions was included in the capitulation, as well as the provisions themselves but the militia who were marching to join Hull's army were allowed to return home. A salute was fired in the presence of Gen. Brock with one of the brass cannon included in the capitulation. It bore the inscription: '*Taken at Saratoga on the* 17*th of October* 1777.' When the British officers saw this, they were so delighted that some of them greeted the old British captive, now released, with kisses and remarked, 'we must have an addition put to that inscription, namely, Retaken at Detroit, August 16, 1812.' It was on this occasion General Brock paid marked respect to Tecumseh. He took off his own rich crimson silk sash and publicly placed it round the waist of the chief. Tecumseh received it with dignity and great satisfaction. General Hull was afterwards tried for his conduct by a court martial viz.: First, for treason, second cowardice, and third, unofficer like conduct. He was condemned to death, but pardoned by the president."

Q. M. Gen. Porter to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Manchester, Aug. 28th, 1812.

Mr. Beard, the person whom I employed to go Express to Gen. Hull, has returned with your dispatches which I herewith enclose. On his arrival at Cayahoga he met several boats with the militia prisoners of Genl. Hull's army, & finding it useless, as well as impracticable to proceed, he immediately returned. Mr. Beard informs that when these boats were first discovered at and beyond Cayahoga, they were supposed to contain an Army of British & Indians, whose object it was to over-run the country, & Expresses with information to that effect were sent in every direction, & that the inhabitants were in a state of the greatest alarm & confusion & quitting their homes.

Before Mr. Beard left Cayahoga, however, about 1,000 Militia had

collected, and in the course of the day succeeding his departure, it was pretty well ascertained that there would be about 3,000 men at that place, tolerably armed & provided with ammunition, & desirous of marching immediately to Detroit. That about 2,000 Kentuckians were on their march to re-enforce Genl. Hull, & it was hoped they would fall in with a party of Indians under *Tecumseh*, who, it was understood from our prisoners, had left Detroit to take Fort Wayne. Mr. Beard on his return took great pains, & he thinks with effect to allay the fears of the inhabitants and induce them to remain at home. I send a copy of Genl. Hull's capitulation. Major Cuyler has taken the Capitulation to copy & will send it to you.

Yours respectfully

Maj. Genl. Van Rensselaer. PETER B. PORTER.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Governor Tompkins.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, Aug. 31, 1812.

Presuming that the surrender of General Hull's army has been officially announced to your Excellency through the proper channel, I shall not enter into my details upon the event so disastrous to our country: its consequence must be felt every where; but they are peculiarly distressing upon these frontiers, both to the citizens, and the little army under my command. Alarm pervades the country, and distrust among the troops. They are incessantly pressing for furloughs, under every possible pretence. Many are without shoes; all clamorous for pay. Many are sick. Swift's regiment at Black Rock are about one-fourth part down. I have ordered Doctor Brown to associate Doctor Chapin with him, and to examine as to the causes producing the diseases, the mode of treating them, &c., and to report to me their opinion of the best mode of restoring the sick, and preserving the health of those who remain well. This duty they are now performing.

Captain Jennings has been tried by a court-martial, and found guilty of such charges as forfeited his commission; and I have approved the sentence. The proceedings, in form, will soon be forwarded to your Excellency.

While we are thus growing daily weaker, our enemy is growing stronger. They hold a very commanding position on the high ground above Queenstown, and they are daily strengthening themselves in it, with men and ordnance. Indeed, they are fortifying almost every prominent point, from Fort Erie, to Fort George. At present we rest upon the armistice; but should hostilities be recommenced, I must immediately change my position. I receive no reinforcements of men, no ordnance, or munitions of war. I must hope, that I shall not long be left in this situation.

Two gentlemen, Messrs. Johnson and Bascom, came over in a flag to the garrison, at Niagara, and the first I knew of them they were in my camp. Being satisfied that they were American citizens, men of intelligence, and some standing in society, I permitted them to pass on, with orders to report themselves to your Excellency.

There is one fact, which though not immediately connected with my department, I cannot refrain from mentioning; the unfortunate soldiers of General Hull's army, who marched by my camp on their way to Lower Canada, are very destitute of clothing. Every consideration would urge that some attention should be paid to their condition.

I have the honour &c.,

His Excellency Governor Tompkins.

The Captain Jennings mentioned in the above letter "made himself famous, at one time, for his poetical order on Gov. Daniel D. Tompkins, which has been related as follows: The officers had met to prepare a requisition letter to the governor, for two field pieces." "While discussing the form in which to address so distinguished a man, one of the judges, at that time doing duty on the bench, made a bantering wager with Capt. Jennings that the ordnance could be procured on an order, the form of which should be dictated by him. The judge walked up to the desk, seized the pen and forthwith produced the following.

'Great Daniel D., we send to thee
For two great guns and trimmings:
Send them to hand, or you'll be d——d.
By order of Capt. Jennings.'

"This of course created a good deal of amusement; and though it was not officially sent to the governor, as the ordnance was obtained through a regular order, the story was too good to be kept; the governor, who was fond of a good joke, in some way learned of the incident, and was also aware that his friend the judge, had a hand in it. Some of the officers in this company were rewarded for gallant services in the war, by promotion, and they, with others, sent to Albany for their commissions. On calling for them at the proper office, the judge learned that they we reall made out and lacked only the signature of the governor. To facilitate the business he offered to take them himself to his excellency, who, on receiving them, placed his autograph to the documents, one after the other, till coming to one belonging to Capt. Jennings's company, he stopped and very gravely inquired: 'Is this by order of Capt. Jennings.'"

"The company lately under the command of Captain Jennings, in Lieut. Col. Swift's regiment, had become so clamorous for pay, and contended so strenuously that their time had expired, that I have ordered them to be dismissed, in the opinion that this would meet your excellency's approbation. I was strengthened by learning from Brigadier General Brown, that Lieut. Col Bellinger's regiment, who were on the same standing in service, at Sackett's Harbour, have been discharged by your order."

Col. Van Rensselaer to his wife.

Dear Harriet, Lewiston 1st September, 1812.

I wrote you yesterday from this place by the mail, in which letter I gave you an account of all that was passing here, this day we received an Express from Genl. Dearborn that the Armistice was at an end. But at the time he was despatched from Green Bush they knew nothing of the Surrender of General Hull and his Army, and what effect that information will have on the measures of a weak and despicable General and Government, time only will determine. We shall at all events go on and make all the arrangements in our power to meet the Crisis which in all probability is approaching. If nothing is done it will not be our fault, but that of Government; by Express and by almost every Mail the Governor and Genl Dearborn have been informed of our situation * * * The express Lt. Smith returns immediately to Albany by whom I send this, I could not let him leave this without again expressing my anxiety for your health and happiness. I am all solicitude on your account and wish sincerely I was with you until that certain e ent was over, but keep up your spirits and think of your children and me. I hope happier and

more comfortable times will attend us. Our General is more than fond of me, he leaves everything to me and has not on any occasion found fault; he is very amiable and I can truly say of him, what he has on many occasions said of me that "I did not know the man." Lovett and myself live like Brothers, and if I could be but informed of your true situation I should be happy, as far as the late unhappy event at home would suffer me to be, but the Clover-lot is ever before me. Kiss the children for me and attend to your health. Remember me to all friends and believe me in whatever situation I am placed, I am ever the same to you, your affectionate & sincere

Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Mount Hope.

On September 1st, four or five vessels arrived at Fort George with troops from Montreal and the enemy, flushed with victory, were every moment on the alert. "They hold a very commanding position over above us in Queenstown, and are strengthening it with men and cannon. Indeed every prominent point from Fort Erie to Fort George looks saucy." Colonel Fenwick had not arrived, when orders were received from Gen. Dearborn, to put an end to the armistice. He was, however, as it turned out, then approaching his place of destination, and the first relief Gen. Van Rensselaer experienced, was in the arrival of Col. Fenwick, with ordnance and stores, on the 4th day of September. He was directed, out of abundant caution to land at the Four Mile creek, instead of attempting to reach Fort Niagara. Early in September, Gen. Van Rensselaer was advised by General Dearborn, that the enemy was preparing to make an effort to reduce this army to the mortifying situation of Gen. Hull's and that he must be ready "to make good a sure retreat." The abandonment of the fort was also expressly recommended, and the fear expressed, that, if retained, it would prove a trap for the garrison, for examinations had shown that it was utterly untenable and indefensible against a serious attack. The importance, however, of maintaining all his positions, led the general to the determination to put forth every effort and energy, to this effect, and to adopt the unalterable resolution to dispute every inch of ground with his adversary, in case of an attempt to dislodge him. The letters written a few days later to Gen. Dearborn and Gov. Tompkins show the condition of things as well as the opinions and resolution of the commanding general.

General Orders.

Head Quarters, Lewiston, 4th Sept., 1812.

The Major General announces to the troops, that, agreeable to an order received from Major General Dearborn, the armistice entered into between him and the Governor General of Upper and Lower Canada will be terminated at twelve o'clock, at noon, on the eighth day of September instant.

The troops under his command will, however, understand, explicitly, that they are not to act offensively without previous orders from him; but to be vigilant in their duty, and ready to execute any command they may receive when a proper occasion presents itself. The troops will strike their tents tomorrow morning at reveille: the tents, tent-poles, and baggage, will be packed up, ready to move, in one hour from that time. The Quarter Master will measure the space necessary for a double row of tents for each company, and furnish the necessary transportation.

A fatigue party, of a sergeant, corporal, and twelve men, will attend at the same time at head quarters.

By order of the Major General Van Rensselaer,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER, Aid-de-Camp.

An express had been sent to Col. Fenwick, to land at Four Mile creek. This precaution was taken lest the armistice might have been terminated below, or some accident might throw the cargo into the hands of the enemy. As soon as this was effected, and in the same morning, having been charged with the delivery of the notice terminating the armistice, to the British commandant, I crossed over from the fort to discharge the duties of this mission, which I did in a personal interview with General Sheaffe. Col. Van R. had been vigilant and observing regarding the condition of the enemy.

Major Gen. Van Rensselaer to Major Gen. Brock.

Sir, Head-Quarters, Lewiston, Sept. 4th, 1812.

By the articles which I had the honour to conclude with Major Gen. Sheaffe on the 21st ult., for the government of the troops of the United States under my command, and his Brittanic Majesty's forces on this frontier, during the temporary armistice, it was, among other things, stipulated that "*the party who shall first receive orders for the renewa of hostilities shall give four days' notice, computing twenty-four hours to each day, before any offensive operation shall take place.*"

Having now received orders to terminate the armistice, in conformity to the above recited stipulation, I have the honour to transmit you this notice, that the armistice will be terminated at twelve o'clock, at noon, on Tuesday, the eighth day of September, inst.

I have the honour, &c.

S. VAN RENSSELAER.

Major Gen. Isaac Brock or officer commanding Fort George.

Major Gen. Sheaffe to Major Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort George, 5th Sept., 1812.

I have the honour of receiving your communication, signifying the intention on the part of the United States of renewing hostilities, after four days shall have elapsed from the period at which the notice was given. Thus declaring that the armistice shall terminate at twelve o'clock at noon on the eighth day of this September.

I have the honour, &c.

R. H. SHEAFFE, Maj. Gen. H. B. M. forces.

Major Gen. Van Rensselaer, commanding Frontiers.

Col. Van Rensselaer to Abraham Van Vechten.

My dear Sir, Lewiston, 5th September, 1812.

This Evening Mr. Swan arrived in three days from Albany on Express from Gen. Dearborn, with Information that a large body of British Troops had left Montreal for the opposite bank of this River and Cautioning Gen. V. R. to guard against a Surprise from them, and if hard pressed to make a Safe retreat, his caution against a surprise is unnecessary, and as for a retreat we *shall not* think of, until we have tried some blustering Democrats who pretend to be full of fighting and crossing the River, but their opinions as to crossing no attention will be paid to, until it is proper

we should come to Action, and then they will be brought to a Close one. With the force which arrived yesterday under the Command of Lt. Col. Fenwick, we have in the aggregate of Regular Troops and Militia *two thousand two hundred* men Detached on a frontier of forty miles, from Fort Niagara to Buffalo. While the British have opposed to us (besides the force Dearborn speaks of) from every information we can get, and from their appearance every day in our view, at least that number of Regular Troops, with strong Batteries at every Crossing point to meet and of these there are but very few owing to the extreme height of the Banks.

In short we are deficient in almost everything: four 18-pounders, two twelve-pounders; eight Six's; and two four's, are all the Ordnance we have for the defence of this Line; two six's honey-combed, some of them without Shot and six without Harness. Fort Niagara not tenable (you all suppose it impregnable. Not so, it cannot be maintained 15 minutes), and the Stores are now Removing with a view to abandon it, and in this place Capt. Leonard buried two 13 Inch Mortar and Six 8½ Inch Howitzers for the want of Shells.

No Surgical Instruments, lint, bandage or Hospital Stores; no forage and no Quarter Master. Peter B. Porter has been only twice in Camp since we have been here, and instead of getting the feast ready, is attending to his private affairs; he is an abominable Scoundrel, and I have made no Secret in telling his friends so. [This difficulty was all made up, they were good friends many years before death.]

I have written at least a dozen letters to Harriot without receiving a line from her since I left home. She certainly must be ill or perhaps something worse, pray let me beg of you to Remove the weight that hangs on my mind on her account, by informing me Candidly and Explicitly of her Situation. The recollection of the late overwhelming event at home, I fear has been too much for her, remove my anxiety and put me at rest.

Phil's letter has alarmed me, and his is the only one I have received. I look with much Solicitude for the Mail on Monday. You must excuse me for not writing to you before; the Detail of the Camp, and Every thing in Relation to the Troops, takes up all my time, I have no one to assist me. Adieu, present my best respects to Mrs. Van Vechten and those who ask or think about me. But above all comfort my poor Harriot, my heart Bleeds for her, and be assured that in whatever situation I am placed, I am your affectionate and Sincere friend.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. Abraham Van Vechten, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer to her Husband.

My Dear Solomon, Mount Hope, Sept. 6th, 1812.

The enclosed, first effort of a letter by our dear boy Rensselaer, is so expressive of the child's feelings, I must copy it and say as he does "I know not what to write." I am much pleased with this first production of his pen, and had better send it for your gratification.

Samuel says, he was well satisfied to stay at school and that Rev. Mr. Huntington had a great opinion of his abilities, which he thought had not been sufficiently improved, but was sure that after awhile he would be all he could wish. How cheering for a moment to my poor afflicted heart, which has been so excessively oppressed, has had no comfort since that trying hour when the most awful of all our many calamities befell us, and then your departure with great anxiety on your account gives an

additional weight. The innumerable perplexities in which your absence at this season involves me, with the farm work, cannot in spite of every effort banish from my mind's eye, the awful, the distressing sight of our sweet little "Van," when you carried him from the field bleeding and dying in your Arms! Trifles, as well as objects around, continually remind me of what he was, and I am indeed most wretched; this is a grievous subject, but no other can I dwell upon, or reflect on. It seems to harrow my very Soul, and not till called upon by the Great Original of All, can happiness be again my portion, it is dashed to the earth here, but to that final hour I look with confidence. Oh that I could be near *you* at the present time. The active scenes in which you are engaged, must of course, be some relief to your depressed spirits; besides, the fortitude you possess, I trust, will support you in every situation; and should Heaven in Mercy (at my confinement) remove me, enable you to do your duty to your dear children, and soon reconcile you to a separation from your most miserable Wife. ARRIET VAN RENSSELAER.

Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, Lewiston.

Previous to the departure for the frontier, on May 29, a promising youth of about six years of age, named Van Vechten, son of Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, being in company with an elder brother in a field near the dwelling house of their father at Mount Hope, in the town of Bethlehem, was shot through the head and almost instantly expired. A shot was heard as from a musket, and the unfortunate youth immediately fell, having received the contents of the musket through the ear into the brain.

Immediately after a man was observed with a musket, who in great haste traversed the clear field, and ran into an adjoining wood. It was the work of an insane man, and that reckless act left a sad void in the hearts of those loving parents, and in that once happy home. This seemed the climax to repeated trials very hard to pass through without a murmur; strong faith in Jesus triumphed over all these seeming ills, and neither of those afflicted parents ever flagged in the path of duty.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, 6 Sept., 1812.

Having been up nearly all night in preparing Dispatches for Swan's return, I have no opportunity to write you anything more than that we are living in dews, rains and cold. I have got hardened almost to the hide, muscles and houghs of an ox, and am in perfect health, tho' our tent lad kicked the Bucket last night. Our situation is becoming, daily, more and more *interesting* to say the least of it. I do not know that I ought, yet, to call it *critical:* though I know that some think it so. What may be the views of the Enemy we know not, they are flushed with victory, and concentrating their forces very fast against us. The Armistice will be terminated by our notice at Noon on the 8th Inst. To sum all up in one, I should say that from present appearances, we must either fight or run, or both in a few days. This camp, which is within half point blank shot of the enemy, we shall quit to-morrow morning, the order is given to strike Tents at Reveille. We shall not quit the neighborhood; but seek a safer place. Things look rather squally all around just at present, but it may clear off again. There are some pretty strong reasons to believe that Brock is preparing to *Hull* us. I don't know but

he may, but Albany blood runs pretty steady yet. We have removed most of the stores from Fort Niagara, and are throwing up a Battery on this side in which we mean to place 4 Eighteen Pounders.

The Enemy are extending their works at Fort George; and I understand as the light increases, that our soldiers discover some new works began last night opposite to us here.

My General is well, firm, brave, and prudent. Solomon *would* fight all the while if he could get chances, and I rather expect he will soon get enough of it. Col. Fenwick with the Cannon and stores have arrived safe. We worked John Bull in the little Armistice treaty and got more than they expected.

Glory to the Constitution and her Crew for the Battle. ["The Frigate Guerriere has been captured and sunk by the U. S. Frigate, Constitution, Capt. Hull."]

Did you ever live in a Tent? How nice, and cool they are towards day, when you begin to draw up your legs: or as we Soldiers would say "*Call in your* Out Posts!"

We have a curious old Quiz of a Chaplain but I remember this part of his prayer; "In the arms of faith and love we desire to bear before thee, O God, our wives and dear little ones whom we have left at home: preserve them, and in thine own due time restore us to them. But if thou hast determined in thy holy providence that any of us shall meet them no more, in this world, O! may we meet them above in thy great family" Now this was well said and we all felt it. Don't, Don't forget my Wife and Children, nor suffer them to be lonely. Keep their spirits up. It was right that I came, it is right that I stay. When I write you again I hope to give a better account, moving a Camp is always perplexing. Only one solitary letter have I received, don't you write, or do the rascals rob me?

Yours very truly,

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. John Lovett.

John Lovett to Abraham Van Vechten.

My Dear Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston Sept. 8, 1812.

Colonel Van Rensselaer has been with General Wadsworth the whole day at Niagara, and I have been on the jump from dawn of day to this 5 P. M. Brock has returned from York to Fort George and the Enemy are certainly very active, but whether they contemplate defensive or offensive measures it is impossible to say. It would seem that in our situation we might with facility obtain information of the enemy's force and movements. Not so. Not a soul will risk his neck from this side among them, and those who come over are such Scamps, no trust. We have moved our Camp from the River to the Ridge Road. In short, the enemy having put Hull out of the way, have it in their power to turn their whole force against us. Our poor fellows are patient, patriotic and exceedingly attached to their General; they swear *He* can't be bribed, and to tell you the real truth, this *Confidence* is all that saves us from every sort of disgrace. We are calm, self-collected, and determined to act as near *Right* as we can. But God only knows how we shall come out. A great fever is coming on, I understand, but no pay, no shoes, no any thing.

The General has gone to have a Talk with the Tuscarora Tribe this afternoon. The Armistice terminated at 12 o'clock, and no movement is made. We are all well, Don't be alarmed. We shall never disgrace our-

selves, Albany or our Country. Don't let my Wife get alarmed, I shall eat my New Year's Dinner with her if she is not starved out.

Yours truly,

Abraham Van Vechten, Esq., Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

Hon. Abraham Van Vechten to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany September 10, 1812.

I saw Harriet on Sunday. She & Adaline dined with us. Sanders says the Family are all in good health. Harriet will write you. The depression of her Spirits is not removed, tho' I trust considerably alleviated. Her fortitude does not fail her, and her avocations occupy every moment of her time. She wishes you to send me a line for Rensselaer. Your Situation is I fear critical. At least so we apprehend here. But it is attributed to the true cause, and the result, if disastrous, will be charged to the acct. of those who ought to answer for it. Remember my Friend that the honor of a Soldier is not to be maintained in battle only. Sound discretion is an essential part of true valor; when more real good is to be attained by a timely & safe retreat than by fighting every consideration of military duty requires that the former course should be adopted. Beware of being Hull'd is the admonition of all your Friends, but I add, do not forget that an unequal & disadvantageous conflict may involve equal disgrace, because it may draw upon you the imputation of rashness. Should it eventuate in a severe defeat the consequences will be more extensively calamitous. Your troops want every thing, except I hope personal Courage, to cope with the force amassing against you want of discipline will make a defeat dreadful, because it cuts off every hope of rallying. We hope no news beyond what the papers which the bearer takes and my letters to Lovett contain. Yours Sincerely.

A. V. Van Vechten

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Head Quarters Lewiston.

Capt. I. Whistler to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, Presque Isle 11th Sept., 1812.

On the 8th inst. I arrived at this place with my family, myself in a bad state of health, at present I feel much better and tomorrow shall proceed on my journey for Pittsburgh. Please accept of my warmest thanks for the civilities I have received from you. On my arrival at Black Reok I made application to Genl. Porter for a waggon; he made every effort to procure me one but failed. He then sent the same one you sent with me; and I must confess the driver is the best man I had ever known in the public service, a human man, he treated my family with every attention, he left here on his return on the ninth. This moment I have seen a letter from Genl. Wadsworth of the State of Ohio to Genl. Keler of this Post, in which he mentioned the capture of Fort Dearborn at Chigkaga, and nearly all the Garrison put to the sword, and the enemy are now erecting a Garrison at the rapids of the Miamy, and a large Force of Indians are on their way against Fort Wayne and Vincennes in great expectation of success.

The enemy have left four of the 24 Pounders at Malden; the other 5 24 pounders they have shipped to Fort George this is all the News I have

at present to communicate, the latter I expect you ought to be made acquainted with. I think from the large body of Indians which have gone to Fort Wayne, you have nothing to fear as to Indians. My best respects to the Colonel and all the Gentlemen of your Army & believe me &c. &c.

J. WHISTLER.

Capt. Whistler was an old revolutionary officer, was taken with Gen. Hull, paroled, landed with wife and six children at Fort Niagara. Gen. V. R. sent a public wagon with him to Black Rock he was bound for Pittsburgh.

Col. Van Rensselaer to General Lewis — Gloomy State of Affairs at Lewiston.

My dear Sir, Head Quarters Sept 11, 1812.

To you I am fully persuaded I can write with Confidence on the State of affairs in this quarter, and if you think the Interest of the Service will be promoted by a disclosure of my name, you are at liberty to make any use of it you please, whatever inconvenience it may put me to, for I Shall State Facts and those only.

Since the Surrender of General Hull, it has been the Study of John C. Spencer, Col. Brooks, Q. Mr. General Porter and Several others to cause confusion and distrust among the Troops on this Frontier to answer party purposes against the Commander. They have so far succeeded in the Camp and the Country, that in the former it is only whispered, but in the Latter it is openly said, that Gen. Van Rensselaer is a traitor to his Country and the Surrender of the Army when it crosses the River is the price of his Infamy. Honest and Honorable men must regret this depravity in human nature; those scoundrels know better, and you and I know that a more Honest man does not exist; and one who has the Interest of his Country more at heart. But with all his amiable qualities, his usefulness here in my opinion is destroyed; by this unjust and unwarrantable jealousy. He cannot enforce that Subordination which is so necessary to the safety and glory of the Troops he Commands. If Gen. Armstrong or any other man of the same politics with the Government did Command here, this difficulty would be Removed; there is a field of glory in view for any man of Ambition, which Gen. V. R. as well as myself would regret to forego, if Necesity did not Compel us, it would be well if Gen. Dearborn could with propriety remove him to New York or some other place, where his services may be equal to his Sacrifices in private life. We are Encamped at this place with two Regiments of Militia, to guard the most important pass on the river. Col. Fenwick with the Regular troops in and about Fort Niagara. Col. Blooms, lately come on, at Niagara Falls and Col. Swifts at Black Rock.

The whole effective force of Militia including Officers you will find by the within return amounts to 1633 fit for duty. We are in want of almost every thing. Our Quarter Master Peter B. Porter is speculating and attending to mischief and his private affairs; he speaks in very disrespectful terms of Mr. Madison, and trys to impress on the minds of the people the necessity of a change of men. But notwithstanding these discouraging prospects, we shall do what men under these Circumstances can. A strong Battery has been thrown up a mile above Fort Niagara, and immediately opposite Fort George, in which the four heavy cannon have been placed, and contrary to the opinion of Col. Fenwick when he first came on, we will attempt to maintain the Fort which will be all important to our future operations. The roof has been taken from a large stone house and on the third floor two twelve pounders and a howitzer placed. This

battery Commands Fort George and four Batteries in its vicinity; and if a parapet of earth well rammed, on the inside of the two and half feet stone wall was thrown up, it might bid defiance to the enemy, but unfortunately Col. Fenwick and Capt. Leonard are too much addicted to liquor to attend to this duty as they should, and if they were removed from this Command, it would give rise to much greater dissensions. Besides we have no one as fit for this all important service as Col. Fenwick, if he was at all times himself. Last Tuesday at 12 o'clock the Armistice ceased, on which, we supposed that the enemy would open their Batteries of at least fifty pieces on our lines. Gen. Van Rensselaer continued here in order to move the Troops to any point that might be attacked, while I went to the Garrison below. I found on my arrival all in confusion. I immediately ordered a strong detachment to clear a Battery in the Stone house, while others were dismounting the two twelves and a Howitzer, and getting them on the platform, to the Command of which Capt. Leonard's Company was assigned. The two Block houses, in each of which are Six pounders, Capt. McKeon's Company was to Defend. All this was accomplished by twelve, at that hour our works, as well as the British, were manned, the Matches burning and I expected every moment to see the Rafters of the old mess-house knocked about my head, but I was disappointed and we have been ever since in peace and preparing, with little trouble to make it as strong as any work can be, and ready for action. I inclose the last Buffalo paper.

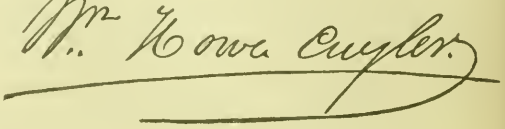
I have the honor to be Respectfully Yours,

Major Gen. Morgan Lewis. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Major Cuyler to Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Buffalo 16th Sept, 1812.

I enclose you a return of the Ordnance, &c. at Buffalo agreeable to Major Gen. Van Rensselaer's request by Lt. Gansevoort; immediately on the receipt of which, I waited on Genl. Porter and requested a return from him of the Ordnance at the Rock, Equipage, fixed & unfixed ammunition which he promised to make me last night; failing so to do, I this morning addressed a Note to him & sent my Servant, who finding he had left the Rock for Lewiston, rode on & overtook him & delv'd my note. I have not been furnished with a Return from him. I beg you to assure Genl. Van Rensselaer, that as speedily as possible after I am furnished with an account of what was required, I shall lose no time in making a Return to him. Lt. Gansevoort will inform you of some alarms we have had; my General will communicate to yours. We send you three Prisoners from the Queen Charlotte who we have reason to expect have come over with improper views. Lt. Gansevoort has charge of them, & will of course take them to Head Quarters. *In all things* depend upon my most prompt and cordial Co-operation, I am not yet enabled to make a return of the force at the Rock & this place owing to the irregularity of Returns made to me which I am endeavouring to correct as speedily as possible. It shall be made as soon as possible. Your obedt. Servt.



Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Gen. Brock to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Head Quarters, Fort George 16th Sept. 1812.

I have the honor to transmit an Extract[1] of a letter which I have this morning received from Captain Dyson of the United States Regiment of Artillery. The Prisoners of War under his charge are in such a deplorable state for want of clothing, that I am led to hope no difficulty will be made to their receiving from Fort Niagara the necessaries they consider as their property.

The number of Women and Children who have accompanied the Detachment from Detroit is so great that it will be necessary to land them on the opposite shore, where they cannot fail meeting with that protection and support their distressed situation requires, but which existing circumstances prevent being afforded to them on this side.

I have the honor &c., With the highest respect,

Major General Van Rensselaer.

Extract of a Letter from Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Dearborn.

Head Quarters, Lewiston, 17th Sept., 1812.

The situation of my little army is becoming every day more and more interesting, and I believe existing circumstances would fully warrant me in saying critical. As soon as our operations at and near Fort Niagara indicated a disposition to maintain the garrison, the enemy became exceedingly active. New works were thrown up, and old ones modified to meet us at every point. Their works appear now to be all completed, and they are daily receiving very considerable reinforcements of men. Last evening, the Royal George arrived at Fort George, with about two hundred artillerists. About one hundred boats, loaded with stores for the British army in Upper Canada, have lately passed up the St. Lawrence. Two regiments of troops are also on their way up, and I am induced to believe that those lately arrived at Fort George, are detachments from those regiments. The information which you had received on the subject of the enemy's reinforcements and destination, was undoubtedly correct. Troops are also coming down from Fort Malden to Fort Erie. Indeed there can be no possible doubt, that the enemy are very actively engaged in concentrating their forces to act in this vicinity. When the scene of action will open, I know not; it probably cannot be far distant. Such movements of the enemy have been observed for three or four days past, as have induced many to believe, that the hour of attack was at hand. On the 13th instant, boats were engaged in putting a considerable de-

[1] *Extract alluded to, of Capt. Dyson's letter:* "Permit me Sir, to mention to you the situation of the Prisoners under my command. They have received no clothing from the Government since last October, and are almost destitute of every article of the kind. I understand there are six Casks of Clothing, an Invoice of which I have in my possession, and was destined for Detroit for my Company, are now lying at Fort Niagara. If there could be any arrangement between the two governments, so as to get them across, it would relieve the suffering Prisoners much. I also take the liberty to mention there are several men among them old, infirm, and unfit for any kind of Military service; and some with large families of children. If they could obtain a parole to go to the States, it would be a great relief to them. I have the honor to be &c. &c.

SAML. T. DYSON,
Capt. U. S. Reg. Artil.

tachment of troops on board a ship, which, at evening, got under way from Fort George and stood out into lake Ontario.

It was apprehended that these troops were, that night, to be landed on the south side of the lake, in the rear of our guards. The night before last, the enemy moved some boats from the landing at Queenstown, down the river. This excited alarm, and late last night a rumour ran through the camp, that the garrison was actually summoned to surrender. I only mention these things to show you what apprehensions prevail. Should the enemy attack, I have every reason to believe we shall be very severely pressed; but so serious will be the consequences of any retrograde movement, or a total abandonment of Fort Niagara, that, upon mature consideration of all circumstances, I have determined to hold, if possible, my present position, and dispute every inch of ground. My force bears no proportion to the duties required; besides, the discipline of the troops is not such as to warrant perfect reliance, and many of our arms are not fit for action. These are considerations which you, sir, and my fellow citizens will do me the justice to bear in mind, whatever result may happen.

For the application of the means entrusted to me, I hope I shall be able to justify myself to my country. My greatest fear is, that the troops destined to reinforce me, will not join me in season. In every calculation heretofore made upon my reinforcements, both as to time and strength, I have been disappointed. Col. Bloom's regiment, which was reported to me before its arrival, for seven hundred, is but little more than four hundred. I am erecting a store-house and magazine upon the high grounds, in the rear of my camp; but for want of teams, tools, and nails, the work proceeds but slowly; we build with logs, and rive our shingles from bolts of oak. It is with extreme difficulty we can procure teams upon any emergency. The horses of the cavalry and flying artillery are badly supplied with hay, and as for *grain* they are almost entirely destitute. I have completed the road through the woods, from my camp to the garrison. Amidst all our difficulties, this is the most cheering day for the troops which I have witnessed, their clamor for pay has been high and incessant. I felt many of its bad consequences, and apprehend still greater, but assurances now received that their pay is near seems to elate them.

By the Return of Ordnance which I yesterday received from Fort Niagara I discover that our two Mortars are 10½ inches, instead of 13½ as Capt. Leonard's Memorandum to me states them, the Shells will be calculated accordingly. I have enclosed a copy of a letter which I last night received from General Hull. On the same subject I yesterday received a communication from General Brock, covering an Extract of a letter from Capt. Dyson of the United States Regiment of Artillery to him, and I this morning sent Col. Van Rensselaer to Fort George when he had an interview with Capt. Dyson's and such arrangements have been made that Capt. Dyson's Company will this day receive their clothing from Fort Niagara: the other Companies, in Quebec, I learn from General Brock's letter, are in great distress for want of clothing.

I have the Honor, &c.

Major General Dearborn.

"And, to cheer up our hearts, we have picked up a Birch Bark, on which is written a Notice from the Soldiers to the Officers of this little army that unless they were paid, they would absolutely quit the field in 8 days from that time."

Col. Fenwick to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort Niagara, Sept. 18, 1812.

Yesterday afternoon was Sent over in a Flag eleven Women and nineteen Children, their Situation is a distressing one, there is also a Fifer of the 1st U. S. Infantry, he brings from Gen Brock no Pass or Certificate. I know not in what light to view them. I beg your Instructions respecting these People, I don't think it prudent to leave them here. Your order revoking the Sentence upon the two unfortunate Criminals has been carried into Effect, the Scene was affecting, and I flatter myself will be attended with Beneficial Consequences. No occurrence of Moment has happened Since I last wrote you. I beg you to order a General Court Martial, we have four or five deserters.

Accept Sir, the assurance of my Esteem and Consideration.

Major Genl. Van Rensselaer. JOHN R. FENWICK, Lt Col.

The two criminals mentioned above were *deserters*, and having been found guilty by the court martial, were sentenced to be "shot to death on the grand parade at Fort Niagara on Friday the eighteenth instant, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day. On this solemn occasion all the Troops not on duty will be drawn up to witness the execution. And the major general hopes that this awful example will be a warning to others and, in future prevent desertions from that service to which their oaths if not their love of country should bind them."

A petition for the pardon of Reuben Schuyler and Thomas Moore, sentenced by the general order of the 9th instant was sent to the major general by the "officers of the United States army at Fort Niagara" to request the consideration of the general and to recommend them as fit subjects for mercy.

General Orders.

Head Quarters, Lewiston 17th Sept., 1812.

Major General Van Rensselaer revokes the sentence of death pronounced against *Reuben Schuyler* and *Thomas Moore*, by the Court Martial whereof Captain Leonard was President, and by General Orders of the Ninth instant directed to be carried into execution on the Eighteenth instant at Fort Niagara.

This act of clemency of the Major General, in declaring the full and absolute pardon of those unfortunate men, it is hoped will make a lasting impression on their future conduct in life and that they will still shew by their good behaviour that they are worthy of a life which they had forfeited to their Country and their God. But let it not be presumed that this first act of lenity in the Major General will be extended to others: He is under obligations of duty to his Country, and with these his feelings, as a man, shall not interpose.

The Prisoners will be released and return to their duty.

By Order of Major General Van Rensselaer,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER, Aid de Camp.

The decision of General Van Rensselaer in these occurrences comported with justice and humanity. He was well aware that such terrible examples are often necessary in all well regulated armies and from a regard to the good of the service, in which they were engaged, it would not answer, often, to impede punishment.

Major General Van Rensselaer to his Excellency Gov. Tompkins.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, 17th Sept., 1812.

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your packet by Major Noon, who arrived in camp last evening. The duties of the day are too pressing to allow me the leisure I could wish, to answer your letter particularly. I must, therefore, beg leave to refer your Excellency to my despatch of this date to Major General Dearborn. I cannot, however, but express the satisfaction I feel at the approbation, which my conduct thus far in the campaign has received. To perform my duty, arduous as it is, is comparatively easy, but to determine what my duty is, in a wide field for action, where everything is unshaped and uncertain, is often a task of no small difficulty; I am conscious to myself that I have studied it faithfully, and performed to the best of my ability. My situation is growing every hour more interesting, perhaps critical. The particulars you will find in my letter to Gen. Dearborn; but with my little force I shall certainly attempt to hold my position, with full reliance upon your Excellency's assurances, that every effort will be made to support me. *A retrograde movement of this army upon the back of that disaster which has befallen the one at Detroit, would stamp a stigma upon the national character which time could never wipe away.* I shall therefore try to hold out against superior force and every disadvantage, until I shall be reinforced. I am happy to learn that the money to pay off the troops is at hand. The information cheers our camp. I announced it in orders this morning; I hope they will soon realize their expectations, for in truth their wants are many. I have the honour, &c.

His Excellency Governor Tompkins.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Alexander, Head Quarters, Lewiston, 22d Sept., 1812.

I have lately received two letters from you, and thank you kindly for them: in our situation, letters from friends, come like the cooling stream to a famishing Pilgrim in a desert of sand. General Van Rensselaer is well aware of the critical situation he is in: it has been announced to him from all quarters; from the highest to the lowest authority: he sees it, feels it every hour. But, after all, having taken into consideration the incalculable consequences which must result from falling back from his present position, he has determined to risk events. In the last general deliberation which was had upon the subject, he sat and heard all that was said, then rising up he said "*No, what will the world think we are made of? No: I'll* DIE *before I'll quit this ground, and there's no more to be said about it.*" And there *has* been no more said about it. The enemy appear to be in a state of preparedness to give, or receive an attack. Every day or two they make some movement which indicates dispositions to attack us immediately. Night before last every ship they have on Lake Ontario came into the mouth of Niagara River, then, to be sure, we thought it time to look out for breakers. But yesterday when Col. Van Rensselaer went over with a Flag to Fort George, there was not a Ship in sight, nor a General Officer there, where gone, we know not. Notwithstanding the most positive orders on both sides, our Sentinels have kept up almost a constant warfare for a month past. On the Bank of the River Musket Balls are about as thick as Whippowills in a summer's evening. A wretch fired the other evening, at Judge Barten and myself

as we were setting upon our horses on the bank; the shot came in a correct line but fell 30 rods short, in the River. Last Saturday morning one of our lads returned the Compliment: and put his ball so quick thro' a lad's head on the other side that he fell dead without even winking. Over came Lieut. Col. Myers with whom I had the honor of an hour's conference on the bank, both talked it largely and returned good fellows. In short we are all fire and powder on both sides the River, and every day that passes without blood seems to me more and more strange. We have made the best possible dispositions of the force we have to meet an attack, if it comes, I am very certain there will be some old fashioned fighting, we can't help it; for in truth, we can't *run away* without *fighting* and I believe this is the best way to post an army of raw Troops. It is now about eleven days we have lain in this situation. It has become as much a matter of course to fix my papers and prime my Pistols when I go to bed, as it is to pull off my Boots.

And after all, I cannot tell whether they *will* attack us or not; but if they do not they are certainly governed by some considerations of policy which they may consider of more importance than cutting up a little 2,000 Army. Time must determine. We are promised reinforcements by companies, Battalions, Regiments, Brigades, and I might almost say Armies; but not a single man has joined us in some weeks. Besides, our men *here* are getting down very fast within three or four days. This morning Report of Sick was 149. We have lately had the most tremendous storm of cold rains and wind that I ever saw at this season of the year, it was eno' to make an Ox quake. The wind was terrible, hail, lightening, thunder and the whole army of terrors seemed pressed into requisition. Many tents blew up and over; the General's Marquee was deluged, bed and all drenched. My Tent hooks gave away; I jumped out of my Blanket, in quick time, to save my Papers, stood in my shirt-tail for half an hour, holding the sides together, until I had not a dry thread to brag of; and when I went to my Blankets, they were as wet as myself, however, I made the best of them thro' the night. O, the glorious life, and the innumerable comforts of Soldiers!

Give Mrs. Lovett the enclosed, it contains an impression of General Brock's Seal, with his most appropriate Motto, "*He who guards, never Sleeps.*" The Campaign will wind up with some very interesting occurrences, I think, I begin to see how the crisis is forming. *We shall invade Canada.* Come what may you may be assured we shall not disgrace Albany. Do write often. I entirely agree in opinion with Gen. V. R. who on reading your last letter made this observation "He writes more like a *Gentleman* than any of them" and added "I had no idea he was such a man!" there's for ye: and no man knows better, or more highly appreciates the character of a *true bred Gentleman* than that same General. I had no idea of his perfect finish in Etiquette.

I am your friend,
JOHN LOVETT.

CHAPTER XI.

BATTLE ON QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

Col. Marinus Willett to Maj. Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, New York, 25th Sept., 1812.

I should before this have offered my services to you, had I not been apprehensive that the infirmities of age, which cause me to fear I might be burdensome, prevented me; but tho' I cannot enjoy that satisfaction, I trust you will not be displeased with my addressing you with a few observations on the subject of Indian warfare. In the summer of the year 1763, soon after the disbanding of the army, General Washington visited the frontiers of our State: on this occasion I accompanied him; and as we were traveling along the Mohawk River, the devastations that had taken place there introduced the subject of Indian Warfare. I signified to the General my disapproval of the Virginia mode of fighting Indians by the men taking to trees, and fighting the Indians in their own way, which would continue for a number of hours, with no great advantage on either side. It was remarked that the Indians, who were generally furious in their onset, depended much on the noise of their Yells to strike a terror which not unfrequent, had the intended effect and caused their enemy to run, when they usually made great havock. In their mode of fighting they extend their line to great lengths, and endeavour to surround their foes: the noise, which by this means appears from different quarters, generally occasions surprise, and sometimes terror; either of which is easily prevented: a vigilant and smart officer can effect it in an instant. He is with rapidity to place himself conspicuously in front: off with his hat, wave it round his head, and order his men to rush among the Indians with loud and repeated huzzas. The Indians, who have no compactness to oppose to such force, and losing the noise of their yells, by the superior noise of the huzzas, are sure to set running; when, by having some good marksmen, you may hit some of them; But tho' I never found it difficult to drive them, I could not kill many; for it is not often that a fair shot can be had at them. They will, however, after having been driven from one position, generally, take another; and tho' they may not pursue the same course they did in their first onset, by commencing a fresh fire at considerable distance, they will be constantly taking off men, unless the same mode of driving them is pursued.

I have been fighting Indians when they were vastly superior to me in numbers; and have been obliged to pursue this mode of driving them from one position to another for four or five miles. I always found them dexterous in taking positions, but experienced little difficulty in driving them. The officer who commands the troops engaged with Indians, must be smart, active and brave; and it is proper always to have covering parties, under the direction of a steady, firm man: but the officer who leads the troops to attack ought to possess a great deal of fire; every thing depends on his activity, vigilance and courage. There is nothing can discover greater weakness, or folly than to run from Indians: it is

almost certain death : but to face, and run in upon them is the sure means of beating and overcoming them : for, tho' they have agility and dexterity, they are by no means equal in strength to our soldiers. But it is not, my dear Sir, in fighting Indians, only, that I have experienced the advantage of a bold charge upon the enemy. I have tried it, several times with British troops, as well as with Indians ; and it uniformly succeeded. Soldiers must be taught to look their enemies in the face, they should be brought into action as often as possible. Soldiers must be taught to fight, a few good officers can do a great deal, the road to danger is the road to honor for a soldier. It is important that such ideas as these be instilled into young officers, as well as the necessity of their being reconciled to fatigue, and deprivations.

That you may go on, in a course of glory to yourself, and advantage to your country is the ardent wish of

Dear Sir, Your very obedient Servant,

Major General Van Rensselaer, M. Willett, Lt. Col.

" Colonel Willett joined the army under Abercrombie as a lieutenant, in 1758. He was in the disastrous battle at Ticonderoga, and accompanied Broadstreet in his expedition against Fort Frontenac. Willett early espoused the republican cause when British aggression aroused resistance here. When the British troops in the New York garrison were ordered to Boston, after the skirmish at Lexington, they attempted, in addition to their own, to carry off a large quantity of spare arms. Willett captured the wagons and took them back. He died Aug., 1830, aged 91 years."

Brigadier Gen. Alexander Smyth to Major Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Buffalo, 29th September, 1812.

I have been ordered by Major General Dearborn to Niagara, to take command of a brigade of the U. S. troops ; and directed, on my arrival in the vicinity of your quarters, to report myself to you which I now do. I intended to have reported myself personally ; but the conclusions I have drawn as to the interests of the service, have determined me to stop at this place for the present. From the description I have had of the river below the falls, the view of the shore below Fort Erie, and the information received as to the preparations of the enemy, I am of opinion that our crossing should be effected between Fort Erie and Chippewa. It has therefore, seemed to me proper to encamp the U. S. troops near Buffalo, there to prepare for offensive operations. Your instructions, or better information, may decide you to give me different orders, which I will await. I have the honour.

Major General Van Rensselaer.

" This letter was offensive, first, because the subordinate officer not only failed to report himself in person, as he was bound in duty to do, but assumed perfect independence by choosing his own theatre of action ; and secondly, because the writer, an entire stranger to the country, just arrived, went out of his way to obtrude advice upon his commanding general touching movements and localities of which he knew nothing, when he knew that the general had been there for weeks, and was necessarily familiar with every rood of the ground and every disposition of the enemy. The cause of Gen. Smyth's presumptuous conduct on this occasion, as well as his subsequent evasive behavior, is merely a matter

of conjecture. It might have proceeded from disappointment in not obtaining full command on this frontier, or it might have been because his fastidiousness could not be reconciled to the idea of being under the command of a militia general. Be it as it may, he was highly censured by all who were aware of his conduct. The season was now rapidly drawing to a close, and as Gen. V. R. was urged by his instructions to effect something decisive before he went into winter quarters, his situation was one of extreme delicacy. He did not wish to be drawn from the object he had in view by a controversy with Gen. Smyth, particularly so, as he knew that the forces which by this time had collected in his own immediate vicinity, were amply sufficient for his purpose. Gen Van Rensselaer, however, true gentleman as he was, quietly rebuked the impertinence" of Gen. Smyth in the following letter :

Major Gen. Van Rensselaer to Brigadier Gen. Alexander Smyth.

Sir; Head Quarters, Lewiston, 30th Sept., 1812.

On my return, this moment, from Niagara, I received your letter of yesterday, advising me of your arrival at Buffalo, and the encampment, there, of the United States troops, in consequence of the conclusions you have drawn that offensive operations against Upper Canada ought to be attempted between Fort Erie and Chippewa. Nothing could be more unpleasant to me than a difference of opinion as to the *place* of commencing those operations in which our own characters, the fate of the army, and the deepest interests of our country are concerned. But, however willing I may be, as a citizen soldier, to surrender my opinion to a professional one, I can only make such surrender to an opinion deliberately formed upon a view of the whole ground. * * * For many years, I have had a general knowledge of the banks of Niagara river, and of the adjacent country on the Canada shore. I have now, attentively explored the American side with the view of military operations; combining at the same time, a great variety of circumstances and considerations intimately connected, in my opinion, with our object. So various are the opinions, and such the influence of personal and local interests in this vicinity, that many circumstances are to be carefully balanced before any correct conclusions can be drawn. My decision has been made with due regard to all these things, and to the important consequences connected with it. All my past measures have been calculated for one point; and I now only wait for a competent force; as the season of the year and every consideration urges me to act with promptness, I cannot hastily listen to a change of position, necessarily connected with a new system of measures, and the very great inconvenience of the troops. I will not say that *no considerations* shall induce me to change my plans of operation, but to this I cannot yield, without very weighty reasons; conclusions drawn, at least, from an attentive examination of the banks of the Niagara river, and all other circumstances connected with a successful result of the campaign.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you here; and perhaps after conference and thorough examination of the river and country, your opinion and mine, as to the plans of operations may coincide. I trust we are both open to conviction, and we have but one object, the best interest of the service. I am, sir, with consideration and respect &c.

Brigadier Gen. Alexander Smyth of the United States forces, Buffalo.

Gen. Alexander Smyth the second in command was not willing to obey a leading federalist, his manner was offensive to the utmost limit, so

that Gen. Van Rensselaer became disgusted with the jealousies of some of the regular officers, and the insubordination of the militia. This disquieting party feeling was carried to the extreme length by his opposers, greatly to the detriment of his usefulness as an officer. Gen. Smyth, though very dogmatical and pompous, yet his designs were supposed to be patriotic; but his ardor obscured his judgment, making him more indiscreet than culpable." Gen. Van Rensselaer had expected to meet his principal officers in a council of war, but Gen. Smyth was so dilatory that many were of opinion that coercive measures should be resorted to, to bring him to a sense of his duty; and perhaps if General V. R. is censurable for any sin of omission while on the frontier, it is for not pursuing this course.

Gen. V. R. had written to General Dearborn and explained to him the plan which he intended to have submitted to the council in question, and the objects he expected to gain if carried out, and now waited for the council to meet.

Major Gen. Van Rensselaer to Colonel Willett.

Dear Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston Oct. 3, 1812.

In due course of the mail I have been favored with your very kind and seasonable letter of the 25th ulto. For your personal friendship expressed to me, as well as for the valuable instructions furnished for the service, I beg leave to tender you my cordial thanks. In a crisis like the present, when we are called, again, to meet our enemies in the field, no one more sincerely than myself can regret that the infirmities usually attending the age to which you have arrived (73 years), should deprive our Country of that invaluable store of practical military knowledge which you have acquired in a long and honorable course of service.

Nothing is more certain than that the strength of a State greatly consists in the personal bravery, and Military knowledge of its citizens. A national character founded on such basis becomes terrible to surrounding foes, and often has the happiest effects in preventing wars. Such was the proud character of Americans at the close of the Revolutionary War and the value of it could not be told. Among the Nations of Europe war is a trade: its system reduced to a science; and the library of the Soldier is stored with volumes of instructions drawn from long experience. But, whenever the rules and maxims of Military operations sanctioned in Europe, have been applied to warfare with Savages in America, slaughter and defeat have usually been the unfortunate result. As war with Indians is of a specific kind, reduced to system among the Tribes who know not letters, it is preserved only by tradition among themselves; and those who acquire a knowledge of it, must gain it, as you have, by long and careful experience. This consideration renders your wise experience of great value to your Country.

I am perfectly satisfied that your whole system is correct: indeed my own reflections, which have been cast upon possible contingences in this campaign, had suggested to me the general principle which you approve.

You are certainly correct in saying that flight from an Indian is next to certain death. War with Savages imperiously demands three things; Vigilance to discover where they are, caution in approaching them: and when they are found instant dispatch to kill or rout them.

I shall remember your counsel with gratitude and pleasure; as a precious

legacy from a Soldier of great experience ; and should occasion call me to use it in this campaign, I shall adopt and practice your system as far as my ability, and the means I may command will enable me.

I am, Dear Sir, with great respect and Consideration &c.,

Col. Marinus Willett. S. V. RENSSELAER.

During the investment of Fort Stanwix in August 1777, by St. Leger with a body of regulars, Indians, and tories, he was second in command. "Such was the impetuosity of Willett's movements, that Sir John Johnson and his regiment, who lay near the fort with his Indian allies, sought safety in flight. The amount of spoil found in the enemy's camp filled twenty wagon loads. For this brilliant exploit, congress voted him an elegant sword."

General Van Rensselaer to Brigadier General Smyth.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, 5th Oct., 1812.

Believing that an early consultation of general officers, commandants of regiments, and corps on this frontier will promote the interest of the service, I have to request that you will be pleased to confer with Maj. Gen. Hall on the subject, and agree with him upon the earliest day possible, consistent with the business of the court martial, and other indispensable duties, when I can have the pleasure of seeing you at Fort Niagara for the purpose above proposed. Of the day agreed upon, you will please to give me early notice. I am, &c.

P. S. I have written to Maj. Gen. Hall to the same purport.

Brig. Gen. Smyth, of the U. S. forces.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Smyth.

Sir, Head-Quarters, Lewiston, 6th Oct., 1812.

Apprehending that my letter of yesterday, on the subject of the proposed conference at Niagara, may not have been sufficiently explicit, I deem it necessary to add, that my intention was, that Major General Hall, yourself, and the *Commandants of the several regiments of the United States troops*, should attend the conference. You will please to make the necessary communications to the gentlemen intended.

Brigadier General Smyth, of the U. S. forces. I am, &c.

"Although politely requested, by Gen. V. R. several times, to name a day for a council of officers, Gen. Smyth neglected to do so. Day after day passed, and Smyth made no definite reply, could not tell the day."

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston Oct. 6, 1812.

* * * * General Van Rensselaer is in good health, firm as Atlas, actively engaged from dawn till dark, and often in the night. My health is perfect : but you may judge of my condition when I tell you that which no one but yourself and my wife must know : poor Solomon is sick. About two weeks ago he was seized pretty violently. He quit his Tent and went to a hut about half a mile from Camp, after close attention of the Surgeon six or seven days, he came down to camp again, in the day time, overdid himself, and relapsed worse than at first with the fever. We bled him, and for three days filled him half full of salts, jalap, Castor-oil, Calomel &c., &c., his whole system resisted medicine so obstinately, that for a little while

we had strong fears that his sickness would be severe. But his physic has at last operated well, he now walks his room, and in truth, *without disguise*, is getting better fast, and I have no doubt will, in one week, be on his horse again. Now this you will mention to no one but my wife, and to her, only for this reason. She may hear, for the whole Army and all comers and goers know, that *one* of us is sick; and they may not know *which of the two* it is. Again, you know that Solomon is often called *General* Van Rensselaer. Now should any report reach Albany to alarm either the General's or Solomon's friends, then out with your letter and explain the matter: and then, let no one doubt, for upon my *Honor*, it is just as I state. I have no doubt Solomon will be *well* in six days, he may be a little weak. We are every few days, deluged in water, such storms of rain and wind I think I never experienced, the cloth of my Tent is mere scive stuff: every third night I get wet as a Muskrat. But in the worst of it I sing, in proper tune. "No burning heats by day, Nor blasts of evening air, Shall take my health away, If God be with me there." As yet He *has* been with me in great mercy, and I have an humble confidence in the continuation of the same protection. I feel safe; for I feel myself in duty. I am glad I came; I am glad on my own account. I am glad on the General's account, for, I take my duty as it comes, I do believe I can discharge it as well as any other man: as yet, I believe my conduct has met the General's entire approbation. He treats Solomon and me with great kindness and confidence; indeed I believe his confidence in us is such that, in our *respective departments*, he would not exchange us for any other two. He has been much worried at Solomon's illness; but now cheers up again; he continues in his Marquee, but it is cold enough to make an ox shiver. Pray go and explain this line to my wife. Tell her if she will hold out thro' this campaign without *fidgeting* I'll promise to love her as long as I live. Brock is probably now watching Harrison, and I fear our Neighbors have some good News, the Broad Flag was flying all the day before yesterday at Fort Erie that's all I know. Four days ago the Royal George cut out a Vessel, the Lady Murray, from the mouth of Genesee River, of this we have official information. Do not start if within three mails I date "Canada." I tell you we are going to work.

Yours Ever,

JOHN LOVETT.

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Sir, Head Quarters, Oct, 8, 1812.

On the night of the 5th the General procured a man to cross the river. He returned with information which fully warranted an attack. Orders were actually issued to put the Troops in motion. But during some discussions upon a question which I am not at liberty to mention, the reinforcements of the Enemy, with six pieces of Ordnance passed into the very work we were that night (night before last) to storm. The design was abandoned to the infinite mortification of some brave fellows, and none more than Solomon, who swore that dead or alive, he would go in the first Boat. But don't scout us, we shall go. Solomon is now getting better, the General in perfect health and I am hearty as a Bullock. William Lush has just arrived here. Van Vechten has been written to on a certain subject: he is now absent: you therefore must take his place. Should my Statement appear relative to a proposed *Duel*, when Solomon Van Rensselaer was Principal, and John Lovett 2nd, and Peter

B. Porter, Principal and Doctor Wilson 2nd, you are to give me the earliest notice. The publication of P. B. P., as a "*Rascal, Poltroon and Coward*" is only suspended at present for prudential reasons.

Our General is brave, but still prudent: his conduct yet is unclouded, and I trust in heaven it will continue and end so. One month will change things much for the better or worse. My love to all, and God bless you.

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. J. LOVETT.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Dearborn.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, Oct. 8th. 1812.

It is now nearly three months since, in obedience to the call of my country, I took the field to form and discipline an army, and to shape and direct a campaign on the very extensive frontiers of this state. This service, even in prospect, presented innumerable difficulties and embarrassments. Thus far I have met them in that manner which my own mind justifies and I trust my country will approve. After a general review of our frontiers, my own judgment did not suffer me to doubt that the Niagara river must be the scene of our decisive operations, and I selected this neighbourhood as the place best adapted to our measures, and here encamped. Well knowing that the duties of the station you hold were complicated and embarrassing, I have patiently endured much, that the affairs of my department might embarrass you less. The crisis through which I have passed for the last month has been trying indeed; particulars upon this occasion are unnecessary; but the result has justified my measures and I am satisfied. Yet I am well aware that any merit which may be attached to this negative service, will not satisfy the expectations of my country: to have barely escaped disaster, will not be thought enough; the object of the war remains unaccomplished, a new crisis is opening, and as in it, you, sir, as well as I, have a deep stake of responsibility, I shall with great freedom, state to you a number of facts, submitting my opinions connected with them, and with deference leave the general conclusion to your own judgment; and as the honor and interests of the United States, your own character and mine, are most intimately connected in the subject of deliberation, I hope and trust it may receive all the attention which its importance merits.

The United States declared the war. One army has surrendered in disgrace, and another has but little more than escaped the reiteration of the blow. The National character is degraded and the disgrace will remain corroding the public feeling and spirit, until another campaign; unless it be instantly wiped away by a brilliant close of this. A detail of particulars is needless: you, sir, know service. Our best troops are raw; many of them dejected by the distress their families suffer by their absence, and many have not necessary clothing: we are in a cold country, the season is far advanced, and unusually inclement; we are half the time deluged with rain. The blow must be struck soon, or all the toil and expense of the campaign go for nothing or worse than nothing, for the whole will be tinged with dishonour. With my present force, it would be rash to attempt offensive operations. I have only seventeen hundred effective men [His reinforcements had not then arrived] of the militia on this whole line. The regular troops have nearly all arrived in the vicinity of Buffalo, except Schuyler's regiment. The bateaux have not arrived and I learn they very narrowly escaped the Royal George, at the mouth of Genesee river, where she had just cut out the schooner Lady

Murray, and a Revenue Cutter. But two or three companies of the Pennsylvania troops had arrived at Buffalo, when I received my last advice from thence.

Under these circumstances and the impressions necessarily resulting from them, I am adopting decisive measures for closing the fall campaign; but shall wait your approbation of the plan, and the arrival of a competent force to execute it. I have summoned Maj. Gen. Hall, Brig. Gen. Smyth, and the commandants of the United States Regiments, to meet me on a consultation; and I am well aware that some opinions entitled to great respect, will be offered for crossing the Niagara a little below Fort Erie, and pursuing the march down the river. I think this plan liable to many objections. The enemy have works at almost every point, and even an inferior force might hold us in check and render our march slow; by taking up the bridges at Chippewa, they might greatly embarrass us; the cleared country is but a mile or two wide; one flank would be constantly liable to be galled by Indians from the swamps; for a considerable distance, the rapidity of the current, and the height of the banks render transportation across the river impracticable; of course, our supplies must follow the line of march, with the trouble and hazard of them every day increasing; and should the enemy retreat from Gen. Harrison, they would have a double object in intercepting our supplies; and by falling on our rear, and cutting off our communication, we might experience the fate of Hull's army. Besides these, and many other objections, there is no object on that side, until we should arrive at the commanding heights of Queenstown, which are opposite my camp.

The proposal which I shall submit to the Council will be, that we immediately concentrate the regular force in the neighborhood of Niagara and the militia here, make the best possible dispositions, *and, at the same time, the regulars shall pass from the Four-mile Creek to a point in the rear of the works of Fort George, and take it by storm: I will pass the river here, and carry the heights of Queenstown.*

Should we succeed, we shall effect a great discomfiture of the enemy by breaking their line of communication, driving their shipping from the mouth of this river, leaving them no rallying point in this part of the country, appalling the minds of the Canadians, and opening a wide and safe communication for our supplies. We shall save our own land, wipe away part of the score of our past disgrace, get excellent barracks and winter quarters, and at the least be prepared for an early campaign another year. As soon as the result of the Council shall be known, I shall advise you of it. I have received your letter of the 29th ultimo, and shall acquaint Mr. Harrison with your direction. I regret the slowness of the mail. I have furnished an escort for it from this to Buffalo.

With great respect and consideration, &c.

Hon. Major Gen. Dearborn. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

"From this letter, it will appear to any professional man acquainted with the country, and the circumstances of the enemy at that time, that, although Gen. Van Rensselaer was not a military man, he reasons very much like a soldier; the counter currents under the opposite shores, and the narrowness of the river (three hundred and fifty yards wide), rendered it the preferable traverse; and as to the plan of the enterprise *which he had finally determined on*, it was so simple and so perfect, that an act of God alone could have prevented the success, which would have

reflected honor on a master of the trade. The ground is so much elevated at Lewiston and Queenston, that it may be called a mountain; it is an immense platform which overlooks the plain below, until it is terminated by Lake Ontario. Of consequence, every movement from Fort George would have been under the general's eye, as well as that of the officer at Fort Niagara. It was General Van Rensselaer's intention, to have marched General Smyth and one thousand five hundred regular troops, to the mouth of the Four-mile creek, by the new road cut for the purpose, there to have been held in readiness to embark at a minute's notice. Queenstown was then to be attacked; and as it was guarded by two companies of the 49th regiment, with a party of militia and Indians only, it would have been carried with the battery on the heights, as afterwards happened.

"These operations, within hearing of Fort George, could not fail to draw forth the garrison to sustain the post of Queenston, and repel the invaders; and as soon as the British column was discovered in motion, General Smyth would have embarked by a signal, and when it approached Queenstown he would have been ordered by a courier, to proceed to the attack of Fort George, which could not have been anticipated more than twenty minutes, and being deprived of its garrison, resistance would have been vain. That so feasible a plan, and one of such importance to the national honour and interests should have failed was to be deplored, and the occasion certainly presented a fair subject for inquiry; because it could not have happened without some fault, which, for the good of the service, should have been ascertained, especially when General Van Rensselaer defied investigation; but the crooked policy of a corrupt cabinet will not bear inquiry."

Major General Hall to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Buffalo Oct 10. 1812.

Yesterday morning, about three oclock, Lieut. Elliott, with two Boats, cut out of the harbour at Erie, two Brigs, Adams and Caladonia. But unfortunately they both grounded; the Adams on the west side of Squaw Island and the other directly opposite Swifts Barracks. Our first, and great misfortune was from a cannon ball fired from the enemy which struck Major Cuyler, and tore one hand, and went thro' his body, he fell dead from his horse instantly. It was the first shot that was fired, he was riding on the beach a number of gentlemen near him.

A number of American Prisoners, and some Citizens were on board and relieved, all of which got safe on shore unhurt. Our loss was very trifling three or four men were killed, and seven wounded two or three badly. The enemy kept up a brisk cannonading for some time, and continued firing thro' the day, occasionally. The Adams changed owners three times in the course of the day, our troops went on board just at evening, took three prisoners, and burnt the vessel. She was much shot to pieces, and it is said she had 6 Twenty four, and Eighteen Pounders in her hold, and some smaller ones. The Caledonia was loaded principally with Pork, about one half of which was unloaded yesterday. The 24 and 18 Pounders from the British Batteries, however, prevented our men from working, several balls were fired through the vessel in the course of the day — one man was killed. No officer, except Major Cuyler, has even been wounded. I have not yet had time, having no ready assistance, to get an exact return and list of the Prisoners named — the whole will exceed forty, two Captains

were taken. Will you give directions respecting the Prisoners. We have but few troops here; and Buffalo too is an unsafe place. If the officers are to be paroled, will you give the necessary directions. I find that our brave Militia do not like Cannon ball much. I saw General Smyth yesterday, he could not tell the day when he would attend at Niagara (this was for the Consultation). I am &c

Major General Van Rensselaer. A. Hall M. Genl.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Hall.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston.

I have received your letter of the 10th Inst. But have not leisure to answer it in detail. Most sincerely do I lament the death of Major Cuyler.

One Division of Capt. Hanes' Troop will remain at Buffalo: the other will come on here.

For the present you had better send the Prisoners into the interior.

Major Gen. Hall. I am &c.

William Howe Cuyler was aid-de-camp to General Hall, exceedingly brave, a "fine noble fellow, who *could always be* depended on." "On October 9th, he was instantly killed, while guiding some vessels with a lantern in his hand, by a ball from the artillery across the river on the Canada side. He had been in the saddle all night, and had just left a warehouse where rigging was procured for warping in the British armed vessel *Caledonia* captured by Lieut. Jesse D. Elliott."

Col. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriot, Lewiston 10th October, 1812.

This letter may be the last you will receive from me; If it is, let me beg of you sometimes to cherish my memory and forget any unkindness you may have received from me, for whenever an unkind word has fallen from me, be assured it was not owing to any want of attachment to you, but to the unhappy state of my mind at that moment, owing to my embarrassment and the persecution of my Political enemies who even pursue me to this quarter of the Globe. My attachment to you has ever been warm and undivided and so it Shall Remain to the last moment of my existence and if it should please Heaven to guard me from danger this night, I will when I return shew by my actions what I now express, but should it be otherwise Decreed let me beg of you to think kindly of me and meet my fall with fortitude. My own and the Patroons Reputations require that the sacrifice should be made. If I should Succeed, it will redound to my Honor and Much to yours and our dear little one's advantage. Oh! if I could give you all a parting kiss how happy I would be. Support yourself with fortitude on their account and remember they cannot do without *you*. My service has been very irksome since I left you, owing to your situation, never in my life have I been so impatient to return home to comfort you under your affliction. My Enterprise this night will shorten our separation, if I survive I shall soon be with you, how pleasing the Idea and how Happy will be that moment. I go to storm an important post of the enemy. Young Lush and Gansevoort attend me. I must succeed, or you my dear Harriot, will never see me again. If so, let me entreat you to meet my fall with fortitude; and be assured, my dear, lovely, but unfortunate wife, that my last prayer will be for you and my dear children. I wish to write much more but I

must prepare for the Assault. This letter will be put in the hands of Mr. Lovett until the event is over. I have written to the Patroon about you and the children. Adieu, kiss all the children for me, mention me to all; and may God bless and preserve you my dear lovely Harriot is the fervent prayer of your affectionate and sincere Husband,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Harriot Van Rensselaer, Mount Hope.

This is much blotted by the tears of the soldier's wife.

Philip P. Van Rensselaer to Col. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany Oct. 13, 1812.

Yesterday afternoon, you was blessed with an addition to your family, of a fine young *Son*, large, fat and regular in all his limbs and features. Dr. Stearns says, Bethlehem cannot boast of a finer Boy. Yes, he is the image of your unfortunate son "Van Vechten," whose soul, I trust, is gone to yonder realms above, where all is joy, peace, harmony and love. Harriet is as well as can be expected. I saw her this morning, her joy is great, her gratitude inexpressible. Her Mother is with her, no language can adequately describe her feelings. * * * This morning I had hold of Mayor Philip V. R.'s hand in the street, say to the Patroon all are well.

Yours with respect,

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Lewiston. Ph. P. Van Rensselaer.

The enemy had moved some boats from the landing at Queenston, down the river, this excited alarm, and late that night a rumor ran through the camp, that the garrison was actually summoned to surrender. The clamor for active operations became so importunate that General Van Rensselaer, who had received intimations by letter from the commander-in-chief, that the invasion of Canada was expected, decided that the time for *action* had arrived, and to make an immediate attack on Queenston and wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender. Resolved to gratify his own inclinations and those of his army, by commencing offensive operations, he arranged with this view a plan to be submitted, and then summoned his principal officers to a council of war. It was very plain that Gen. Smyth, his second in command, had no cordial disposition to act in concert with him, and delayed specifying a time for holding the council, till General Van Rensselaer seeing the prospect of a meeting was as remote as ever, could no longer withhold his orders for offensive measures. The attack was to have been made on the 10th of October, accordingly, thirteen boats, capable of transporting three hundred and forty men with their equipments, were brought down under cover of the night, upon wagons, from Gill creek, two miles above the falls, and launched in the river at the only practicable spot at the time, at the present, Lewiston ferry. Lieut. Col. Fenwick's flying artillery were ordered to be up in season from Fort Niagara. Gen. Smyth was also directed to send down so much of his command as could be spared.

Lieut. Col. Fenwick to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Lieut. Col. Christie is of opinion, after the ammunition and ordnance stores are removed, that a subaltern's guard will be sufficient for the protection of the boats and the remaining stores; and that his officers and men, full of ardour, and anxious to give their country a proof of their patriotism, by being engaged in the first expedition, induces me *to solicit, as a favor*, that you will allow him and his detachment to accompany me this

night. I think it essential, that, if a blow is struck, it should place us upon such ground as will prevent the enemy from giving us a check. Col. Christie, after placing a strong guard, and invalids, can march with three hundred effectives. As silence will be necessary on our march to Lewiston, would you permit two cavalry to attend me, that the sentries on the road may be acquainted with our movements. I am &c. &c.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Lieut. Col. Fenwick.

Sir, Head-Quarters, Lewiston Oct. 10, 1813.

I have received your letter of this evening, acquainting me that Lieut. Col. Christie is desirous of marching with his men to this place, to share in the contemplated movement. Upon Col. Christie's leaving a sufficient guard for the ordnance stores, I most cheerfully grant his request. But it will be necessary for him to march by 11 o'clock this night, to be here in season. I am &c. &c.

Lieut. Col. Fenwick.

To avoid attracting the attention of the British, the regiments left at different hours.

"The attack was to be made at three o'clock on the morning of the 11th by crossing over in boats from the old ferry, opposite the heights. To avoid any embarrassment in crossing the river, (which is here a sheet of violent eddies) experienced boatmen were procured to take the boats from the landing below, to the place of embarkation. Lieut. Sim was considered the man of the greatest skill for this service; he went ahead, and, in the extreme darkness, passed the intended place far up river, and there in the most extraordinary manner, fastened his boat to the shore, and abandoned the detachment [that is, "he fled as fast as the legs of a traitor or coward could carry him."] *In this front boat he had carried nearly all the oars* which were prepared for the boats. The others consequently could not follow without oars, and in the foremost boat the poltroon soon disappeared in the gloom. They waited for him to discover and correct his mistake, but in vain. In this agonizing dilemma stood officers and men, whose ardor had not been cooled by exposure through the night, to one of the most tremendous north-east storms, which continued unabated for twenty-eight hours, and deluged the whole camp. Colonel Van Rensselaer was to have commanded the detachment. The soldiers endured the fierce blasts and the falling flood until almost daylight, when they were slowly marched to their respective cantonments, and the much desired enterprise was for that time unwillingly abandoned. The general-in-chief again determined to seek council of his brother officers, hoping the patience of his troops would brook farther delay. He was mistaken, the calls for action were more imperious. The miscarriage and the cruel desertion of Sims only increased their ardor, and Gen. Van Rensselaer found it necessary to renew the attempt"

This contre-temps failure was a sad annoyance to the troops who had expressed through various channels, in the shape of an *alternative*, that they must have orders to act, or, at all hazards, they would go home! The alternative which Gen. V. R. thought his own reputation and the good of the service required him to adopt, was still to take the troops at their word, and lead them into action.

Major J. R. Mullany to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Fort Niagara.

Sir,

It is with pain I am induced to complain at the neglect of excluding me from the command of the Infantry marched from here this morning. Doubtless Sir, you are aware I was the first Field Officer, of the U. S. Army arrived on these lines, and might in justice expect to be employed on the first expedition. I cannot yet convince myself I am neglected; and trust you will honor me with a station in the expedition this night.

I am, with esteem and Respect

Sir, Your most Obt. Svrt.

J. R. MULLANY, Major U. S. Infantry.

Major Genl. Van Rensselaer.

Gen Van Rensselaer to Major Mullany.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, 10th Oct., 1812.

I should have ordered you to this place with the Detachment of Infantry just arrived from Fort Niagara, but it is necessary that you should cross in the course of the night at another point. When Col. Fenwick arrives, with the United States Troops, you will receive your orders.

Major J. R. Mullany. I am, &c.

Major Gen. Brock to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Head Quarters, Fort George, 11th October 1812.

Recent events having placed a few British officers and Soldiers at your disposal, as Prisoners of War, I have the honor to propose for your consideration an immediate exchange. Should there exist any difficulty in acceding to this arrangement, I entertain a well grounded hope that you will make no objection to allow the officers and men to return immediately on their parole.

Major Evans, the bearer of this communication, is authorized to enter into any arrangement that you may feel disposed to make on the above subject. I have the honor to be with much respect

Sir, Your Obt. humble Servant

ISAAC BROCK, Major General.

Major Genl. V. Rensselaer, Commanding Lewiston.

The above was the last communication which Genl. Brock made to Gen. Van Rensselaer. He fell early on the 13th, while acting on foot at the head of two companies of the 49th, they had been broken, and he was attempting to rally them. "He was a native of the Isle of Wight, aged fifty-three years, full middling size, stout, muscular, brave, active, a real soldier and a great man. He fell at the head of his men, while cheering them on to action. It is stated that when leading on his men, he laid his hand on his breast exclaiming, '*Here is a breast for your Yankee balls, shoot me if you can.*'"

Hon. Abraham Van Vechten to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany, October 12, 1812.

I have for five weeks past been constantly attending Court or travelling to & from them. This will account for my not writing you. Harriet has commissioned me to be her Scribe. She & the Family are in good health. The care of the Farm & her household occupy her whole time. She says that she trusts you will not be found backward when duty re-

quires you to fight, but hopes at the same time that you will not court danger wantonly. In this I concur sincerly. The situation you are in, and the General's reputation forbid rashness. To shun the Enemy improperly would be censurable, but to seek him under manifest disadvantages would be madness. You are considered as the confidential Counsellor at Head Quarters, of course you will share the responsibility of every Disaster. There are men who feel disposed to watch for opportunities to cast imputations upon the General. He should therefore be on his guard against their Machinations. It would ill behove him to jeopardize the lives of the men under his command merely to repel injurious and unfounded Surmises on the one hand, while on the other it would be no less improper to screen them from danger, when he has a reasonable prospect of executing successfully a useful enterprise. The Enemy are no doubt well prepared for your reception, and have the advantage greatly in every essential particular. If you fight & are beaten your force is of a description not to be rallied. These circumstances present considerations which deserve to be maturely weighed. I throw them out from motives which I am persuaded will be justly appreciated. General Dearborn is becoming very odious. His fretfulness towards & abuse of the Conscript officers who call upon him for Supplies creates much dissatisfaction.

Southwick is preparing a report of his Trial for the press; when it comes out I will send you a copy. Tell Lovett his Family are well. I will write him in a day or two. His wife says, she expects the fatness of the Camp will make him plump and strong and disqualify him *for running*. Finally beware of being Hull'd. If you are, many of the democrats will rejoice, they want a set off. Let me conjure you not to furnish it.

Yours sincerely, AB. VAN VECHTEN.

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Head Quarters, Lewiston.

Except in some minor details, the arrangements for another attempt at invasion, were the same as on the last. "The previously excited ardor seemed to have gained new heat from the late miscarriage; the brave were mortified to stop short of their object, and the timid thought laurels half won by the attempt." The boats were brought back after daylight, and left on the shore opposite Queenston, where they remained the two subsequent days in full sight, and within musket shot of the enemy. (The Niagara river being but about three hundred and fifty yards wide at this place, a British sentinel was killed at his post by a shot from our side.) The appearance was regarded as a feint, and they became impressed with a belief, that they were intended to carry an armament down the river against Fort George. Our operations at and near Fort Niagara (of a considerable battery) which they had lately seen effected opposite that post, confirmed the belief to such a degree, that their principal force was stationed there; and when Gen. Brock was afterwards first informed of the firing at Queenston, he declared that it could not possibly be an attack: "It was nothing more than the war between sentinels." To all this, in connection with their faith in the impregnable nature of the place, we may ascribe the reason why they were so weakly garrisoned here; and that they were so, was divulged to us through such sources as unequivocally to justify an attack, and it was decided that it should be made under my direction on the morning of the 13th. During the two intervening days, although yet suffering under the effects of a fever, by which

I had been confined to my bed until near the moment of being called out to lead the first intended expedition, I was constantly employed in personally attending to complete the arrangements for battle, and in instructing the different participators in the particular duties to be assigned them; every preparation deemed essential was made under my own inspection.

To render the success more certain, a large number of boats were required, to make another trial, directly in front of the enemies' works, as it was the only assailable place. Calculations were made for them, upon the promise of Gen. Smyth at Fort Niagara. He was not only to send the boats to Lewiston, but was to have crossed the river himself with part of his command of 700 regulars and make an attack on Fort George at the concerted moment, but neither of these arrangements did he carry into effect. Mr. Cook, a highly respectable citizen of Lewiston, (father of the Hon. Bates Cook, lately a member of congress, who, with one or more brothers, volunteered his services for the occasion), was this time entrusted with the duty of procuring trustworthy boatmen, at whatever expense; and they, with the boats, were put under his direction. To Mr. Lovett was committed the management of the fire from the eighteen-gun battery on the heights of Lewiston. This was an important duty, as the balls from this battery were to pass over the heads of the assaulting party, in order to reach the enemy in the village of Queenston. The duty in the result was satisfactorily performed, though at the expense of Major Lovett's hearing. "It being dark, he stooped close to the gun to observe its aim, when it was suddenly discharged, and the concussion so injured his ears" that he never recovered from the astounding effects of his own fire. Col. Van Rensselaer was obliged several times to visit the British head quarters on business, also to attend to the wants in clothing and other articles for the unfortunate prisoners of war in Gen. Hull's army.

"On my last visit there, the very day before the action, while returning to my boat, accompanied by Col. McDonald, Major Evans and other officers, attracted by the appearance of a body of Indians a short distance to our left, I expressed a desire to obtain a nearer view, as I might know some of them. This gallant and accomplished officer immediately led the way. On our route we passed two beautiful brass grass-hoppers, or howitzers, of a small size calculated to be carried on pack-horses, the wheels about as large as those of a wheelbarrow. I remarked, 'these at all events are old acquaintances of mine.' They had formerly belonged to Wayne's army, and were used against the Indians in 1794, in which battle he was engaged. After the defeat of the Indians, these pieces had been left at Detroit, where as Col. McDonald stated, they were taken by Gen. Brock and brought down, with a view of being sent to England, as a curiosity. I observed in a jocular manner that I felt partial to those pieces, and we must try to take them back. He replied in the same pleasant humor, that they must try to defend them. Little did he suspect that every thing was arranged to make that trial, or that the next day, he and his chivalrous chief were doomed to fall, and I to be grievously wounded." These brass howitzers were among the British trophies of victory at Detroit on Hull's surrender.

"Colonel Solomon Van Reniselaer was appointed to the command of the invading force, an arrangement which seems to have given umbrage to some of the officers of the regular army on the frontier. Lieutenant Colonel Chrystie was exceedingly anxious to have the honor of chief in the enterprise, and pleaded his rank and experience, as compared with

that of the aid-de-camp of the general-in-chief, in favor of his claim. But Gen. Van Rensselaer would not change his general arrangements. It was agreed, however, that Colonel Van Rensselaer should lead a column of three hundred militia, and Lieutenant Colonel Chrystie should lead another composed of the same number of regulars, so that each might share in the hazards and glory of the expedition. Chrystie refused to waive his rank in favor of Van Rensselaer, but consented to receive orders from him."

Lt. Col. Christie, who had lately arrived with a reinforcement of near four hundred regulars, having begged the honor of a command in the expedition, was accordingly ordered up to Lewiston with three hundred of his men. The remainder were left to guard the boats and stores which he had brought with him, to the mouth of Four-mile creek. Three hundred militia men who had been in camp several months, and were much superior to the newly recruited regulars in point of discipline, together with forty picked men from Capt. Leonard's old company of artillery from Fort Niagara, under Lieuts. Gansevoort and Rathbone, with all the equipments belonging to their proper line of service, composed the detachment under my own immediate command. An equal number from each of these two detachments, together with the forty artillerists, were to proceed from the encampment, and effect the first descent upon the enemy's shore. Lieut. Col. Fenwick, and Major Mullany, were to follow with about five hundred and fifty regulars, and some pieces of flying artillery, and then the militia in order, as fast as the boats could carry them. The arrangement, however, was partially deranged when we reached the bank of the river. Here the troops halted ; and while accompanied by my two acting aids, Lush and Gansevoort, I was inspecting the condition of the boats, which, by the way, appeared to be in perfect order, the regulars got possession of the narrow dug way leading down to the water's edge. In this emergency it became necessary either to countermarch part of this force, a movement which we apprehended might arouse the attention of the enemy, or to fill the boats with regular troops in the first place, to the partial exclusion of the militia. The latter alternative was adopted, and Major Morrison was ordered to follow with the remainder of the detachment, in the return boats. " The Niagara river at Queenston is six hundred feet in width, and the heights rise two hundred and thirty feet above the river." When all was ready and the troops embarked to the number of twenty-five in each boat, I first walked along the line to inspect them, then leaped into the picked artillerists, and gave the word to push off. The order was promptly obeyed. Counterbalancing in the favoring eddies on either side, the lee way made in crossing the main current, within ten minutes all the boats, excepting three, struck the enemy's shore without difficulty, at the identical spot aimed at. The enemy were on the alert.

The movements of the Americans had been discovered by the sentinels, and a company of British regulars, were stationed to resist the debarkation. Their presence was first known by a broad flash, then a volley of musketry that mortally wounded Lieut. Rathbone, by the side of Col. Van Rensselaer before landing, and random shots from the field-pieces along the line of the ferry at the moment when the boats touched the shore. These were answered by Lovett's battery on Lewiston heights, when the enemy turned. Col. Van Rensselaer had been the first man to spring ashore, on a large rock at the foot of the rapids, the identical stone is still

to be seen near to Suspension bridge. Having landed, the boats were immediately sent back, to cut off any chance of a retreat. The troops were formed, "Now we are here, we must fight" were the cheering words from the gallant colonel as he charged up the bank, where they met the enemy. A short, but severe engagement took place, with heavy loss on both sides; but we were victorious, and the enemy gave way, and fled towards Queenston, on our right. The position we occupied cut off their retreat to their main battery on the heights. The plan for this brilliant but unfortunate battle was simple and soldier-like, and if it had been carried out in full, would have resulted in a most effective and decisive victory. "It commenced so auspiciously for the American arms by the gallant and daring Van Rensselaer, and ended so disastrously by reason of the cowardice of the militia on the American side, who refused to cross the river and secure the victory which had been so bravely won."

Col. Van Rensselaer had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the enemy, while on official visits to the various posts, he had been vigilant and observing. "He selected his points of attack with masterly judgment, because from its apparent difficulty, it was the least suspected. It is true, complete success did not ultimately crown this enterprise; but two great ends were obtained for the country, it re-established the character of the American arms, and deprived the enemy by the death of Gen. Brock, one of the best officers that has headed their troops in Canada throughout the war, and with his loss put an end to their then brilliant career. The force under Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, contending with greatly superior numbers, stormed and carried the fort. The gallant Colonel fell riddled with wounds and bleeding profusely, but cheered with the shouts of victory. But the reinforcement neglecting to cross the river at the proper time, the enemy come up in superior force, and the fort was retaken, and Van Rensselaer's troops were obliged to retreat. Finding myself very much crippled now by a number of wounds, and with the loss of blood, unable to proceed any farther, I inquired for Lieut. Col. Christie; [Christie was in one of the three missing boats, it was driven by the currents and eddies upon the New York shores, and he ordered Lawrence's boat back, while the third fell into the hands of the enemy, it having struck the shore at the mouth of the creek just north of Lewiston. Christie was not on the battle-field until the morning victories were all won by Captain Wool.] There was a vain search for the missing second in command, he was not to be found, had he been on the spot, the affair would have proceeded without a moment's delay. I directed the troops to fall back a few steps, under cover of a bank, where they were secure from the desultory shots still occasionally pointed at them. In this situation a pause of some time occurred, till the staff returned without any hopes of Lieut. Col. Christie's arrival. Although the business yet to be done was all important to the success of our enterprise, I was unwilling to entrust its execution to such very young men, the highest of whom in rank were only captains, not six months in service. As it was now broad daylight, any farther delay was highly hazardous, and I therefore, in an agony of feeling which belonged to the occasion, directed the troops to incline a little to the left, and ascend the heights by the point of the rock, and storm the battery, which by this time had opened its fire upon our place of embarkation. Lieut. Gansevoort, being well acquainted with the ground, was ordered to lead the way, at the head of the picked artillerists, assisted by Lieut. Randolph. Lieut. Rathbone having fallen mortally wounded at

my side; other troops followed, Major Lush, my other acting aid, bringing up the rear, with orders to shoot down the first man who offered to give way. The noble young men obeyed my directions, and, in due time, the report of a well-told volley, and the cheering shouts of victory, reached my ear, assuring me of their complete success. Having thus accomplished the work with two hundred and twenty-five men, for which six hundred and forty had been detailed, nothing farther was necessary for the full attainment of the objects of the enterprise, than to secure the advantages gained. Nothing was easier; but an unfortunate occurrence of adverse circumstances, turned the fortunes of the day against our arms. I could not participate, personally in the subsequent events. I may add, as a conclusion of my own observations, however, that it had been anticipated that the enemy might open the fire of a piece of flying artillery, from the village of Queenston, upon our place of embarkation, as soon as they were aroused to action by our attack. Major Lovett's attention had, therefore, been particularly directed to this contingency the day before; and, in compliance with the instructions then received, as soon as there was light enough, he turned the long eighteens of the battery on Lewiston heights upon this spot, in such a masterly manner as to drive the enemy out before their battery was carried. The ferry was unannoyed after this, except by the fire of one gun; but the distance was too great, and the formation of the banks rendered this fire almost ineffectual. None of our boats were injured by cannon shot. The artillerists, who were purposely attached to the storming party, and provided with matches, were to have turned the fire of the battery on Queenston heights upon the village, and particularly upon the lower one-gun battery which was about a mile below (above alluded to), and could not be reached from any other quarter. But some one of the number, in a fit of over zealous patriotism, frustrated the design, by spiking the cannon as soon as captured. Priding myself as I do, on the habits acquired under the tuition of Generals Wayne, Wilkinson, and Posey, I am not conscious of ever having neglected the performance of the most minute detail appertaining to my duties as a military man. Nor do I recollect of a neglect on this occasion. Selected to lead an expedition on which the result of a whole campaign depended, my reputation was at stake, and my anxiety to give my country a glorious offset to the disaster of Hull, rendered me, if possible, doubly vigilant. Every preparation deemed essential was made under my own inspection, and every contingency was provided for a successful issue; and if the result was unfortunate, it certainly was not on account of any defect, either in the plan of the expedition, or in the arrangements made to carry it into execution.

Had Lieut. Colonel Christie, for instance, effected his landing in conjunction with myself, no delay need have been occasioned at the important crisis when I became disabled. The batteries would have been secured before the enemy were prepared to annoy us, and our primary object, an unmolested passage to the reinforcements, would have been secured in season. To his failure may mainly be attributed all our disasters. Yet the apology which he makes for it, in his report to Gen. Armstrong, (the loss of a rowlock and an unskilful pilot,) would, in a spirit of charity be deemed sufficient, were it not known that other boats besides his own, were ordered by him to fall back at the same time. Capt. Lawrence, in one of the three unsuccessful boats, has repeatedly declared that he fell back by Christie's orders. His return damped the hitherto irrepressible ardor of

the militia; Major Morrison, instead of leading his detachment across the river, suddenly found himself taken too unwell for the duty; and though the dreaded fire on the ferry was now silenced by Major Lovett's battery, and the heights were captured, yet the panic had become so general, that but a small portion of our army could be prevailed on to cross. The remainder, to their eternal shame be it said, instead of lending their aid to sustain their gallant brethren in their victorious career, stood passively, and saw them cut up, and captured in the end, by a force amounting to about one-third of their united number. At the period of Gen. Brock's fall, and the flight of the enemy, the troops were still crossing, we had a prospect of a victorious termination of the enterprise, and no one then supposed the militia would change their minds; of course, the idea of a retreat could not be entertained. Gen. V. R. crossed over about this time, leaving directions for the militia to follow: but learning subsequently that he was not obeyed, he returned, with a view of ascertaining the cause, and to expedite their movements It was then, for the first time, he found them recreant to the promises which their late clamor for action implied. After trying all the means that human ingenuity could devise, to arouse them to a sense of their duty, he was obliged to give up the effort in despair, and despatched a note to General Wadsworth, informing him of the predicament. We were successful in every important measure up to this time, but the large reinforcements of the enemy, under Gen. Sheaffe were near at hand, and very soon our little band of heroes were attacked, and after another obstinate fight, overpowered, but they were not crushed.

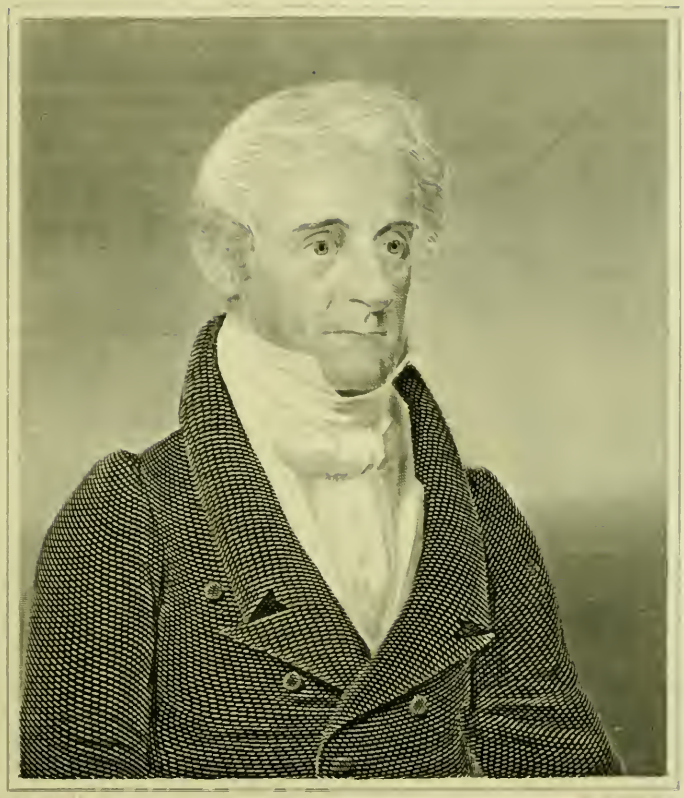
Extract from the Official Letter of Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, October 14th, 1812.

* * * On the morning of the 12th, such was the pressure upon me from all quarters, that I became satisfied that my refusal to act might involve me in suspicion, and the service in disgrace. Lieut. Col. Christie, who had just arrived at the Four Mile Creek, had late in the night of the first contemplated attack, gallantly offered me his own and his men's services; but he got my permission too late. He now again came forward, had a conference with Col. Van Rensselaer, and begged that he might have the honour of a command in the expedition. The arrangement was made. Col. Van Rensselaer was to command one column of three hundred militia, and Lieut. Col. Christie a column of the same number of regular troops.

Every precaution was now adopted as to boats ["Having been confined to my bed," says Col. V. R., "previous to the first attempt, General Wadsworth, a brave and meritorious officer, was requested to superintend the movements of the boats. He procured as many as were required and Mr. Cook's deportment of them was well regulated; and as long as the troops showed a disposition to cross, it was well conducted. If there was any irregularity afterward, the fault was not so much in his boatmen as in his passengers,"] and the most confidential and experienced men to manage them. At an early hour in the night Lieut. Col. Christie marched his detachment by the rear road from Niagara to camp. At 7 in the evening, Lieut. Col. Stranahan's regiment moved from Niagara Falls; at 8 o'clock Mead's, and at 9 Lieut. Col. Bloom's regiment, marched from the same place. All were in camp in good season.

Agreeably to my orders issued upon this occasion, the two columns were to pass over together as soon as the heights should be carried. Lieut



S. Rensselaer

Col. Fenwick's flying artillery was to pass over; then Major Mullany's detachment of regulars, and the other troops to follow in order. Col. Van. Rensselaer, with great presence of mind, ordered his officers to proceed with rapidity and storm the fort. The service was gallantly performed, and the enemy driven down the hill in every direction. Soon after this, both parties were considerably reinforced, and the conflict was renewed in various places. Many of the enemy took shelter behind a stone guard-house, where a piece of ordnance was now briskly served. I ordered the fire of our battery to be directed upon the guard-house; and it was so effectually done that with eight or ten shot the fire was silenced. The enemy then retreated behind a large store house; but, in a short time the rout became general, and the enemy's fire was silenced, except from a one gun battery, so far down the river as to be out of the reach of our heavy ordnance, and our light pieces could not silence it. A number of boats now passed over unannoyed, except by the one unsilenced gun. For some time, after I had passed over, the victory appeared complete; but, in expectation of further attacks, I was taking measures for fortifying my camp immediately; the direction of this service I committed to Lieut. Totten of the Engineers. But very soon the enemy were reinforced by a detachment of several hundred Indians from Chippewa; they commenced a furious attack, but were promptly met and routed by the rifle and bayonet. By this time, I perceived my troops were embarking very slowly. I passed immediately over to accelerate their movements, but, to my utter astonishment, I found, that, at the very moment when complete victory was in our hands, the ardour of the unengaged troops had entirely subsided. I rode in all directions; urged the men by every consideration to pass over — but in vain. Lieut. Col. Bloom, who had been wounded in the action, returned, mounted his horse, and rode through the camp, as did also Judge Peck, who happened to be there exhorting the companies to proceed — but all in vain.

At this time a large reinforcement from Fort George was discovered coming up the river. As the battery on the hill was considered an important check against their ascending the heights, measures were immediately taken to send them a fresh supply of ammunition, as I learned there were left only twenty shot for the eighteen-pounders. The reinforcements, however, obliqued to the right from the road, and formed a junction with the Indians in the rear of the heights. Finding, to my infinite mortification, that no reinforcement would pass over, seeing that another severe conflict must soon commence, and knowing that the brave men at the heights were quite exhausted, and nearly out of ammunition, all I could do, was to send them a fresh supply of cartridges. At this critical moment I despatched a note to Gen. Wadsworth, acquainting him with our situation, leaving the course to be pursued much to his own judgment, with assurance that, if he thought best to retreat, I would endeavour to send as many boats as I could command, and cover his retreat, by every fire I could safely make; but the boats were dispersed; many of the boatmen had fled panic struck, and but few got off. My note, however, could but little more than have reached Gen. W. about 4 o'clock, when a most severe and obstinate conflict commenced, and continued about half an hour, with a tremendous fire of cannon, flying artillery, and musketry. The enemy succeeded in repossessing their battery, and gaining advantage on every side. The brave men who had gained the victory, ex-

hausted of strength and ammunition, and grieved at the unpardonable neglect of their fellow-soldiers, gave up the conflict. *I can only add, that the victory was really won, but lost* for the want of a small reinforcement; *one-third part of the idle men might have saved all.*

I have the honour to be, &c.

STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. William Eustis, Secretary of War.

"The army on the Straits of Niagara could have been assembled for offense only: therefore Gen. Van Rensselaer in making the attack, fulfilled the obligations of duty, and the views of government. Advocate as I am for the yeomanry of my country, I can find no excuse for the conduct of the militia on that occasion. By imperiously demanding the attack on Queenston, they virtually pledged themselves to support it. The attack was made, but their pledge remained unredeemed; if the militia had been faithful to their engagements, and true to themselves, the whole might have passed the straits before the arrival of the British column under General Sheaffe, whom they might have cut off from Fort George, and captured or destroyed, after which the surrender of the fort would have become a matter of form."

The following piquant account is from Gen. Wilkinson, to the secretary of war, just after the battle. "The enemy ascertained Van Rensselaer's approach by the sound of his oars, and opened their fire from the top of the bank, as soon as they could discern his movements, by which Lieut. Rathbone was mortally wounded on board of Col. Van Rensselaer's boat. The landing was effected with two hundred and twenty-five men, who formed under a very warm fire, climbed the bank and routed the enemy at the point of the bayonet, without firing a shot; but in this operation Ensign Morris was killed, and Captains Malcolm, Armstrong and Wool were wounded, and a number of men killed and wounded. Colonel Van Rensselaer himself was peculiarly unfortunate, and to the accident which befel him, the day's disaster may be partly attributed; he received one ball in his hip which passed out at his spine, two in his thigh, one of which lodged, two in his leg, and a sixth contused his heel; he however kept his feet, and the enemy having fled towards the town, with great presence of mind Col. Van Rensselaer directed his officers to proceed with rapidity and storm the fort. He ordered Capt. Wool, the senior officer capable of duty, to ascend the mountain and carry the battery; giving him a direction for his movement, by which he would avoid the fire of the enemy's artillery; placing Lieutenants Randolph and Gansevoort, who volunteered, at the head of the little column, and Major Lush, another volunteer, in the rear, with orders to put to death the first man who should fall back. During this time he had concealed his wounds under a great coat, borrowed from Major Lush, and when the party had filed off before him, no longer able to support himself, he fell to the ground," with excessive weakness. Even then his voice was still heard animating his men and ordering them to "push on and storm the battery." The service was gallantly performed. That battery was taken as well as every other work of the enemy at Queenston. Had not Col. Van Rensselaer been so badly wounded, there is no doubt but that he would have retained possession." It was just then clear day-light, and he found himself among the wounded, the dying and the dead. A crust of bread, and some water, furnished by one of the former, prevented him from fainting. The an-

guish resulting from his wounds, and every selfish feeling, was silenced by the contemplation of his wounded companions; but these lost much of their interest, when put in competition with his anxiety for the safety and success of the gallant detachment he had ordered to the heights. It pleased, however the great Disposer of events, that this anxiety should be short-lived, and for the blood he had thus spilled in his country's cause, he was remunerated by the shouts of victory.

"I had marked this patriot soldier some eighteen years before, when 'the callow down had scarce began to shade his cheek, and call him man,' giving earnest of future promise, and asserting claims to future fame; beheld him in a gallant charge at the head of his troop, shot through the body, and with the blood oozing from his lungs, still smiling with complacency; yet since the days of General Washington nor the blood of the father nor the son has found grace in the eyes of the executive; and amidst thousands of offices which have been indiscriminately lavished on the worthy and the worthless, this faithful citizen and honorable man has not been deemed worthy of attention."

From the Canada side Colonel Van Rensselaer was brought over with five bleeding wounds, from the boat, after crossing the river, he was taken to our camp about 10 o'clock in the morning. "Arad Joy, Esq., who was paymaster of Colonel Henry Bloom's regiment, had charge of the wagons that conveyed the wounded to the hospital on the ridge road, two miles from the village. The loss of blood caused Colonel Van Rensselaer to be chilly. He sat upon a board across the top of the wagon-box, without a groan; and as we met the soldiers going to the river to cross, he would call out at the top of his voice, 'Go on, my brave fellows, the day is our own.' It cheered up and encouraged them. He was taken to good quarters in a private house. The head surgeon, with his instruments, was along. We were about to lift him out, but he declined, and pointing to some wounded soldiers said, 'take those poor fellows out first.' We carried him into the house and seated him on a chair. His boots were filled with blood, which was gushing from his thigh, and plainly to be seen through his pantaloons. The boots, at Van Rensselaer's request, were cut from his feet. Col. Van Rensselaer previous to the battle had been sick with fever, and had only left his bed to attend to preparations for the invasion. The disease and his wounds so prostrated him that for several days his life was in extreme peril. It was not until five days after the battle that he could be moved from Lewiston, and such was the severity of Col. V. R.'s wounds that the transfer could not be effected in any carriage. Then a cot was rigged with cross-bars and side-poles, on which he was carried on the 18th of October by a detachment of Major Mosely's Rifle Battalion, who were placed under the command of Ensign Grosvenor, on their shoulders to Schlosser. There they procured a boat and the following day, the same party rowed him to Buffalo and then carried him to Landers'. How much he was beloved may be inferred from the fact that this same company of compassionate soldiers volunteered to carry him on their shoulders from Buffalo all the way to Albany.

"The most intense anxiety was felt on the American side to learn the result of the daring attempt, but soon came painful intelligence that the gallant leader had fallen covered with wounds. And upon the heels of that unpleasant news, the report came that Colonel Fenwick had also fallen, dangerously wounded. Then, too, the retreat of seventy-five of the

detachment under Capt. Lawrence, and Col. Christie's return produced a most pernicious effect on the militia, particularly as the party made no immediate attempt to effect a passage. The natural reflection produced by this spectacle in the minds of the yeomanry was, 'if the regular troops cannot cross the river, surely it cannot be expected of us.' Thousands of spectators were looking on, and there can be no doubt that the incident staggered their resolution and inclined them to march home rather than against the enemy."

CHAPTER XII.

RESIGNATION OF MAJOR GEN. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

"General Stephen Van Rensselaer was not a military man. He was possessed of great wealth, extensive social influence and was a leading federalist. His appointment was a stroke of policy to secure friends to the war among that party. It was only on condition that Solomon Van Rensselaer, the adjutant general who had been in military service, should accompany him, that he consented to take the post. It was well understood that Colonel Van Rensselaer would be the general, in a practical military point of view. Lieutenant Colonel Winfield Scott had arrived at Schlosser, two miles above the falls, at the head of his regiment when he was informed by Col. James Collier of the intended expedition against Queenston. He immediately mounted his horse and dashed toward head quarters as speedily as the horrid condition of the road would allow. He presented himself to the commanding general, and earnestly solicited the privilege of taking a part in the invasion with his command. 'The arrangements for the expedition are all completed, sir,' said General Van Rensselaer. 'Colonel Van Rensselaer is in chief command, Lieutenant Colonels Christie and Fenwick have waived their rank for the occasion, and you may join the expedition as a volunteer, if you will do the same.' Van Rensselaer wisely determined not to have a divided command. Scott was unwilling to yield his rank; but he pressed his suit so warmly that it was agreed that he should bring on his regiment, take position on the heights of Lewiston with his cannon, and co-operate in the attack as circumstances might warrant. Scott hastened back to Schlosser, put his regiment in motion, and by a forced march through the deep mud reached Lewiston at four o'clock in the morning of October. 13th. Again he importuned for permission to participate directly in the enterprise, but in vain. His rank would be equal, on the field, to that of Colonel Van Rensselaer, who had originated and planned the whole affair, and who the commanding general resolved should have the honor of winning the laurels to be obtained by leadership.

"After Col. Van Rensselaer was returned to the American side dangerously wounded, the permission to cross the river, was given by Gen.

Van Rensselaer to Colonel Scott, and take command of the troops on the heights, which he did, and fought bravely. Gen. Wadsworth was already on the field, having crossed without orders. The generous and patriotic Wadsworth promptly waived his rank, and said, 'You, sir, know professionally what ought to be done. I am here for the honor of my country and that of the New York militia.' Scott at once assumed the general command, expecting to be reinforced by the militia from the opposite shore. He was doomed, however, to most profound mortification and disappointment." *Nine-tenths* of our forces at Lewiston operated upon by 'conscientious scruples' refused to listen to the expostulations of the major general to follow him to the support of their gallant comrades who had commenced the day under such flattering prospects. Gen. Wadsworth communicated Gen. Van Rensselaer's note to the field officers. Escape was now impossible, and to fight longer was not only useless but madness. After a brief consultation with Towson and Christie, a capitulation was determined upon. A flag was accordingly sent, with a proposition. After waiting for some time without any tidings another was sent, and afterward yet another, neither of which returned, they had all been shot by the Indians. Scott therefore determined to go with the flag himself. Towson and Christie both resolved to accompany their commander; a white neck-tie taken from Capt. Towson's throat, was fixed on the point of Col. Scott's sword which he bore aloft, being the tallest, sheltering themselves behind rocks. "Just as they gained the road, two Indians who had been aiming at Scott in the morning, the young and agile chief Brant and the more muscular Captain Jacobs, sprang upon them like tigers from their lairs. Scott remonstrated, and made known the character in which he was seeking the British commander, but to no purpose. The Indians grappled with them fiercely, and Jacobs succeeded in wrenching the sword from the colonel's hand. The blades of Towson and Christie instantly leaped from their scabbards, and the Indians were raising their hatchets when a British sergeant rushed forward hoarsely exclaiming, 'Honor' 'Honor!', and having a guard with him, the combatants were separated, and Colonel Scott was conducted to the presence of General Sheaffe, to whom he proposed a surrender, and with whom terms of capitulation were speedily arranged, the general at once saying that they should be treated with all the honors of war. Orders were immediately given that the firing should cease; but these orders were not promptly obeyed, which caused a remonstrance from Col. Scott, and finally a peremptory demand to be conducted back to his troops. This prolonged fire was from the Indians, whom Gen. Sheaffe admitted he could not control, as they were exceedingly exasperated at the amount of their loss, but they were presently compelled to desist. When Col. Scott under the protection of the flag of truce had been conducted to the British camp and completed the preliminary capitulation, then Brigadier General Wadsworth, who was in command when the army surrendered, delivered his sword to General Sheaffe in person. The ceremony of formal surrender occurred at near sunset, when the prisoners, officers and men were marched to the village of Newark at the mouth of the Niagara river the same evening, where the colonel and his two principal officers were quartered in a small tavern, having invitations the first evening to dine with General Sheaffe.

"While waiting for the arrival of an officer to conduct them to the general's quarters, there was another incident, equally spirited and even more startling than the scene with the two Indians by the road side.

Just at twilight, a little girl entered the parlor, with a message that somebody in the hall desired to see the 'tall officer.' Colonel Scott thereupon stepped out of the parlor, unarmed, of course, into the hall which was dark and narrow, and withal incommoded by a stairway; but what was his astonishment on again meeting face to face, his evil geniuses, the brawny Captain Jacobs and the light-limbed chief! The colonel had shut the door behind him as he left the parlor; but there was a sentinel standing at the outer door, who had improperly allowed the Indians to pass in. The dusky visitors stepped up to the colonel without ceremony, and the younger, who alone spoke English, made a brief inquiry as to the number of balls which had cut through his clothes, intimating astonishment that they had both been firing at him almost the whole day, without effect. But while the young Indian was thus speaking, Jacobs, rudely seizing the colonel by the arm, attempted to whirl him round, exclaiming in broken English, 'me shoot so often, me sure to have hit somewhere.' 'Hands off, you scoundrel,' cried Scott, indignant at such freedom with his person, and adding a scornful expression, 'you fired like a squaw,' thus reflecting upon the Indian's skill as a marksman, as he flung him from him.

"The Indians drew instantly both dirk and tomahawk, when, with the rapidity of lightning, Scott, who had fortunately espied a number of swords standing at the end of the passage, seized one from its iron sheath, and placed himself in a posture of defense against the menacing Indians. As they stood in this picturesque attitude, Scott with his sword ready to strike, and the Indians with their tomahawks and dirks in the air, frowning defiance upon each other, both parties awaiting the first blow, Colonel Coffin, who had been sent with a guard to conduct Scott to the general's quarters to dinner, sprang into the passage, and cried 'Hold!' Comprehending at a glance the dangerous position of Scott, he interfered at once, by sharp remonstrance, and also by weapon, in his defense. Jacobs, exasperated, turned upon Colonel Coffin, and, uttering a menace, his companion also unguardedly turned to observe the issue of the new combat. The scene was of the most exciting and earnest character. The Indians having thus turned upon Coffin, one of them exclaimed, 'I kill you!' Scott instantly raised his sabre, which was heavy and substantial, so that a descending blow would have fallen upon both the savages at once, and called out, 'If you strike, I will kill you both!' For a moment they stood frowning; the piercing eyes of the Indians gleaming with wild and savage fury, while Scott and Coffin alike looked upon both with angry defiance, all with upraised arms and glittering steel. Recovering somewhat from the gust of passion into which they had been thrown, the Indians then slowly dropped their arms and retired. The officer who thus came to the rescue, was the aid of General Sheaffe, whose errand was to conduct the colonel to dinner, and who, by this timely arrival, probably saved his life. The young chief John Brant, though only eighteen years of age, had that day, for the first time, led his tribe upon the war path, it was no part of the young chief's design to inflict injury upon the captive American commander. His whole character forbids the idea, for he was as generous and benevolent in his feelings as he was brave.

"Having been exhausting much ammunition upon the colonel during the day, this visit was one of curiosity, to ascertain how near they had come to the accomplishment of their object. Like Cassius, the Indian bears anger as the flint does fire though not always cold so soon. It was the

same with Scott. Neither would allow of personal freedom, the colonel did not fully comprehend the object of their visit, and a sudden rencontre, that had well nigh proved fatal, was the consequence.

"Col Scott had counted his own men and knew there were less than three hundred, but shortly after, the general order of Gen. Sheaffe appeared, it was announced that nine hundred Americans were taken prisoners. Col. Scott immediately called upon Gen. Sheaffe, and remonstrated against such an exaggeration. On an investigation of the discrepancy, it appeared that several hundred militia had crossed over during the morning. Two hundred of them under Major Mullany, who crossed early in the day, were forced by the current of the river under the range of Vrooman's battery, and were captured. Two hundred and ninety-three, who were in the battle were surrendered, and the remainder, having seen the wounded crossing the river, the painted Indians, and the 'green tigers,' as they called the 49th, whose coats were faced with green, skulked below the banks, not engaging in the battle. But they were a part of the invading army, were found on British soil, and were properly prisoners of war. The British soldiers, after the battle, plucked them from their hiding-places, and made them a part of the triumphal procession with which Gen. Sheaffe returned to Fort George.

"Taking all things into consideration the passage of the river, the nature of the ground, the rawness of the troops, the absence of cannon, and the first military combat in which either men or officers (with the single exception of Colonel Van Rensselaer) had been engaged, the events of that day were, indeed, a display of intrepidity rarely exhibited in which the conduct and the execution were equally conspicuous. Under *all* the circumstances, and on the *scale* of the operations, the impartial soldier and competent judge will name this brilliant affair a *chef d'œuvre* of the war.

"After the fall of Colonel Van Rensselaer, Captain John E. Wool became the hero of the day, both in storming and carrying the heights, notwithstanding a flesh wound, and in causing the death of both General Brock and his aid. The names of the officers who accompanied Col. Van Rensselaer on this hardy enterprise, (Major Lush, Lieuts. Randolph and Gansevoort, Lieut. Rathbone, Capts. Malcolm, Wool, Armstrong, Ogilvie and Lieuts. Kearney, Sammons, Carr, Hugonin, and Ensign Morris of the 13th infantry of whom two were killed and four wounded, were noble men. The conspicuous gallantry of Lieutenant Randolph *attracted the attention of the enemy* and excited the admiration of his brethren in arms) they all deserve to be engraved on the scroll of fame, for surmounting obstacles almost insuperable, in the face of a most determined enemy, under a very heavy fire, and dislodging and pursuing a superior force, composed of two companies of the 49th British regiment, advantageously posted, with a large body of auxiliary militia and Indians. Here true valor, so often mistaken for animal courage, was attested by an appeal to the bayonet, which finally decided the conflict without a shot. In the American service, temerity is too often taken for bravery, yet the distinction between them is as wide as between blindness and vision Marshal Saxe when a youth was seen to court danger in the battle of Malplaquet, and afterwards at the siege of Bethune in Flanders, for which he was complimented by the tribe of courtiers. This drew from Prince Eugene the following wholesome admonitions: "La temerité ne passera pas pour bravoure, vous ne devez pas les confondre, car les connoisseurs ne s'y méprendront pas."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Major Gen. Brock.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston 13th Oct., 1812.

Humanity induces me to request your permission to send to Queenstown some Surgeons to attend the officers and men who have had the misfortune to be wounded this day, and are prisoners at Queenstown.

Agreeably to the proposition which I had this afternoon the honor to receive, as coming from you, I have agreed to a cessation of firing for three days. I have the honour, &c.

Major General Isaac Brock.

Major Gen. Sheaffe to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort George, 13th Oct., 1812.

I lose not a moment in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of this date, and am pleased to learn, at the same time, that the officer commanding at Queenstown, having opened it, had acceded to your proposal of sending surgeons to aid the wounded prisoners, without incurring the delay which would have been occasioned by a reference to me; but, as our means of affording assistance to them, as well as to our own wounded, may be inadequate, I beg leave to propose that the wounded prisoners, whose cases may admit of removal, should be sent over to you, on condition of not serving again, until regularly exchanged. Though the proposition which I had the honour of making to you to day, did not go to the extent which, by some mistake, you were led to suppose, yet I readily concur with you in agreeing to a cessation of firing for three days, and I transmit orders to that effect to the officers commanding at the several posts on this line. I have the honour &c.

Major General Van Rensselaer, commanding Lewiston.

Major Gen. Sheaffe to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir; Fort George 13th Oct., 1812.

Having delayed sending my accompanying letter to give General Wadsworth, and the other officers, who are prisoners, an opportunity of sending for some necessary articles, I have the honor, at the same time to propose an Exchange of Prisoners, including those who were taken some days ago in the two Vessels cut out from Fort Erie Harbour. I have further to propose, Sir, that the Militia, taken prisoners, exceeding the number that may be exchange, shall be restored to their homes and families under an engagement not to serve against Great Britain, or her Allies, during the war, or until regularly exchanged. I have the honour &c.

Major General Van Rensselaer.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Major Gen. Brock.[1]

Sir, Head Quarters Lewiston 14th Oct., 1812.

Agreeably to your permission, verbally communicated, last night, to Capt. Dox, I send Surgeons for the purpose proposed. And I have, now, to request, that an officer and Detachment of men, sufficient for the purpose, may be permitted to bring the Dead Bodies over the River in Boats. Also to send the officers, who are prisoners, their Baggage and Cash.

Major General Isaac Brock. I have the honour &c.

[1] Although it was reported and believed that the commander, General Brock, had fallen, it was not yet officially known, and consequently the official despatches were still addressed to the dead hero.

Capt. J. Dennis to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Queenstown 14th October, 1812.

I am directed to inform you, by Major Gen. Sheaffe, that the service of burying the dead was ordered at an early hour yesterday evening: and in consequence, I proceeded with that duty to the fallen brave at an early hour this morning, which was compleated as far as they could be discovered in the wood, when your letter of this date arrived this forenoon. Had I known of your wishes, yesterday evening, I should have given every assistance within my power towards their satisfaction.

I have the Honor to be, Sir, Your Obt. Hble. Sert.,

J. DENNIS, Capt. 49, Gen. Commanding.

Major General Van Rensselaer.

Gen. Sheaffe to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort George, 14th Oct. 1812.

I have the honor of receiving your letter of this date respecting the employing an officer and a sufficient number of men to collect and convey over the Bodies of the Dead for the purpose of burial, this service is reported to me to have been nearly completed, in consequence of orders which I gave yesterday. But should any body, or bodies still remain unin-terred that you may particularly desire to have possession of, the officer commanding at Queenstown shall be directed to afford every facility for recognizing and removing them. I have the honor to be

Major Gen. Van Rensselaer. with great Respect.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Sheaffe.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston 14th Oct. 1812.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date relative to the Bodies of the Dead. I know of no particular case in which, under existing circumstances, I ought to avail myself of your humane permission. To the general Proposition contained in your letter of yesterday, respecting the Exchange of Prisoners, I readily accede; and now send Captain Dox who will immediately meet such Agent as you may please to appoint to confer on the subject, and make such arrangements as may most speedily carry the agreement into effect.

Major General Sheaffe. I have the honor &c., &c.

Gen. Wadsworth to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Newark, Upper Canada, Oct., 14, 1812.

It falls to my lot to observe that myself and upwards of Forty Officers are prisoners at this place. Many officers and soldiers fell yesterday. I am not yet made acquainted with what the situation of my Officers and Soldiers is to be. We are yet in much confusion. Much difficulty arises this morning for the want of Specie; the Officers, generally, the State Bank Bills will not be received at all. If the officers could be relieved by an exchange of Bills for silver, it would be much for their comfort. Excuse me from saying anything further at this moment. I hope soon to have the liberty of writing you again. I cannot conclude without expressing my satisfaction of the treatment received from Gen. Sheaffe and his officers since we fell to his possession. I have the honor &c.

Maj. Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Alexander, Evening of the 14th October, 1812.

I told you the dreadful day of Battle was at hand. Yesterday was that day in good earnest. I lament that I am not in situation to detail all particulars. I can only sketch the outline. But first let me tell you that Gen. Van Rensselaer was placed in a situation where he had only the alternative of eternal disgrace upon his own Character, and the army, or to give the enemy Battle, this I can demonstrate to the world. Thus situated he decided for Battle. At 4 oclock yesterday morning our column of 300 Militia under the command of Col. Van Rensselaer; and one column of 300 Regulars, under the command of Lieut. Col. Christie embarked in Boats to dislodge the enemy from the Heights of Queenstown, opposite our camp. They were to land under cover of a Battery of 2 Eighteen Pounders, and two Sixes. As the fire from this Battery was all important and to be directed by very scant light; and if illy directed would be fatal to ourselves, Gen. Van Rensselaer did me the very great honor to direct it. The River is rapid, and full of whirlpools and eddies; the movement was instantly discovered; the shore was one incessant blaze from Musketry; three Batteries pelted upon the Boats. My Battery pelted alternately upon the Batteries, and upon Musketry on shore; while a snug little mortar near by complimented my battery liberally with shells. In a word the scene was tremendous. The Boats were a little embarrassed. But Col. Van Rensselaer made good his landing in a perfect sheet of fire. He had advanced but a few steps when he received a shot through his right thigh, entering just back of the hip bone; he still advanced with his van; received another shot through the same thigh; he still advanced and received a third shot thro' the calf of his left leg; he still advanced, then a fourth shot contused his heel badly; he still advanced till he was really riddled by other balls through his legs and thigh. Thus bleeding at six holes, and very lame in his heel, he halted in fire, and with perfect presence of mind, directed his officers of whom *Stephen Lush* was one, who is now with us unhurt [Lieut. Lush was subsequently dangerously wounded before Chippewa in October, 1814,] to rush forward and storm the first Battery. It was gallantly done. Both parties reinforced fast; every Battery played its best. The conflict spread wide and became general over the Heights. The enemy gave way, and fled in every direction. A large body of them got behind a stone Guard-House, in which was mounted a piece of heavy ordnance. I directed both 18-Pounders against it, we raked them severely; and at the eighth shot tumbled up a heap of men, and I believe dismounted the Gun; at any rate we silenced it. The Squad then fled behind Judge Hamilton's stone house, our Eighteen's raked them from there, and what could, fled; with our sixes we used grape as opportunity offered. By this time, about 10 o'clock the enemy's fire, except one Gun, out of our reach, down the river, was silenced, victory seemed complete.

[The British forces were driven from the battery down the heights, and the rising sun shone upon *the American flag on the Heights of Queenston, proclaiming victory.* This gallant and brave act had redeemed our young officers and soldiers from the charges which had been profusely made of cowardice and treachery, but they were too few in number to retain the advantages they had so brilliantly gained. This unrivaled effort raised the character of the army in the estimation

of the people, and in some degree served to wipe out the national dishonor of that campaign.] The battle was long and severe. Many are killed and many wounded on both sides. The General had passed over to the Heights, but sent me back to urge on the troops which were passing over to support the two columns. Soon after the General got over, and was taking a bite of bread and cheese in John Bull's barracks (for he had eaten no breakfast) a Detachment of some hundreds of Indians from Chippeway arrived, and commenced their attack with great fury: but the Rifle and the Bayonet scattered the sons of Belial and drove them to the woods. Still the Reinforcements moved over very slowly and in short stopped. [The General returned to accelerate them, he mounted a borrowed horse and I rode with him every where urging on the troops, for not one half of them had passed over. But the name of Indian; the sight of the wounded brought off, or the devil, or *something else*, petrified them. Not a Regiment, not a company, scarcely a man would go. Lt. Col. Bloom, who had returned wounded, from the Heights, mounted his horse, exhorted, swore, prayed, the troops who were standing paraded, with arms in their hands, to advance. Next (but from whence he came I know not) Old Judge Peck, appeared, with a large cocked hat, and long sword with a broad white belt. He preached and prayed, but in vain.] By this time Gen. Brock had got a large reinforcement of regulars on their way from fort George. Knowing that our grand Battery was the best check to their ascending the Heights, I ran my horse there, about one mile, to put again our round and grape shot in motion. The four pieces were shotted, but to my mortification, before the reinforcement came within our reach, they obliqued to the right, went in the rear of the woods, formed a junction with the Indians, and prepared to renew the attack. The Ammunition of the men on the Heights was nearly expended, for they had now fought, with little intermission for eleven hours. The General sent them some supplies, which I think could scarcely have reached them, when at about half past four commenced a furious, obstinate and tremendous conflict. On both sides fixed cannon, Flying Artillery and roll of musketry, the mountains seemed to shake beneath the stride of death. It continued about half a hour — when the brave fellows who had waded through blood to victory, exhausted of strength and ammunition [and overwhelmed with grief at the conduct of their brother soldiers,] yielded the day. I cannot say how many have fallen — how many wounded, and how many may have taken to the woods to escape the fury of the Indians, and swim or otherwise cross the river as they can. The British have suffered much: Brock is slain: his *Aid-de-Camp* Col. McDonald, mortally wounded. General Van Rensselaer is perfectly well, and his conduct through the whole action would do honor to an old Soldier.

This day has been spent in burying dead, dressing wounded on both sides of the river — collecting together again the public property, negotiating an exchange of prisoners, and all the duties consequent on such an obstinate and bloody battle. Both parties have suffered severely, but which the most, in slain I cannot tell. We took but few prisoners — they have taken a very considerable number, among whom is General Wadsworth. Reports are so various, that I might injure more than I should console by details. Lush is well, Gansevoort is well, both here. Sweney late of Albany, is wounded and a prisoner, but the Surgeon who dressed him, tells me he will recover. Rathbun, I have *heard* is pretty severely wounded and a prisoner. Capt. John E. Wool of Troy got over. I have

seen him, shot thro' the buttocks, but he behaved very well in action. Now mind *this*, young *Smith*, nephew of Walter Van Vechten, behaved well in action; is prisoner at Fort George — well, he wrote me to day, he will be exchanged, on parole in a few days, as I expect all the Militia will. General Sheaffe has made that proposition to day. Major Mullany is prisoner unhurt. Col. Stranahan is prisoner, I believe wounded, but not badly. Grosvenor (brother of Tom) had his Rifle cap shot through and all round, but he is unhurt here. Lt. Col. Fenwick of the Light Artillery has severe wounds, he may recover, he was taken; Grosvenor retook him, and then he was taken again. We have lost a number of brave officers.

Solomon's wounds are severe; but he is well taken care of, sleeping now by my side, and there is *no doubt* of his recovery. As for myself, I am exceedingly exhausted — two nights without a wink — 30 hours without a morsel. I have a little fatigue fever, but shall be well: indeed I do my duty now. I am a little fearful that my *hearing* is hurt. I stood for hours between the two 18 Pounders, and they have strained my head too hard. The Shells I could shun by falling in the mud. Pray console my family, tell them to bless God that I am safe. I have preserved for them one *cannon Ball* which passed my head by 20 inches, and I gave a soldier 50 cents to dig it up for me. In the end, you will find we had a hard fought day.

Truly Yours,

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

Col. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriot, Lewiston 15th October, 1812.

The day before yesterday a little before day-break I crossed the river with a Detachment of Troops and opposite to this place, under a heavy fire of the enemy carried an important post on the Heights of Queenstown, which owing to my being wounded, was soon after retaken by the British. Had there been more men cool and deliberate with the officers, they would have maintained it with ease. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. Genl. Brock was killed and his Aid mortally wounded. I received Balls near my hip, in my thighs, leg and a contused heel. There are no bones broken, and neither of them dangerous, though very painful. The General and Lovett are well. Stephen Lush acted as my Aid, Gansevoort was also with me, they are not hurt. Adieu, keep up your spirits, and rest assured I am in no danger. Kiss the children for me and my love to all. I am my dear Harriot your sincere and affectionate Husband.

Mrs. Harriot Van Rensselaer, Mount Hope. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Sheaffe.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston 15 Oct., 1812.

Capt. Dox, whom I yesterday sent to Fort George to make the necessary arrangements for an Exchange of Prisoners, being assigned for other duty this day, I now send Col. Winder, to complete the business, and I flatter myself there will be no objection to this substitution. Col. Winder is further instructed to communicate to you my wishes upon several subjects, (a continuation of the Armistice) and by any stipulation which he may enter into respecting them I shall be governed.

Major General Sheaffe. I have the honour &c.

Agreement for the Exchange of Prisoners.

The Militia to be crossed over to Fort Niagara on their parole not to serve during the war; or, until regularly exchanged. Take Capt. Leonard's Receipt for the Number crossed over. The officers to be exchanged from the line, to be drawn by lot, or, by the direction of Major General Van Rensselaer. A Medical Person will be sent over tomorrow to select from the wounded those individuals to be crossed over. This Medical Officer will, also, determine the case of any wounded officer that it may be advisable to have paroled. The British Prisoners, at Black Rock, to be set at liberty as soon as possible; and those at Lewiston, tomorrow morning. The Commanding Officers at Fort Erie and Queenstown, respectively, to give Receipts for those who may be crossed over to those places.

James Mallay, conductor of King's stores, to be exchanged for a Subaltern of the line. The Thirty-seven Voyagers to be considered exchanged as Militia. Signed, at Newark.

Wm. Winder Col. 14 Reg. U.S. Army.

Thos. Evans Brigade Major Kings Regt.

Colonel Winder wrote to Gen. Van Rensselaer that Maj. Gen. Sheaffe had mentioned to him an Indian chief in possession of Gen. V.R. as a prisoner. He was willing to exchange him for a major of militia. The answer was in substance that Indian for Indian was the fair exchange.

Major General Sheaffe to Major General Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort George, 16th Oct., 1812.

I have heard with great regret that Col. Van Rensselaer is badly wounded. If there be any thing at my command, that your side of the river cannot furnish, which would be either useful or agreeable to him, I beg that you will be so good as to have me apprised of it.

I have the honour to be, sir, with much esteem,

Your very devoted servant,

R. H. SHEAFFE.

Major Gen. Sheaffe to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort George, 16th Oct., 1812.

As the period assigned to the cessation of hostilities is drawing to a termination; and the intended exchange of prisoners and sending over the wounded and the militia will require much more time than remains of it; and as, moreover, part of this day is to be devoted to paying the last offices of humanity to the remains of my departed friend and General, I feel it to be my duty to propose a prolongation of the armistice to such a period as may be necessary for the complete execution of those humane purposes. Lists are prepared for all the prisoners here, distinguishing those of the line from militia; and Brigade Major Evans, who has been appointed by me to arrange the business with Capt. Dox, will be ready to proceed in it, as soon as that officer comes over. I have the honour &c.

Major General Van Rensselaer.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Sheaffe.

Sir, Head Quarters, Lewiston, Oct. 16th, 1812.

I have this moment had the honour to receive your two letters of the present date. I most cheerfully agree to extend the cessation of hostilities for a time amply sufficient to discharge all duties of humanity to the

brave who are wounded, or prisoners; and the just tribute of respect to the gallant dead. For these purposes I agree to the further cessation of hostilities, until 4 o'clock of the afternoon of the 19th instant.

I shall order a salute for the funeral of General Brock to be fired here, and at Fort Niagara, this afternoon.

You will please to accept, sir, the grateful acknowledgments of Col. Van Rensselaer and myself, for your kind offer of anything in your power which might contribute to his comfort. I do not know that he is at present destitute of anything essential.

As this, sir, is probably the last communication I shall have the honour to make to you from this station, I avail myself of the opportunity to tender you the assurance of my great esteem and consideration.

I have the honour, &c.

Major General Sheaffe.

Captain N. Leonard to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort Niagara, Oct. 16th, 1812, 4 o'clock P. M.

I have the honor to acknowledge * * * of this Instant. The Salute in honor of Gen. Brock will be fired at Sun-set. I delivered your letter to Col. Winder. I am, &c.

Major General Van Rensselaer.

Major Gen. Sheaffe to Major Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Fort George, 16th Oct., 1812.

I feel too strongly the generous tribute which you propose to pay to my departed friend and chief, to be able to express the sense I entertain of it. Noble-minded as he was, so would he have done himself.

I have directed the prolongation of the armistice until four o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th instant, to be communicated along this line.

I feel a perfect confidence, sir, that nothing will be omitted on your part to ensure a strict execution of the agreement respecting the militia officers and men, as well as any others not yet exchanged, who are released from their captivity.

Allow me, sir, to express a hope that the time is not far distant when the restoration of peace and amity between our respective countries, may afford me an opportunity of assuring you, personally, of the respect and esteem with which I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient and devoted servant,

R. H. SHEAFE, Maj. General, &c.

Maj. General Van Rensselaer.

The British Major General Sheaffe was an American, he resided during the American revolution in Boston. Earl Percy was quartered in the house of young Sheaffe's widowed mother, at the time when Boston was in possession of the British. The earl became greatly interested in the boy of 15 years and desiring to take him to England, he was permitted to do so, giving him a military education and placing him in the British army. When young Sheaffe was a major general, at the commencement of the war of 1812, he was stationed in Canada; he did not wish to serve against the Americans and stated his objections and reluctance to do so, requesting to be transferred to some other country. His solicitation was not regarded. For his exploit in capturing Colonel Scott and his little band at Queenston heights, he was created a baronet, and ever afterward was known as Sir Roger Sheaffe.

"His sister Margaret Sheaffe married John R. Livingston, then a Boston merchant, in 1779; and died in Boston 1784, at the age of twenty-four. General La Fayette visited and admired her. He once said to her lover, 'Were I not a married man, I would try and cut you out.' After his return to France, the marquis sent her a 'satin cardinal, lined with ermine, and an elegant silk garment to wear under it.' The relic was long preserved."

"When General Sheaffe marched in triumph from Queenston to Newark, he took with him the body of the slain General Brock, which had been concealed in a house near where he fell. The march had a two-fold aspect. It was a triumphal and a funeral procession. At Newark the body was placed in the government house, and there it lay in state three days, when it was buried, on October 16th, in a new cavalier bastion in Fort George, whose erection he had superintended with great interest. By the side of Brock's remains were laid those of his provincial aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Colonel M'Donell. When the funeral ceremonies were over, the Americans at Fort Niagara and at Lewiston fired minute-guns as a mark of respect."

Hon. Abraham Van Vechten to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear sir, Albany, October 20th 1812.

The *Dash* has been made. I am relieved from much painful apprehension. Harriet bears the Shock with fortitude. Your letter & Dox's information have quieted her mind. She & the child are in a fair way. Take care of yourself. Do not irritate your wounds by fretting, and premature exposure. In this Injunction I am not single, all those whose wishes & solicitude for your speedy recovery claim respect concur in it. Lovett must keep you in good Spirits & a placid humour; but refrain from every thing that may produce too great excitements. He will be a good nurse, if he does not present an *old Gentleman* with a white Sash, in a certain moving attitude too early before you. Yours &c.,

Ab. Van Vechten.

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Head Quarters, Lewiston.

Major Lovett to Hon. Abraham Van Vechten,

Dear Sir, Buffalo, 21st Oct., 1812.

I know that you are anxious to hear from us, and I should have written you several days ago; but really I could not command a single moment of time to do it: and besides the privations to which our late situation subjected us has worn me down a good deal. The preparations for the battle were extensive — the various emergences of the day called for great effort; the scenes of the night were trying, and the duties of the following day arduous. It is over; and as I have but little time now, I shall write but a word. The Battle was by no means a matter of *choice*, but absolute *necessity* with Genl. Van Rensselaer — A flood of circumstances had convinced the Genl. as early as the beginning of this month that a blow must be struck. He was therefore maturing a plan to close the campaign in the most honorable way he could. But the impetuosity of not only men, but his first officers became such that he was absolutely compelled to go to battle, or risk such consequences as no man could endure. * * * The Army are immensely attached to Genl. Van Rensselaer and Solomon: and they are almost frantic at their departure. The General feels all the solicitude that a Patriot jealous of his honor can experience; but he is

cheerful, and reposes himself on solid consciousness of having done all that man could do in his situation. * * * On the morning of the 18th I mounted Colonel Van Rensselaer on a cot, rigged with cross-bars and side poles and a Detachment of Major Mosely's Riflemen brought him by hand to Schlosser, where we tarried that night. As we passed the main Battery at Lewiston, they fired a salute of six guns and cheered the Hero heartily. On the 19th I embarked him on board a Boat, and arrived here at 8 oclock in the evening.

The Genl. is here in perfect health, and will continue here till he can hear from Genl. Dearborn, and then I expect, he will return home. I shall not leave Solomon. He is badly shot to pieces: has one more ball in the thigh than what is stated in the official paper; but he is in quiet quarters where he has every attention. His wounds work well, he will recover and be a well man; but I fear he will never leave off fighting. Indulge no solicitude as to his recovery * * * Let Solomon's Wife know all about him, *assure her I shall not leave him, but will return him safe to her.* * * * I am Yours very truly,

Abraham Van Vechten, Esq. JOHN LOVETT.

Colonel Lovett furnished Col. V. R. with a pair of white-top boots, his own having been cut from his legs, filled with blood on the 13th, and his crutches were presented by a French gentleman. The first time the invalid entered the common room, quite feeble, pale and thin, finding it very unpleasant to walk, Lovett while assisting him to do so, with a desire to make him laugh said: "Well Van, here we go, *French fore legs, Dutch hind legs*, and *Yankee boots.*"

"The following report of Captain John E. Wool will put to rest several controverted points regarding the sequel of the affair of Queenston, about which there has been so much misrepresentation. Captain Wool at this time was only twenty-three years of age, he had never been under fire before that morning, and was already wounded. Elated with the order to capture the heights, young Wool almost forgot his bleeding wounds. He was light and lithe in person, full of ambition and enthusiasm.

Capt. Wool to Colonel Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Buffalo Oct. 23, 1812

I have the honour to communicate to you the circumstances attending the storming of Queenstown battery on the 13th instant; with those which happened previously you are already well acquainted.

In pursuance of your order we proceeded round the point, and ascended the rocks, which brought us partly in rear of the battery. We took it without much resistance. I immediately formed the troops in the rear of the battery, and fronting the village, when I observed Gen. Brock with his troops formed, consisting of four companies of the 49th Regiment and a few Militia, marching for our left flank. I immediately detached a party of one hundred and fifty men, to take possession of the heights above Queenstown battery and to hold Gen. Brock in check, but in consequence of his superior force they retreated. I sent a reinforcement, nothwithstanding which, the enemy drove us to the edge of the bank, when with the greatest exertion we brought the troops to a stand and ordered the officers to bring their men to a charge as soon as the ammunition was expended, which was executed with some confusion, and in a few minutes, the enemy retreated. We pursued them to the edge of the

heights, when Col. McDonell had his horse shot from under him, and himself mortally wounded. In the mean time Gen. Brock, in attempting to rally his forces, was killed, when the enemy dispersed in every direction. As soon as it was practicable, I formed the troops in a line on the heights fronting the village, and immediately detached flanking parties which consisted of Captain M'Chesney of the 6th Regiment, Lieut. Smith and Ensign Grosvenor with a small detachment of Riflemen which had that moment arrived; at the same time I ordered Lieut. Gansevoort and Lieut. Randolph with a detachment of artillery to drill out an eighteen pounder which had been previously spiked, and if possible to bring it to bear upon the village. The wounded and prisoners I ordered to be collected and sent to the guard house. *About this time*, which was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, Lieut. Col. Christie arrived and took the command. He ordered me across the river to get my wounds dressed. I remained a short time. Our flanking parties had been driven in by the Indians, but Gen. Wadsworth and other officers arriving, we had a short skirmish with them and they retreated, and I crossed the river. The officers engaged in storming the Battery, were Capts. Wool and Ogilvie; Lieuts. Kearney, Hugonin, Carr and Sammons of the 13th; Lieuts. Gansevoort and Randolph of the Light Artillery, and Major Lush of the Militia. I recommend to your particular notice Lieuts. Randolph, Carr and Kearney, for their brave conduct exhibited during the whole of the action.

I have the honour to be
Your most obt. humble servt.
John E. Wool,
Capt. 13th Reg. Inf.

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Alexander, Sunday Evening, Oct. 25th, 1812.

On the 23d, General Van Rensselaer, by permission, resigned his command to Brig. Gen. Smyth, and tomorrow morning starts for Albany. It was my intention to have stolen time eno' to have written you a long letter stuffed with important truths by this conveyance; but for three days past it has been nothing but Despatches, copies of despatches, and copies of copies 'till my *brains are despatched.* These things by day, and *Solomon* by night wear me down pretty close to the old stuff which *has* not yet failed, and I trust in God it will not fail me. I shall now have leisure to post up my day Book expense account, and put my traveling tabernacle in order. When I shall start for Albany is just as uncertain as when Solomon will be able to travel. His wounds are deep and severe; but he is heart-whole and will recover — leave him I *cannot*, and *will not.* I hope he may move in four weeks. I know you have a buzz, and 10,000 opinions of the Battle: all I can say to you in this moment of time is, don't be hasty in your opinions: you cannot view the whole ground yet, but you will soon, and be satisfied. I tell you for a truth *never to be yielded*, there was no middle course: Battle, or wide, personal, and public disgrace was the alternative: this *I know* was the truth, and truth must ultimately prevail. I hardly know what I wrote you in my hurry at the close of the battle; but it was undoubtedly the truth as far as I then understood the facts. I have since by permission forwarded a lengthy communication to Van Vechten on the subject, to be used at his discretion. But there are facts still behind, resting on documents, which

the General has not yet communicated to any one. In a word, be patient, and learn the whole; and then you will have no occasion to complain. Wait a few weeks, and the *Campaign* will disclose *its own facts*. I find not an officer, not a soldier who was *in the battle*, but justifies the whole — indeed the complete success of the battle justifies itself; we carried all that we proposed, and held it from morn 'till night, and had double the force necessary to have retained it. Never were men braver than those engaged. The several actions were sharp: but all the world was not killed nor wounded as some have represented. Exact truth upon this subject can never be known — it is impossible — the aggregate of our information would about warrant this: Killed 60 — wounded 170 — Prisoners, balance against us, say 720. As to *numbers* the slaughter was probably about even on both sides. But Characters differ. We lost no officer of higher rank than Captain.

All Canada mourns her truly gallant BROCK and Col. McDonald,[1] his Aid-de-Camp, was the Attorney General of the Province, their second Idol. I knew him. Two Indian Chief's fell — we took one. The Armistice which was agreed upon after the Battle for three days, has been continued, and now exists: when it will end I cannot say. Since the Battle every thing has been conducted in that character which will forever honor civilized nations. The Salute which we fired at Brocks Funeral, almost overwhelmed General Sheaffe. With sensibility which almost choked his utterance, he exclaimed to an officer standing by him: "*Noble minded as General Brock was, he would have ordered the same had a like disaster befallen the Enemy.*"

On hearing this Genl. V. R., was almost overwhelmed. My friend, the scenes of war are trying, and where, where in God's name, are they to end? My soul is in agony while I review the situation of our Country.

Governor Tompkins, by exceeding hard driving has so managed, and economized his time as to be able to be in season to get here too late. He arrived here this day. Why, or for what, is more than I can tell you. He has been closeted almost the whole day with the General; but I cannot learn that he has any plan, or plan of a plan, or copy of a plan's, plan's plan. I know that which I will not write, wait a little, I say, wait, do not descant, nor condemn until you know the *real situation* in which Gen. Van Rensselaer has had to act. At bottom you will find the friend — the Patriot, and the Soldier.— I fear my hearing is ruined: it is not much better now than the day after the battle — the Lord deliver me, I say, from the Music of 18 Pounders, with bombs for the rough Bass, and Sixes for the treble.

Tell my dear family all you know of us — and my love to all my old friends. Last of all, pay your General that Respect and attention which his toils, privations and Soldiership entitle him to.

Your assured friend,

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany, J. LOVETT.

"Major General Stephen Van Rensselaer found much that was offensive to his sensitive feelings in the absurd rivalry of the regular officers

[1] "Lieutenant McDonell was a brilliant and promising young man, only twenty-five years of age. He was wounded in five places, one bullet passing through his body, yet he survived twenty hours in great agony. During that time he constantly lamented the fall of his commander."

and the heartless conduct of the militia. This truly valiant band previous to the action, he well knew insisted on being led on against the enemy to drive them from the Niagara peninsula, so that they could return home. Many of them threatened to leave the camp unless led to immediate action, and now what a disgraceful change. After the commencement of the battle, the sight of the wounded, as they were brought across the river covered with blood, and the groans of the dying, cooled their military ardor. They now appeared to have made the discovery that the constitution did not require them to go beyond the limits of the United States. Rather than cross over to an enemy's country to be shot at, with a chance of being killed, or made cripples for life, they determined to forego their chance of obtaining military honors. Several hundred of the militia, after they had crossed over to the Canadian shore, availed themselves of the darkness and other facilities to hide themselves in the clefts of the rocks, where they remained in concealment during the day, and were only dragged by the legs from their lurking places by the British troops after the surrender of the fighting part of the Americans. All this had been very annoying to General Van Rensselaer, and having obtained permission from Gov. Tompkins to retire from the station, on October 23, 1812, he resigned his situation as commander and General Alexander Smyth became his successor." On the arrival of Gen. Van Rensselaer at Albany October 31st, he was justly honored by a public reception. Teunis Van Vechten, Isaac Hauser, and Peter Boyd were the committee appointed by the common council to make the necessary arrangement for the event. The reception was as imposing and highly gratifying to the general as it was pleasant to those who tendered the compliment. General Van Rensselaer never forgot, in his subsequent unparalleled prosperity the Almighty power that had watched over and protected him during that eventful struggle."

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

My dear Friend, Buffalo Nov. 2d, 1812.

Anchored as we are in this infernal region, it was very reasonable for us to expect letters from some of our friends by the last mail, but we got none. Conscious that our little Family have done all that they could, and more than any other *three Men have, or can do*, we feel tranquil, and however the world may, for the present, attempt to dispose of the Battle of Queenstown, in the end *I do know* that Truth will prevail, and it will be acknowledged that all that could be done has been done. Every day furnishes new evidence of the astonishing intrepidity of the Americans engaged in the action. The fact is repeated, over and over again, by British Officers, that in the first place, they did not believe we would fight at all; and in the next, that the men fought more like Devils than any thing else; that for the first ten hours, all resistance opposed was perfectly idle. Out of the 46 first men who met Col. Van Rensselaer on the bank, it is admitted but Six got off. Grosvenor assures me that in one instance, when some Infantry and his Riflemen got a cross fire upon a squad of the enemy, he counted Sixteen dead, almost in a heap. Indeed the oldest soldiers on the line say, they never saw such *sharp shooting*. Lt. Col. Fenwick is an old Soldier; he says, he does not believe the annals of war, furnish such an instance of mark'smanship. He says he was known to many of the enemy's officers: that he was instantly *clothed* with bullets — one in his eye — one in his right elbow — one in his side — and I yesterday counted nine ball holes in his little cloak. Colonel Van Rensselaer bade his boy

bring his coat the other day. We found a musket ball entered the cape, just under his right ear, passed about three inches, and out again; under his right wrist, a ball cut coat and lining through four inches; and there are several others thro' the skirt of his coat. The stocking which was on the leg that was wounded, besides the two holes where the ball went in and out, has no less than five holes across the shin. The shots in Gen. Wadsworth's clothes shew his escape to have been next to miraculous. But these cotton and woolen stories are too many and too long to *write;* they may do to talk about when we meet. The truth is, that altho' my spirits are not depressed, I feel sober — the scenes of war, to a thoughtful mind, are sobering. Besides, I think I see the finger of Heaven pointing, in a manner not to be mistaken, in that poised scale of success which swung before our eyes at the end of the battle. I am satisfied for myself, and now, but not till now, I have a desire to return home. I call myself well; but my health is not just as rugged as it was; from the 11th Aug to the 26th October, I had never touched any thing *like* a bed — been by no fire; and now, sleeping in a bed, and sitting by a warm fire, lets me down from the tone I had acquired. Besides the night of the first attack (as we intended) was one of the most trying I ever experienced — incessant storm; half snow, half rain, the 12th was all duty; the 13th all death; and the subsequent scenes have been trying to body, and soul. But I shall stand it thro' and get home. The General is before this with you. I need not enlarge upon the general subject. I have only to charge you all to stick to the man who has stuck to his country and command, until passing events taught him that his further efforts in commanding Militia, *as things now are*, could only disgrace him, without serving his Country. The Colonel is doing as well as possible, and we *hope*, this day week, to start for Albany: but I am not without some fears that the wound where the ball is lodged, will yet give the Colonel some trouble.

The Editor of the Buffalo Gazette and your letter speak pretty much the same language. The hiss of Vipers grows feeble here. I can tell you nothing, certain, of what Genl. Smyth intends to do, but I will tell you what I think he may attempt if, contrary to my opinion he attempts any thing. I think he may attempt to cross here, and the result I will show you, when I return home, if Gen. Van Rensselaer will suffer publicity of an opinion which he long ago wrote Gen. Dearborn on that subject, the opinion is full and able. The world *must* and *shall* be convinced that this Campaign has been conducted with open eyes, directed by busy brains. Guard the Character of your General, his Papers will defend him. Col. Fenwick says, unreservedly that Gen. V. R. has done *all that could be* done. There was yesterday a severe Cannonade below, probably on Lake Ontario — we have no intelligence, possibly a Naval Brush on the Lake. Just now, Col. Parker, the most respectable Officer in Smyth's Brigade called to see us: he says the *Pennsylvania Militia will not cross over to Canada.* Let Gen. V. R. know this immediately. Col. Fenwick desires me in the most affectionate manner to present him to the General, he is now next door to us. Do you tell the Genl. I wish he would write a short consoling line to Col. Fenwick. Yours, ever faithfully,

Mr. Joseph Alexander. J. LOVETT.

At Buffalo, Colonel Van Rensselaer wrote a letter to his wife, filled with expressions of gratitude toward General Van Rensselaer, and concluded by saying, "I congratulate you on the birth of our little boy. That

this should have taken place on the same night I made the attack on the British is singular. He must be a soldier." This child was called Stephen, after the Patroon, but he only lived a few months.

Buffalo Gazette, November 3rd, 1812.

Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer whose great military talents, and extensive knowledge of service are admitted by all, had through the whole campaign, so assiduously devoted, as it were, his very heart and soul to forming, disciplining, and managing the army on the Niagara, that as to him the last whisper of party malice seemed hushed. He was determined that whenever a descent should be made upon Canada, to take a leading part in it; and he governed himself accordingly. The descent was made, and *Col. Van Rensselaer* was in the first boat, and was the *First Man* on shore. Sheeted in fire he advanced, and his brave heroes tracked him by his blood up the heights of Queenstown: the result is known — and there is not, now, an officer, or soldier admitted to the bedside of the wounded hero, but exclaims, "*had not you been wounded, we should have taken Fort George.*" This wounded hero now lies at Landon's in this village. At this same place Governor Tompkins had his quarters, while he was here. He had in pocket the official letter of Gen. Van Rensselaer, stating the gallant conduct of Col. Van Rensselaer and other officers in the action. *Yet this same Gov. Tompkins never called on Col. Van Rensselaer, in an adjoining room, nor sent him a consoling message.*

"Did Gen. Smyth expect to rouse the people of the State of New York to arms, by a most gross, shameless, and arrogant attack upon General Stephen Van Rensselaer, than whom there is not a man among us more endeared to the people; and upon Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer whose courage and firmness have made him the idol of the soldiery, in every service in which he has been engaged?

Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

"All will recollect the prophetic words of Mr. Custis in his celebrated oration: 'Perhaps at this moment some fearless sailor climbs the shattered mast to nail the flag of my country to its stump,'— affirming on his life that 'he is a federalist!' This was followed by the annunciation, in a few days of Captain Hull's conquest of the Guerriere. The next sentence in the oration has been verified, respecting Canada in as remarkable a manner: 'Perhaps some gallant soldier may yet scale the heights of Abraham, to wreath liberty's standard around Montgomery's tomb. I *tell you the first foot*, which touches that classic *ground*, will be a federalists.' This was fulfilled in the person of the brave Solomon Van Rensselaer, a man who has more than once shed his blood and nearly lost his life in fighting his country's battles, though he was ungratefully removed from office by Governor Tompkins, for the only sin of being a federalist.

A correspondent has handed us the following song in his honor. Though not the neatest versification, it deserves attention for its object.

A New Song, to the tune of Anacreon in Heaven.

"When our army prepar'd to capture Queenstown,
A leader was chosen of gallant renown,
From an old fed'ral stock our hero was sprung.
His honor unstain'd but by Smyth's lying tongue;
'Twas Van Rensselaer, who never knew fear,
Always found in the *Van*, never seen in the *Rear*.

The Columns debark upon Canada's shore,
(Far fam'd for heroic achievements of yore)
Not fearing to combat the terrible Brock,
They soon gave the foe an impetuous shock :
'Twas Van Rensselaer, to a soldier so dear,
Who march'd in their *Van* — never found in their *Rear* —

Bright glory now perches herself on his head,
Tho' base cowards censure, who dare not be bled,
Those Buffalo Chiefs, mere scarecrows in war,
Who ne'er heard a cannon, unless from afar,
With the heroes of Queenstown they dare not to vie,
For though mighty good Christians, they yet fear to die."

This poetical effusion, written sixty-two years ago, adds to the value of our historical monument for the benefit of posterity. We have a proper regard for the preservation of worthy materials for history and occasionally fancy such bright, cheery, and breezy words to enhance the historical value, as they are of special interest from their reference to military operations during the war of 1812.

Major Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Alexander, Buffalo, 4th November, 1812.

I have, somewhere, heard something said about "*Man's last Speeches, and dying words*" of Dr. Baxter — Again ; I remember that stuttering *Larrabe* wanted to speak a few words *before he began ;* Now why may not I, upon some analogous principle, speak a few words *after I have done ?* In my last, I desired you *not* to write any more ; surely not because I did not wish to hear from Albany, for our solicitude is a perfect Rock. Even the humblest Satellites of Jupiter, could they reason, would never be indifferent to the fate of the glorious luminary round which they revolve ; but must shudder at the very idea of an eternal eclipse of that body whose rays they once had the glory of reflecting. However, reposing ourselves upon the consciousness of having faithfully discharged our duty to our Country, to our friends, and to ourselves, we shall meet with firmness whatever decision the world may make upon the conduct of General Van Rensselaer. We feel, and know that we are not destitute of common sense : we know that we have better knowledge of the Campaign than any other men ; and this enables us to speak with confidence as to the result of Genl. Van Rensselaer's command. Should his own modesty, or perseverance in his determination of enduring everything himself, rather than to expose the folly, weakness and wickedness of others, cast a mist over him, for the present (which, by the bye, I neither expect, or believe), the day is not far distant when the Sun of truth will burst thro' and dissipate the fogs of error, and the clouds of delusion. I repeat it, again, the *Campaign will explain itself ;* this you will see in 60 days ; and say that Genl. V. R. *did all that could be done ; saved all that could be saved.* Being, now, *out* of the Cabinet, I know nothing that is *in* it. My chance is only that of a common spectator, and hardly that : for, with my Ear-blinders yet tight buckled down, I can only hear what people bawl, and, tho' Bawling is the order of the day, it becomes very necessary, now, I imagine, to "*bawl*," without "*crying aloud.*"

I understand that General Smyth is getting together all the Boats he can ["General Van Rensselaer has been censured for not having boats enough. It was no fault of his. There were only thirteen, but this inadequate number of boats was owing to remissness in Quarter-master-

general Porter's department. The quarter-master, then stationed at the Fall, had written to Van Rensselaer, 'I can furnish you boats at two or three days notice to carry over 1200 or 1400 men.' A sufficient number for six or seven hundred were ordered, but he had forwarded only thirteen at the appointed hour."] That the Pennsylvania Militia are looked for with solicitude, in short, that movements warrant the expectation that the descent upon Canada will shortly be renewed in this neighborhood. I have before advised you as to an opinion upon that subject. Experiment is the touchstone of opinion. Gen. Van Rensselaer had his opinion as to the best place for crossing the Niagara, he tested his opinion — the result is known; and Gen. Smyth has, certainly, the same right to his opinion that Gen. V. R. had to his; and when both are tested the world will be prepared to decide. I have but one hope — one prayer in either case, which is for the best interest of the service; the highest honor of our arms and the greatest weal of our Country.— What our Militia will come to I know not — a daring Mutiny broke out three days ago in Miller's Brigade. 100 stacked their arms and marched off; 100 more stacked their arms and stood by them. The Genl. and his principal officers came forward, and with great efforts persuaded the men to return to their duty, on the *Promise* of *Barracks* and *better Quarters*, in a very few days. This may be relied on, as I have it from the mouth of one of the first officers of the Brigade. Genl. Miller is dismissed, and has retired; his Brigade is now consolidated with Col. Dobbin's Regiment. The Firing mentioned in my last was a *Sham Battle* of Col. Winder's Regiment, at Fort Niagara.

Colonel Van Rensselaer hobbles, on two Crutches, in great style — prospects warrant a belief that we may leave this in five days. I confess to you I am all alive with solicitude — public and private — the Presidential Election; our Legislature, the war, the general disturbance of the Country, my family; the approach of winter, the uncertainty of my hearing again, all close in upon me, and require all the firmness I can muster. Altho' your solicitude for our flesh and bones, the viler part, may have subsided; yet I trust in heaven, that as far as the conduct of the Campaign is *justifiable* that cavilers will be met in the gap: and that if anything remains *doubtful* the arm of Charity will, with patience, support the beam until Justice shall have cast in all the weights, and truth shall have footed up the tally, and then, my head to the block, and my word to the wind if there be not a unanimous verdict of honest men Should any man say we had not *Boats* eno', the truth is not in him: the river is not, where the troops crossed, 300 yards wide; a passage might easily be made in five minutes — we had 12 Boats which would carry 30 men each, and 2 which would carry 80 each. If on the Heights of Queenstown there had been a sight to gratify curiosity, every man of the Army might have been over before 11 oclock. I *saw* the Boats, on both sides, idle. The *Eternal Truth* is that the men who had solemnly pledged themselves to go over, *would not.*

I saw a Field Officer [Major Morrison] who had yelped his lungs sore, to go over, tied up his temples on the day of battle, and at night told me he had "*hardly been able to keep off his bed the whole day.*" But eno', eno', the General is with you: he has all, and knows all. I am sick of rolling and tumbling in the frothy billows, with fleet Indians, ragamuffins, vagabonds, and slubber-de-gullions who whirl in the eddies of Niagara. Do tell my dear Wife that I long to return to a land where the people

fear the Lord and acknowledge his government. That the cord of my affection is stretched to the last; I will reel it up upon my heart as fast as possible, till she can reach, and roll it upon her own heart, and there let it continue until death knots off skeins to warp the woof of eternal happiness. Your ever true

Mr. Joseph Alexander. JOHN LOVETT.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear friend Water Vliet Nov. 8, 1812.

I cannot describe my feelings at the reception I met with in my journey home, if I had been a Victor, I could not have been more honored. Nothing was wanting but my two companions or dear friends, the partners of my toil and anxiety to have made me as happy as ever Man was. Our friends at Utica are determined to give you a reception, which all good men say you merit.

I have visited your Wife, and friend Lovett's — found them well and inquiries innumerable on war, natural, which I faithfully answered, sometimes a little embelished. I have visited Gen. Dearborn, nothing new. Gov. Lewis is extravagant in his encomiums, he says you are to have a Regiment, and if no vacancy occur, one will be raised. I have seen the official Letter of the British by the Adj. General, it differs from mine considerably in point of fact.

Who received the Flag that made the proposition for a cessation? They state that it come from me, you know to the contrary, indeed Gen. Sheaffe's Letter to me will establish the fact.

Pray beg Lovett to write to me every mail. I have ordered the newspapers to be sent to you.

Present my sincere respects to Lovett and believe me ever your friend.

S. V. RENSSELAER.

Col. Van Rensselaer, Buffalo.

"Colonel Van Rensselaer remained in Buffalo until the 9th of November, and was then conveyed to his home at Mount Hope, near Albany, accompanied as he had been since his removal from Lewiston by Mr. Lovett. They were met in the suburbs of Albany by a cavalcade of citizens, and Van Rensselaer was received with the honors of a victor."

"It gives us the most sincere and heartfelt pleasure to be able to announce to our fellow citizens, that Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer who was so severely wounded in the attack on Queenstown, has so far recovered, as to be able to endure the long and fatiguing journey, from Niagara to Albany, and is again restored to his amiable, and highly endeared family: and is in a fair way of a speedy recovery from his wounds. He arrived in this city on Tuesday evening November 17th, accompanied by Major Lovett his friend and companion in arms, who has faithfully attended him from the moment he was brought off the field of action, until he was safe in the bosom of his family. It was a gay time procession, flowers and all conceivable pleasures have been lovingly brought into requisition to contribute to the general rejoicing and they went home singing, 'No more I'll pant for glory's wreath.' Every thing connected with the joyful reception was most satisfactory, to the invalid and disabled officer, for even the very atmosphere of home was invigorating. The happy return on that occasion did not fail to evoke new gratitude in that peaceful mansion, with the full measure of glad hearts, sacred to the expression of the affectionate relations that make life lovely. The festivities

were not saddened by 'an awful sense of one mute shadow watching all,' as a bright promise of returning health gave a buoyancy to anxious hearts."

Judge Van Ness to Col. Van Rensselaer — The "Soldier's Return."

Dear Sir, Kingston 23, November 1812.

In a paper which I have just seen while holding a Court in this place, I have with heartfelt satisfaction read *the above*, your safe arrival at your own house. As an old friend, I must be permitted to congratulate you and your family upon the pleasing occurrence, and add my wishes to those of your many other friends, that you may be speedily restored to your usual health, strength and usefulness. You have suffered much, and probably will suffer more. I sympathize with you most deeply, but if you shall in the end be restored to the use of your bodily powers, your past sufferings will be forgotten in the joy which such a consummation will occasion. As soon as I have moved into my new house and can leave home, which will be in about a fortnight, I shall go to Albany, to tell you in person how much I rejoice that you are still in the land of the living, and in the bosom of your family.

With unabated affection and friendship, Yours &c.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq. W. W. VAN NESS.

A wide circle of relatives and friends manifested a great desire to contribute to the happiness, of Col. Van Rensselaer and he again found there was "sunshine as well as clouds" around him, enjoyment as well as misery and much earthly bliss.

Albany Dec. 1, 1812.

If the Weather and the State of Colonel Van Rensselaer's health will permit an Address is intended to be delivered in Washington Hall on Monday evening next. The Committee will previously call on Cols. Van Rensselaer and Lovett.

To Cols. Solomon Van Rensselaer and John Lovett.

Gentlemen, The deep interest which your fellow Citizens have so generally manifested, with respect to your Services and Sufferings during the last Campaign, sufficiently indicates the exalted rank you hold in their estimation. Your brethren, the Members of the WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT SOCIETY,[1] participating largely in the public sensibility, and impelled by fraternal affection, and by the sincere respect and esteem they have ever entertained for you, beg leave to present you with this expression of their sentiments and feelings.

The members of this Society, have ever had the fullest Confidence in the prudence and discernment of Major Gen. Van Rensselaer. His appointing you Gentlemen to important and Confidential Stations near his person, afforded an additional proof that, that confidence was well founded, and it at the same time yielded them the highest gratification.

It is not intended to enter into an examination of the Question, or policy of the present War. There cannot exist in this place, it is presumed, any contrariety of opinion on these points. Your brethren cannot however refrain from expressing their Sympathy, for the mental anguish, you must have endured when you came to examine the "*attitude and armour*" in which the Country had been placed for the purpose of offensive War, when you came to have under your immediate observation (and to experience

[1] This was an organization opposed to the war.

the effects of) the Ignorance, the imbecility, the want of preparation and foresight, the distraction, the dishonesty, the Jealousy, and the low intrigues, of the Government, its Officers and Agents; and when you could not avoid anticipating the result, this state of things must necessarily produce; the sacrifice of lives and property and the disgrace of the Country.

The gallantry displayed by you, Colonel Van Rensselaer, in the Attack on Queenston, is the subject of public admiration and praise. It must have endeared you to such of your brother officers as are capable of duly appreciating this most noble trait in the Character of a Soldier; and in your present languishing condition, it constitutes at once the pride and the Solace of your friends.

In those who were previously acquainted with the pupil of the Intrepid Wayne, this act of bravery occasioned no suprise. They were persuaded, that he would be found at the post of danger and that he possessed the Spirit, and the Skill to render essential Service to his Country.

Your brethren cannot forbear to lament, that, that attack proved in the event, so disastrous to the Nation and to you; they however hope, that it may tend in some degree "*to revive the forgotten dignity of the American name.*"

The Wounds of a Soldier received in the Service of his Country, have ever been considered as presenting an almost irresistible claim to attention and respect. Two cases only are recollected in which this claim has been wholly disregarded. By the Mob at Baltimore, to whom the unfortunate Genl. Lingan opened his bosom, and they Stabbed him through the Scars of the Wounds he had received in fighting for the Liberty and Independence of America! By the Chief Magistrate of the State of New York, who formerly professed to be your personal friend, who is your fellow Townsman and Neighbor. He came to the place where you lay, helpless, covered with wounds, many hundred of miles from your family and your home. These wounds too were received in battle in the course of a War, for which he is a zealous advocate. He lodged beneath the same roof with you, a few inches only of lath and plaster separated you from each other, and he did not deign to speak to you, or to enquire into your situation, or even to direct his eyes towards you. And yet this man is generally reputed to be mild, humane, and affable. The appearence too of his State Coach, every Sabbath at the door of the house of Worship, is calculated to induce a belief that he is pious also. But the Vail is now rent asunder. His hypocrisy is manifest, and he appears in his true Character, destitute of every generous and manly feeling, Vengeful, Malignant, and Implacable.

Colonel Lovett,

From your acknowledged literary talents, independent mind, and experience in life, your brethren expected with confidence, that in every trying situation, and in the discharge of the most arduous and difficult duties, you would promote the good of the Service and advance your own reputation. They also looked to you in a great measure, to throw light on the transactions of the Campaign, or the State of the Army, and of the North western Frontier. Nor have they been disappointed in a single particular. Your conduct has been such, as fully to satisfy the highest expectations of your warmest friends. When it had become public that General Van Rensselaer had relinquished the command of the Army, it was supposed by some, (and your known attachment to your family rendered it probable)

that you would immediately return home. But the brave ever love each other; you chose to remain with your friend and Companion in Arms; nor did you attempt to pass the threshold of your own dwelling, until you had deposited the wounded Hero in the bosom of his family. It is impossible to avoid doing homage to a proceeding so truly noble and generous.

Finally, Gentlemen, your brethren assure you, that it is with the most sincere pleasure they now congratulate you, on your return to your respective families, and the comforts of domestic life, and that they again behold you in this Hall, in the midst of a Society, who hold in reverence the name and principles of our beloved WASHINGTON.

"O Washington! the brightness of thine example, and the superior lustre and dignity of thy character, are too far beyond the reach of imitation, to be ever the objects of envy. No man ever deserved so much of his country. No other man ever displayed such greatness and magnanimity of character, in divesting himself of power, in relinquishing the highest object of ambition, and retiring from the chief magistracy of a free people, to the state of a private Citizen."

CHAPTER XIII.

MAJOR JOHN LOVETT'S ELECTION TO THE 13TH CONGRESS.

J. Robinson to Col. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Buffalo Dec. 2nd 1812.

The result of the battle of Queenston was painful to all; but language is insufficient to paint the proceedings of Brig. Gen. Smyth's pretended attack upon Canada: his contemptible proclamations wounded the heart of every officer, who was a prisoner at Queenston; yet it was hoped that a great soul would do great things — what is the result. My God! Hulled! no. But as far superior in turpitude, baseness and cowardice, as Satan is to Michael the Arch-Angel in wickedness.

That pompous proclamation brought volunteers from every quarter; and on the 27th November ult. his forces were more than eight thousand men: and his boats would carry three thousand eight hundred men, besides eleven pieces of Artillery, with as many ammunition wagons and forty-eight horses: On the night of the same day, three hundred Sailors and regulars crossed the river, spiked all the British cannon, took thirty-one prisoners, and returned. The morning following Col. Wynder, with his regiment, crossed the river, and were repulsed by about three hundred British; by 12 o'clock all the boats were filled and passed up to the Rock, and nothing to obstruct their landing in Canada; but a six pounder which did them no injury, neither could bear on them longer, by means of our batteries. At the same time three sailors crossed the river, set two houses on fire, plundered a store, burned it, shot fowls, ducks, and pigs without

opposition from the enemy, who in attempting to approach were driven back by the well directed fire from our batteries; Notwithstanding the ardor of the troops to pass the river, they were ordered ashore (to disembark and dine!) and a *Flag* was sent to Canada!!

Yesterday at three o'clock A. M. the troops were again ordered to embark, the American Flag was raised, with everything ready for a descent, when — Lo! the Coward appeared — and — the remainder cannot be described, but, by the fallen countenances of the officers and the fury of the privates.

I, Sir, have been anxious, since your departure from this, to hear of your safe arrival in the bosom of your family; and that you have by this recovered of your wounds. Be assured Sir, that I feel much for your welfare. Lois Le Canteubx Esqr. presents his best respects to you.

I am Dear Sir, Your most obedient humble Servant,

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. JOSIAH ROBINSON.

"The scruples of the Pennsylvania brigade had been overcome, and they would have invaded Canada cheerfully under other auspices. But distrust of their leader, had demoralized the whole army. They had made so much noise in the embarkation that the startled enemy had sounded his alarm bugle and discharged signal-guns. Smyth called a council of the regular officers and soon an order was received, from the commanding general to General Porter, directing the whole army to debark and repair to quarters. This was accompanied by a declaration that the invasion of Canada was abandoned at present. The regulars were ordered into winter quarters, and the volunteers dismissed."

Dr. Chapin to Col. Van Rensselaer — A Duel.

Dear Sir, Buffalo Dec. 13, 1812.

This part of our country seems destined to be the theatre of events both strange and new. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that our two doughty Generals — Smyth and Porter, got into a boat yesterday with something like 20 men, and, with flying colors went over to Grand Island — burnt a charge of powder at each other, shook hands, and came "*back agen*," without staining the ground with even one drop of their precious blood. The challenge was given by Gen. Smyth, who finding that no "ungathered laurels" were to be plucked on the Canadian shore this winter, even condescended to seek them on a little Island, the claim to which is in dispute between the two governments. The combatants were to have met between the hours of eleven and one; but it seems they were not willing or ready to quit this world, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when they met. The cause of this truly important and warlike movement, appeared in the Buffalo Gazette of last week; I mean, Porter's letter to the Editors, in which he directly calls Smyth a coward, and indirectly a liar. The conqueror of Canada, at first, took this in high dudgeon; but one shot from his antagonist, that just whistled over his head, completely satisfied him "that Gen. Porter was a man of honor, and had doubtless labored under some mistake, or misrepresentation, when he wrote the offensive paragraph."

Captain Fitzgerald, of the 49th Regt. was over on Saturday after Gen. Smyth had taken Canada by his white flag, and told a number of our officers, who were collected round him, that the United States would never conquer Canada until some of their old Generals rose from their graves

But when he hears how Gen. Smyth has the courage to be shot at, he will, no doubt, consider the situation of Canada as desperate. I remain dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and hble. Servant

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer Albany. CYRENIUS CHAPIN

"General Porter openly attributed the abandonment of the invasion of Canada to the cowardice of Smyth. A bitter quarrel ensued, and soon resulted in a challenge by the general in chief for his second in command to test the courage of both by a duel. In direct violation of the Articles of War, these superior officers of the army, with friends, and seconds, and surgeons, put off in boats from the shore near Black Rock, in the presence of their troops, at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th of December, to meet each other in mortal combat on Grand Island. They exchanged shots at twelve paces distance. Nobody was hurt. The expected tragedy proved to be a solemn comedy. The affair took the usual ridiculous course. The seconds reconciled the belligerents, the hand of reconciliation was offered and received. Confidence in the military ability of Gen. Smyth was destroyed, and three months after he was disbanded."

In 1846, the *Albany Argus* published, "from the pen of a distinguished writer and author," an account of the battle of Queenston which was strangely inaccurate in many of its points; it roused the ire of the insulted old soldier, Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer — "whose manly eloquence, was characterized by the rare and admirable poise of his statements" as published in the same paper. The administration had seemed pitiless towards this victim of injustice, but he did full honor and manifested equity regarding the illustrious services, and the high character of other officers. "I am not ashamed to confess that I have some natural pride left in the part which I took in the affair of Queenstown — though the fire of ambition is now, at the age of threescore and ten, a little burned out of me; still I should hardly deem it necessary to say a word in reply to this article, were it not for the gross injustice which it does to others, two of whom, as gallant young men as ever trod a battle field, were of this city. I published in 1836, a Narrative of the Battle of Queenstown, fortified by official and other documents, and to that I confidently refer. It was drawn from me by an invidious publication made by General Armstrong, and the truth of its facts and positions has never been assailed, and cannot be gainsaid. I have no intention, at my time of life, of being drawn into a newspaper controversy on this subject. I rely on my narrative. Perhaps the public will be at no great loss to discover the *object* of the article in your paper, whatever may be thought of the *source* from which it emanates when this brief summing up of the narrative is read, namely: It is apparent that the successes of any importance at Queenstown, were achieved by the 13th infantry and a few drilled state's artillery, in all not exceeding 240 men, *commanded by Capt. Wool, now Gen. Wool.*"

Now, Mr. Editor, I am of opinion that this writer has done the distinguished soldier whom he has made the hero of his *romance* great injury. When histories come, I hope they will be something better worthy of the name than this *fancy sketch*. The proper exploits of Captain Wool at Queenstown, long and perfectly well known to the world, and perfectly appreciated, were sufficient of themselves for his fame and glory; and this effort to falsify history in his behalf, at the expense of others who had *some* share in that affair, is calculated, so far as it has any effect, to mystify the whole transaction, and throw doubt over the merit that really

belongs to him. This expedition and enterprise was under *my* command, and not under Capt. Wool's or any body else. I commanded the whole, not a detachment, and the whole were formed in order *on the beach*, not on the plateau; and by my order the troops charged up the bank; they were not allowed to load their pieces. The enemy gave way; on the plateau the engagement took place, and as of course, the 13th were on the right, they suffered most. But I have some reason for knowing that this fight took place under *my* command, and not under Capt. Wool's, and that I was not quite out of all danger during the engagement. At any rate the enemy hit me with six bullets in the course of the fight, one of which I carry now in my body, by way of a remembrancer.

The British party which had given us this brush retreated towards the village. But my men were still annoyed by some shots from the high grounds, and I ordered them to fall back under cover of a bank. I now found myself so much riddled that it seemed quite impossible that I should be able to lead the troops in person, to any further enterprise; and I naturally looked about for Lieut. Col. Christie, who was my second in command. He was not to be found. In fact, as is well known, he had retreated without touching the British shore. The search for him occupied some time, and of course created considerable delay, as I was naturally disinclined to entrust the command to very young, and very inexperienced hands. But there were no others near me, and finally there was no other alternative. Capt. Wool was the senior officer on the ground, and he received my orders. I myself arranged the order of the column for the ascent, and marked out its course — directing its movement to the left and by a point of rock, which would avoid exposure and bring it on the heights in the rear of the battery. I ordered Lt. John Gansevoort of the artillery, assisted by Lt. Randolph, at the head of forty picked artillery men; to lead the column, and I placed Major Lush, one of my aids, in the rear, with strict orders to put the first man to death who should fall back. In this order, when all was ready, the troops filed off before me, and it was not till they were fairly on their way, that my strength failed me, and I sank to the ground. During all the delay that had occurred, and the arrangements for storming the heights, I had not quitted my feet; (except when the troops were screened under the bank) and I had borrowed from Major Lush a great coat which I wore the whole time on purpose to conceal the extent and number of my wounds. Capt. Wool's *official* account of the matter to me, is in the Narrative, dated 23d Oct., 1812. "In pursuance of *your order*, we proceeded round the point, and ascended the rocks, which brought us partly in rear of the battery. *We took it without much resistance.*"

I must not omit to say that the very advantage which I had sought to secure, by giving the *artillerists* the position I had assigned them in this enterprise — that of turning the battery on the enemy as soon as taken — was lost by the spiking of the cannon. Let me not be supposed to entertain a disposition to detract from the high merits of any brave brother. Wherever Capt. Wool was engaged on that trying occasion, he acquitted himself like a brave soldier, and a gallant man, and as such I have spoken of him and others in my book. But while ample justice is accorded to him, let no pretended historian distort facts to the prejudice of others who were his companions and rivals in arms that day. Lush, Gansevoort, and Randolph were among the number — and more daring or more enduring men never faced a foe. It was the conspicuous gallantry of Randolph on

that occasion, that *attracted the attention* of the enemy, and excited the admiration of his brethren in arms. Let no slight or slur be put on the names and merits of such men. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Albany, Feb. 23, 1846.

Lieut. Randolph was a lieut. colonel of a regiment in the battle of Buena Vista in 1847 when a son of Henry Clay was slain in the combat.

Challenge from Peter B. Porter to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Messrs. Editors, Mount Hope, Jany., 1813

A publication in the Columbian of the 12th inst. has imposed upon me the task of making a statement of facts to the public, and I have to request a place for it in your columns.

The appeal of an individual to the solemn tribunal of public opinion is ever unpleasant, and to no one could such appeal be more irksome than to myself upon this occasion: To ask a *new* decision against a man already so overwhelmed with public execrations as is General PETER B. PORTER may seem unmerciful: but he has called me before the public, and in justice to *myself* (for he is unworthy the notice of any honorable man) I shall answer.

General Porter complains of the statement of an affair between him and myself lately *made* in the Northern Whig. That Statement was made without my knowledge or approbation, direct or indirect: and I am no more answerable for it than I am for the palpable falsehoods in the Columbian to which I have referred. It is true that upon a recent occasion I did declare to General Porter that I would, at a proper time, unmask him to the world; and at that time it was my intention so to do. But my aversion to paper warfare, which might implicate others; and a perfect knowledge that this same Peter B. Porter was a pitiful Scoundrel and coward unworthy of my notice, had induced me to pass, in Silence, by a wretch wallowing in disgrace.

To abuse any man wantonly, or to with-hold the merited reprobation of rascality is, to me, equally impossible. I did call Peter B. Porter a *Rascal;* and whether that epithet was justly, or unjustly bestowed, I submit to candid and honorable men of all parties to decide upon the following statement of facts. In stating facts I shall avoid, as far as possible, any disclosures unfavorable to the Service, or the unnecessary implication of names.

Soon after the Armistice was concluded [Aug. 21, 1812,] and the honor of the Nation, through the Commander of the Army, was pledged for the cessation of hostilities, and General Orders to that purport had been issued, General Van Rensselaer received a communication from Major General Hall that a British Sergeant and Six privates had been surprised and taken at Buckhorn Island (where they had been sometime stationed) by a detachment of Colonel Swift's Regiment. I was ordered to make inquiry as to this breach of faith and orders, and adopt measures instantly to restore the British sergeant and guard to the place from whence they had been taken. The duties of this day called me from Lewiston to Black Rock. I stopped at General Hall's quarters, near Niagara Falls; he proposed to accompany me; and, while he was getting ready, I stepped over to Judge Porter's, where I found Peter B. Porter, and inquired whether he knew who had given orders for attacking the British guard on Buckhorn Island? He told me he did not know; but said, application had been made to him for a boat for that purpose: that he had refused,

unless an order was obtained from General Van Rensselaer. I observed, that he knew perfectly well, that no such order would have been granted; and that had he said one discouraging word, the enterprise would never have been attempted. I reminded him, that by stipulations entered into between General Van Rensselaer and General Sheaffe, we had fortunately secured the navigation of Lake Ontario; that General Van Rensselaer had sent an express to Ogdensburgh to order up from thence to Sacketts Harbour a number of vessels to join Capt. Woolsey, with a view of enabling that gallant officer to get command of the Lake; that Colonel Fenwick was on his way from Oswego, with cannon and a large quantity of military stores for Niagara; that all this property was put in jeopardy; important arrangements might be defeated, and the campaign rendered abortive by this violation of faith pledged for the observance of the armistice; that if we violated it, the British might retaliate to our loss and sorrow.

I then returned to General Hall's quarters. We proceeded together to Black Rock, to which place (instead of Lewiston, which was much nearer) the British sergeant and guard had been sent. On our way we found, with mortification, that most of the small guards had been engaged in this disgraceful transaction. We arrived at Colonel Swift's quarters and dined. I asked him, by whose orders this attack had been made upon the British? He said he did not know; but it was by Lieutentant Hewett of his regiment, and the guard under his command. I told Colonel Swift, the British prisoners should be immediately returned to the Island whence they were taken. He observed, that he believed they did not wish to go back; and if sent, his men would be dissatisfied, and the prisoners would return back again, in this opinion Dr. Wilson, the friend of Peter B. Porter, joined. I told Colonel Swift that should the prisoners return to our shore, he must immediately send them, under guard, to Lewiston; and I explained to him the necessity of adopting this course. Colonel Swift and Doctor Wilson — his surgeon — walked out of the room; but soon returned, and reported to me, that the captured guard, excepting the sergeant, would not return alive. I observed to them, with some warmth, that dead or alive, they should all return, and ordered Colonel Swift, by command from Gen. Van Rensselaer, to return them, and sen ddown Lieutenant Hewett, the next day under arrest for trial. I then walked into the adjoining room and, to my surprise, found the prisoners in high spirits, dining at the same table from which we had just risen.

To this shameful affair there appeared, to my mind, disgusting evidence that Peter B. Porter and his friends were, to say the least, accessories. A palpable violation of the plighted faith of the Nation, or the sacrifice of an army must have appeared as incidents of minor consequence, to a man so eager for the prosecution of the War as to recommend to General Van Rensselaer, to pass over from Buffalo with a handful of men to Fort Erie, and march to the relief of Hull, *through a fine country, and good roads of about* 240 *miles;* with Brock and Proctor in front, and Sheaffe in our rear. Such a man, among a thousand other crafty hints, might even venture to submit to the consideration of General Van Rensselaer, the expediency of permitting one of his sloop captains, thrown out of employ upon Lake Erie, to pass over into Canada on *his parole as a prisoner of war*, although he might have been a staunch loyalist, and never in any shape made prisoner!

On my return from Black Rock to Lewiston, I rode part of the way in company with some of Porter's friends; our conversation naturally turned upon his conduct; some of the preceding and other subjects, not

necessary to be detailed, were discussed. I stated, that Porter had, upon every occasion, endeavored to throw all responsibility upon General Van Rensselaer, to perplex his movements and embarrass his command; that he had voted for the War; but now, instead of being the first man to shew his zeal in the cause, he neglected his duty as Quarter-master-General. That he was seldom in camp; neglected to furnish the necessary supplies for bringing the war to an honorable termination; that he cared not how long it might last, provided he could make his fortune by it. That he would not even furnish straw for the soldiers to lie upon — that hundreds of poor families had already been compelled to leave the frontiers, abandoning their little all. In short, a view of the calamities of the war, which this same Peter B(elligerent) Porter had exerted himself to bring on, wrought up my feelings possibly to an imprudent height, and I did say, that Peter B. Porter was a DAMNED SCOUNDREL.

A few days after this, Dr. Wilson came down from Black Rock to Lewiston with a note from Porter inquiring whether I had bestowed upon him the epithet which had been reported to him as above stated. I told him I had. After a pause, he asked me where he could find me half an hour afterwards. I told him, in my tent. He withdrew, and in a short time returned again and requested that I would send a friend to meet him at seven o'clock that evening, at Mr. Barton's, to make the necessary arrangements. I told him, that my friend —— would meet him at that time and place. Dr. Wilson then began to talk about my being in a passion, and an apology I told him I had no apology to make. The necessary arrangements were made, and a solemn pledge of secrecy given; but Porter immediately communicated the affair to his partner, Mr. Barton, who informed General Van Rensselaer thereof, and begged him to put a stop to it. General V. R. asked Mr. Barton from whom he obtained his information? He answered from Porter himself: adding that I had been in a passion, and that Porter's friends had urged him to the measure.

Agreeably to the arrangement entered into between Dr. Wilson and my friend, they were to meet the Saturday following, at twelve o'clock, at a house near Tonawanda, where Dr. W. promised to have a boat in readiness to pass over to Grand Island for the purpose of locating a particular spot. My friend arrived there sometime before Dr. Wilson; but found no boat. When the Doctor arrived he was pressed for the immediate dispatch of business; but Dr. W.— after some excuses for not having provided the boat, and objecting to going a mile down the river where there was a boat, asked my friend to go with him up into a chamber. They went up The expediency of postponing the meeting was submitted by Dr. Wilson to my friend for various considerations, which it is unnecessary to detail. The proposition was at first rejected; but at last my friend agreed to report the proposition to me and meet Dr. W. at the tavern near Niagara Falls, precisely at eight o'clock on the Monday morning following. It was also agreed that if any urgent call of professional duty should prevent Dr. Wilson from attending, that he would transmit a note at that time and place with the single word "*Deferred.*" That my friend, as I should instruct him, would then finally accept, reject or qualify the proposition: but in any event, should the proposition be rejected, the principals with their friends should meet on the island at the hour which had been previously agreed upon. My friend returned on Saturday evening and communicated to me the proposition. I charged him to be punctual in his

attendance at the hour and place on Monday morning; to reject the proposition, and take the necessary measures for deciding the affair at once.

On Sunday, before noon, Mr. Gray called on my friend at Lewiston with the following note from Gen. Porter.

Sir, Black Rock, Sept. 13, 1812.

I had no objection for the public reasons operating on both Sides to the principal arrangement being mutually entered into. But the very extraordinary and unexpected shape in which the business has been placed does not permit me to let it remain a moment on its *present* footing. General Gray is the gentleman whom I mentioned to you and is acquainted with every particular. To whatever arrangement he may make I shall strictly conform. Yours respectfully,

Mr.—— PETER B. PORTER.

This is incorrect, General Porter had never given my friend the least hint that Mr. Gray was to take part in this affair. He had indeed once submitted the proposition of "*exchanging his friend for one of more experience*," but this proposition was no sooner communicated to me, by my friend, than it was rejected, and at the same time I observed to my friend, that Porters only object was to give publicity to the affair. My friend after expressing his surprise at the violation of the promise of secrecy on the part of General Porter, stated to Mr. Gray the situation in which the affair was then placed by Dr. Wilson and himself; and that no deviation from that course would be acceded to. That the proceeding on the part of General Porter was so extraordinary that no attention would be paid to his note, nor Mr. Gray in any shape recognized.

Mr. Gray, after contending that General Porter's note vested him with full power to annul the whole arrangement which had been previously entered into, and declaring General Porter's intention not to comply with it, departed.

On Monday morning, before eight oclock, my friend was at the house appointed near Niagara falls and continued there for more than an hour; *but Dr. Wilson did not appear, nor did he send any communication whatever!* My friend then returned to the camp at Lewiston and reported to me the final result of the affair. While I was expressing myself with some warmth at the rascality of Porter, General Van Rensselaer came up, and with some pleasantry rallied me and my friend, saying that this was a pretty affair, indeed. That he had been obliged for some days to keep a watchful eye over us; for that he had been made acquainted with the affair by one of Porter's confidential friends from the first; and had we attempted to leave the camp together he would have arrested us both; and would still do it, if any further attempt of the kind should be made, and that he would immediately write Porter to that effect and treat him in the same manner. I then declared, that I should horsewhip the scoundrel for disclosing the affair, which gave rise to General Van Rensselaer's positive orders, to me, to drop the matter; his letter to Porter of the 14th September, which contained similar orders, was delivered the same day. Finding that I had been trifled with by Porter, and that a compliance with his demand of satisfaction, on my part, was rendered impracticable by repeated and pitiful evasions on his, I addressed the following letter to him which was delivered the same day by an officer of the U. S. Army, to which no answer was ever made.

Col: Van Rensselaer to Gen. Porter.

Sir, Lewiston 10 o'clock A. M. Sept. 14, 1812.

In consequence of your message to me, several interviews were had between our friends; it was at length agreed between them, that they should meet at the first house above the Tonawanda bridge, and proceed from thence to Grand Island to select a spot for our meeting. On their arrival at that place on Saturday, propositions to postpone the meeting were made on the part of your friend which could not be acceded to by mine without consulting me, and with that view they were to meet this morning, at 8 o'clock, at the Falls of Niagara. At this place, my friend punctually attended, and now reports, that neither your friend, or any apology appeared. This very extraordinary conduct on your part, together with the fact of your having disclosed the affair [in violation of the most solemn pledge of secrecy, and which has been most religiously adhered to on my part and that of my friend] to two or three persons besides your friend, and the information I have just received, that Gen. Van Rensselaer was made acquainted with it, and in consequence of which, he has kept a watchful eye on all my actions — shews conclusively that you have trifled with me, and that it never was your intention to meet me. And I now declare, that if you do not make me a suitable apology, I shall, at a proper time publish you to the world as a *Poltroon*, a *Coward* and a Scoundrel ! ! I am &c.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Peter B. Porter, Esq., Q Master Gen. M. S. N. Y.

In this state of things my friend wrote to Dr. Wilson the following note:

Sir, Lewiston 11 Oclock A. M. Sept. 14, 1812.

Agreeably to the arrangement entered into with you at Tonawanda on Saturday, I attended punctually at eight o'clock this morning and remained until nine, at the tavern opposite General Hall's late quarters, near Niagara falls, to meet you or receive the note you proposed: But having been disappointed in both, I have reported the fact to Colonel Van Rensselaer: and I now deem it my duty to apprise you of the course he has adopted thereupon. This you will fully learn from his letter to General Porter, a copy of which I will furnish you if required. I am &c. &c.

Doctor Wilson.

About the same time General Van Rensselaer wrote to Porter a letter of the purport above stated; and the three letters, were delivered by the same hand.

Dr. Wilson acknowledged the receipt of my friend's letter, and General Porter the receipt of Gen. Van Rensselaer's letter, but I received no apswer from Porter.

Dr. Wilson to Major Lovett.

Sir, Black Rock Sept. 16, 1812.

I received your note at Tonawanda on Monday 4 oclock. The Official notice given you by Gen. Gray on the 10th, closed my duties, and rendered the proposed meeting unnecessary. I am, Sir, your h'ble servt,

Major John Lovett. NATH[L] WILSON.

Major Lovett's Statement.

"In the National Intelligencer of the 17th instant, I have seen Genl. Porters statement of the late affair between him and Col. Van Rensselaer: It is so grossly incorrect that strong reluctance must yield to that just demand which my friend has a right to make for a true history of facts. Such I shall give, uninfluenced by my private opinion of the parties, which, probably is not very different from that of my fellow citizens in general :

At Lewiston on the 6th day of Sept. last, Col. Van Rensselaer came to my tent, and handed me a letter which he had just received from Gen. Porter said he supposed there must be *a little private fighting* done — wished me to make the arrangements soon as possible, and went away. The letter was long — a hotchpot of respect, friendship, and hostility. The complaint in it was, that Col. V. R. had called Gen. Porter a "*d — d rascal.*"

Soon after I had read the letter, Col. V. R. came and handed me the following note :

Dear Sir, Lewiston, 6th September 1812

I hand you a letter just delivered to me by Doct. Wilson from Quarter Master General Porter. You will readily perceive its object. *I used* the epithet charged, I did declare that he had been the means of bringing the inhabitants on the frontier into difficulty and then neglected his duty, by not furnishing the necessary supplies to carry on the War ; and have agreed that a friend should meet Doct. Wilson at Judge Bartons at Seven this Evening. I have to request you will do me the favor to meet Doct. Wilson, punctually, at the time and place appointed, and act as exigencies may require. I am, very respectfully your friend, &c.

John Lovett, Esq. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER,

In the forenoon of the 7th, after General Van Rensselaer and Col. V. R. had left the camp for Fort Niagara, Mr. Barton called on me in camp, and said Gen. Porter was at his house and wished to see me. I went. He said he had ever entertained a high respect for Col. V. R. — never had any misunderstanding with him before, and much regretted it now. Dr. Wilson asked me if I did not think that he and I, *by acting a magnanimous part could preserve two valuable men for the Service!* I told him the object of our meeting was single and definite : that I had no authority but to locate the place of meeting. From Tonawanda returned to camp and reported to Col. V. R. the proposition for postponement. He instantly rejected it saying, "all the fellow wanted was to *paddle off.*"

[Mr. Lovett's statement, which is quite lengthy, coincides in every particular with Colonel Van Rensselaer's.] In conclusion he says "The foregoing statement is tested by very full notes taken at the time. To those who are acquainted with Colonel Van Rensselaer, it may appear superfluous to add, that through the whole affair, his conduct perfectly comported with the character he has ever sustained, was such as might be expected from a gentleman —a man of honor — the Soldier.

Albany, 28th Feb. 1813. JOHN LOVETT.

"The Soldier's friend."

Sir, Albany March 10, 1813.

It has been asserted by an anonymous correspondent, through the medium of my paper, that while the brave but unfortunate Col. Van Rens-

selaer lay covered with wounds at a public house at Buffalo, His Excellency Gov. Tompkins stopped at the same house for several days: and that although he knew Col. Van Rensselaer to be in the house, and his life endangered by his wounds, received in the gallant affair of Queenstown, yet his Excellency, whose partisans represent him as "the Soldier's friend" left the house without expressing a wish to see the Colonel, or making even the slightest enquiry after his health.

That conduct so cold and unfeeling on the part of the Commander in Chief of the Militia should be discredited on anonymous testimony, is as honorable as it is natural to a brave and a generous people, and I was not therefore surprised to learn, that many of my readers disbelieved or doubted the statement of my correspondent. As to myself, I had no doubts, because the affair, as represented, comported with what my own experience had brought me of His Excellency's character, both as a man and a Magistrate. It is my wish, however, and indeed I owe it to the public as an editorial duty, to place this affair in a true light, and having understood that you was the constant companion of Col. Van Rensselaer while he remained at Buffalo and can satisfy any doubts that may exist on the subject of this communication, I take the liberty of appealing to you for a correct statement.

A speedy answer will much oblige Sir, Yours very respectfully,

John Lovett, Esq. S. SOUTHWICK.

Major Lovett to Solomon Southwick.

Sir, Albany, March 10, 1813.

This morning I received your note requesting from me, information relative to the conduct of Governor Tompkins towards Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer while he lay wounded at Buffalo. I will very briefly state to you, Sir, what *I know*, and what I have *understood*. Such was the severity of Col. Van Rensselaer's wounds, that I could not move him in any carriage. On the 18th of Oct. part of Major Mosely's Rifle battalion generously offered to carry him on their shoulders, wherever he wished to go, if to Albany. He wished to go to Buffalo. Those generous soldiers, under the command of Ensign Grosvenor, carried him to Schlosser; there they got a boat on the 19th and rowed him to Buffalo. We put up at Landens. Several days after Gov. Tompkins arrived there — put up at the same house. I dined three or four days at the same table with the Governor. He never made any enquiry of me respecting Col. Van Rensselaer's situation. I never saw him in our room, and Col. Van Rensselaer has often told me that the Governor never came near him, nor did he send any message to him.

I am Sir, very respectfully your obt. Servant.

Solomon Southwick, Esq. JOHN LOVETT.

Remarks.

"After reading the above correspondence, the public will be at no loss to determine with what degree of justice the partisans of his excellency Daniel D. Tompkins have styled him 'The Soldier's friend.'

"If there is a spectacle on earth calculated to excite the commiseration as well as the admiration of the generous and the brave, it is that of a hero nobly bleeding in his country's cause, and suffering the fortune of wounds received in avenging her wrongs, or defending her rights. And yet, from such a spectacle did the commander in chief of our militia,

while on a professional military tour, turn with averted eye, without offering a word of consolation, or the smallest aid of any kind, in alleviation of the brave man's sufferings. We are aware that the tools of Tyburn may suggest as an apology for his excellency's conduct, that Col. Van Rensselaer is a political opponent of his excellency. Be it so. But is a mere political difference of opinion to stifle the dictates of humanity, and render the commander in chief of an army callous to the sufferings of his brave, but unfortunate companions in arms? Humanity is the brightest gem in the character of a soldier, and in vain shall he who does not possess it lay claim to that exalted character. Had not our public councils been guided by a mean and narrow party spirit, *Col. Van Rensselaer* would have had the command of a regiment in the regular army of the United States. He was recommended for that situation, previous to the declaration of war, by several republicans who thought him qualified for and entitled to such command, but as we were then informed by a correspondent at Washington, his appointment was defeated by the petty tyrants of Tyburn hill, to whose remembrance of an old grudge may be attributed an interference, on that occasion, which deprived their country of the permanent military services of one of the bravest and most experienced officers that ever wielded a sword in her defense. Such is the narrow spirit of faction which is ever brooding over imaginary distinctions, or indulging the spirit of malignity, to the sacrifice of the best interests of community. How much superior to that of our self-styled republican rulers, was the conduct of the Emperor *Napoleon* on a similar occasion. He wanted an *engineer* and had fixed his eye upon a man well qualified for this purpose. But he had no sooner manifested his intention than some sycophants, like those that swarm about *Tyburn*, or dangle at the levees of Mr. Madison, admonished him not to appoint the man he had his eye upon, '*for your majesty*,' said the toad-eater, '*may rest assured that he is a jacobin.*' '*It is an* ENGINEER that I want,' replied *Bonaparte* coolly, and thus rebuked the impertinence and intolerance of the sycophant, while he secured for his army the services of a skillful and meritorious officer. Let our brave militia-men reflect, that if Governor *Tompkins* should be re-elected he will continue to be at least their nominal commander-in-chief. But as their suffrages will either elevate him once more to the pinnacle of executive power, or consign him to that private station, for which he is best fitted by nature, it behooves them to remember his treatment of Col. Van Rensselaer for the private soldier will seek in vain in his distresses for the sympathetic aid of the man who could thus coldly and inhumanly avoid the languid couch of the wounded officer. We have too much confidence in the generous feelings of our honest yeomanry to believe, that any suggestions of private pique or the detestable influence of party spirit, will be received by them as an apology for conduct, thus marked by every lineament, a feature of cold blooded cruelty. The testimony before them, is no longer that of rumor — it rests no longer upon the basis of anonymous authority. Mr. Lovett was the aid-de-camp of General Van Rensselaer, and the constant companion of his wounded friend and fellow-soldier. His testimony, therefore, is conclusive, it convicts the commander-in-chief of a dereliction of humanity, the brightest ornament of valor — it fixes the seal of delinquency upon his moral as well as official character — and it now remains for the ballot boxes to punish the delinquent."

Gen. Porter's compassion was of the same dye: "In his fiend, like wish (when he heard of my [Col. V. R.] being grievously wounded) 'that I might not survive my wounds,' did it emanate from an honorable man?"

Robert Macomb to Solomon Southwick.

Sir, March 22, 1813.

Observing that the conduct of Gov. Tompkins towards Col. Van Rensselaer, whilst at Buffalo, has become a subject of much animadversion in your paper, I feel myself compelled, by a sense of justice to submit to you the following statement of facts. Col. John W. Livingston and myself accompanied Gov. Tompkins, as Aids-de-Camp, on his late tour to the frontiers; and in this character we arrived at Buffalo. While there his Excellency manifested great anxiety for the brave men who had been wounded at Queenston, and for Col. Van Rensselaer among others, about whose situation he made inquiries of the officers, and particularly of Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer. Gov. Tompkins conceived that he could not with propriety, wait personally on Col. Van Rensselaer, without an invitation, as there was every reason to believe that a visit would be disagreeable to Col. Van Rensselaer; he having manifested much personal hostility to Gov. Tompkins on several occasions. And Gen. Van Rensselaer, and Mr. Lovett, who were perfectly aware of the delicate situation of Gov. Tompkins in this respect, did not invite him to see Col. Van Rensselaer. Gov. Tompkins, however, ordered Col. Livingston and myself to wait on Col. Van R.; and by his immediate order I took the liberty of asking Mr. Lovett, with whom I had no acquaintance whatever, whether I could be permitted to see Col. Van Rensselaer. Mr. Lovett fixed the time, when he was so good as to introduce me to Col. Van Rensselaer whom I had never seen. I passed part of the evening with him, and was happy to find him in all respects convalescent. Col. Livingston was also ordered to call on Col. Van Rensselaer.

As the strictures which have been made on this subject, may have a tendency to impute to Gov. Tompkins an unfeeling neglect of our gallant Countryman who suffered at Queenstown, it may be well to remark (if the character of Gov. Tompkins need any vindication in this regard) that immediately after his arrival at Buffalo, he presented to the hospital department, for the use of the sick and wounded Militia, all his private stores whatever, consisting of tea, sugar, coffee, liquors, smoked meats, and a variety of groceries which had been transported for the use of himself and suite, and which could not be procured on the Niagara frontier. He did not retain a single article for himself.

I beg you, Sir, to publish this note in your paper.

Solomon Southwick, Esqr. ROBERT MACOMB.

The following letter from Col. V. R., to the editor of the *Albany Register*, needs no comment. It speaks for itself and will speak home, with irresistible effect, to every honest and independent heart.

Sir, Mount Hope, 24th March, 1813.

In compliance with your desire and to enable you to correct some errors in Col. Macomb's statement, which was published in the last Register, I give you the following detail.

The conduct of Governor Tompkins in not calling on me when I lay wounded in the same house where he was, when at Buffalo, became the

topic of general conversation between the Citizens and Officers at that place. Mr. John McComb (who so gallantly distinguished himself in assisting to cut out two British Sloops of War off Fort Erie) lodged in the same house, and shewed me much attention and friendship. He heard the observations made on this subject and I believe felt hurt that his relation, Col. Robert McComb, did not call upon me. He told me one afternoon that he would bring his Cousin Robert to see me if I had no objections. I replied that I had not any, accordingly they came in one evening, and remained a short time in my room. This visit was made the third or fourth day after the Governor's arrival, and I believe the very evening before he and Col. McComb left Buffalo for Albany. But I solemnly declare, that Col. McComb did not communicate to me any message from the Governor, nor did I receive one from him through any other channel whatever. And as for Col. Livingston, he never did call upon me, although he remained in the same house in which I was about a fortnight after the Governor had left it. While I am again very unwillingly drawn before the public, I deem it my duty to correct an error which many minds have been impressed with; by some it has been supposed, that I was the brother of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, by others his nephew, &c. But the truth is, that the relationship between us is very distant indeed, being that of third or fourth cousins only. My attachment to him therefore does not arise from this cause, but from an intimate knowledge of his Worth; he is amiable and brave, his feelings were ever alive to the sufferings of the inhabitants on the frontier; to the comforts of the troops, and to the honor of their arms. After the surrender of General Hull, when a retreat was proposed to him from high authority, this gallant man exclaimed with great indignation, "What! *shall I abandon the inhabitants to their fate? No, I will dispute every inch of ground and sooner die!*"

I am very respectfully,
Your Obt. Sevrt.

Solomon Southwick, Esqr. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

"Justice is precious in all things, but a man's range is very narrow, and that certainly could not be called economical justice, however commendable it may be otherwise, which rights the wrongs of one party — or of both the parties directly involved — through gross injustice to others. Often these very efforts are decidedly more exasperating than edifying to those who are suffering in prison. Alas for the many grievous errors and misrepresentations that come in ignoring or diminishing the happiness of others; without once realizing that while *promoting* the happiness of others we are best securing our own. This should be the *incentive* to right action, the noblest, the most heroic and self sacrificing, and then be drawn near enough together to banish opprobrious epithets, and to help each other in a friendly spirit."

"Albany, April 8, 1813. Last evening, about 7 o'clock as John Lovett, Esq., clerk, of the city and county of Albany, was leaving his office in the capitol, he was followed by the noted Peter B. Porter, who addressed him in a rude and ungentlemanlike manner, and assaulted him with a cane. Mr. Lovett, who is well known to be by no means deficient in manly spirit soon turned upon Porter, and with a small walking stick, which he usually carries, belabored him soundly.

"Darby Noon, a young Irishman, residing sometimes in this city who

had been noticed the greater part of the afternoon prowling about Mr. Lovett's office in company with Porter, was attending hard by, and no sooner saw poor Porter reeling and staggering under the well administered strokes of Mr. Lovett, than he ran up, and violently seizing the arm of the latter, declaring himself the friend of both, saved his friend Porter from a further chastisement which he richly merited."

The severe struggle in the country for political supremacy, had not yet ceased, but these days were memorable for the asperity and violence of political parties. Not satisfied with discussing the principles which divided the federal and democratic cliques, and the merits of the respective candidates, low personal abuse, and libelous writings were employed to vilify individuals. Mr. Lovett, however, was remarkable for calmness, when others were excited; his conversation was always marked by good sense, accompanied by a suavity of manner that made a favorable impression. His fracas with Porter was caused by the *statement*.

"Darby Noon was a native of Ireland, and a man of great personal worth. When Gen. Van Rensselaer received the news of General Hull's surrender, he employed Captain Darby Noon, the leader of a fine company of Albany volunteers, who were stationed at Niagara, on the important errand of going with information of the disaster, by express, to General Dearborn, the senior commander in the army, whose head quarters at that time were at Greenbush, opposite Albany, on the Hudson river. Captain Noon was a man of great energy, and he performed the service in an incredibly short space of time. He rode express all the way, changing his horses by impressing them when necessary, assuring the owners of remuneration from government. He neither slept on the way, nor tasted food excepting what he ate on horseback. When he arrived at Greenbush, he was so much exhausted that he had to be lifted from his horse, and he was compelled to remain in his bed several days. He raised and equipped this volunteer company at Albany, almost entirely at his own expense, and in 1813 was commissioned a major in the 41st regiment of New York State Militia. His wife was Caroline Broome, daughter of Lieutenant Governor Broome of New York. Major Noon survived the war only eight years, dying in September, 1823."

Mr. John Lovett had been elected a representative of the state of New York in the 13th congress, and soon after proceeded on to Washington. "In conformity to a law passed February 26, 1813, preceding the inauguration of Mr. Madison, the thirteenth congress assembled on May 24th, and Henry Clay was chosen speaker of the house."

Hon. John Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

Dear Sir. Philadelphia 18th May, 1813.

I arrived here last evening in good health and spirits, excepting the miserable bangings upon shoulders, head, hips and ribs received from the constant starboard and larboard lurches of the stage; a considerable part of the road is the worst I ever saw in a *Christian* land. The road is literally cut hub deep, and wagons innumerable passing and repassing from Trenton to New York with goods. I certainly speak within bounds, when saying that we yesterday passed more than 2000 Barrels of Flour on the way to New York. Every hut, blacksmith's shop, house, shed and hovel is filled with flour— 10, 20, 60, 100 Barrels in a place, and piled on the sides of the road, and many loads thrown down in the mire. Such are

facts, you may communicate them as such to our Wheat-holders, they may take these things into account in making up their calculations. Genl. Van Rensselaer is in the city, I shall try to find him this afternoon In the present awfully distracted condition of the affairs of our country, it would be worse than idle and vain for me, an unfledged politician, to risk any opinion as to the mighty events which will most probably be compressed into the next six months. As to the great question of Peace or War, Mr. Parish says the Administration can do *nothing else but make a Peace.*

Washington May 25, 1813.

The Papers will tell you all I can write of general news. All is calm as yet. We take our seats and look most siguificautly grave and dignisimously wise at one another. It will be idle for me to send you the Message, the Birds of the air will outfly the Mail. Yours &c. JOHN LOVETTT.

John Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

My dear Sir, Washington June 12th, 1813.

The House have held out so late, in an awful squabble upon the Election between Hungerford and Taliaferro of Virginia, that I have scarcely time to tell you, (after swallowing my green Beans whole,) that I am alive and well. In this horrid region of turmoil, I can give you nothing new more than what you see in the Papers. The Budget you have seen. Whether the People will quietly back it, is the great question. I think I can discover that the Majority doubt: doubt whether they shall *win the Saddle*, and ride, completely caparisoned to the d — l; or *loose their Horse*, and trudge the same journey, on foot: *home* they must go. This stride must, I think either *establish*, or *overthrow* their power. Poor, deluded America! All are looking to Congress for relief! Strange infatuation! Dont they know that we came together for the express purpose of *increasing* their burdens? Wretchedly loyal People: so long had they been governed by wisdom and integrity: so long had they been accustomed to look to the God of their Fathers, and to their Rulers for deliverance in times of deep distress, that the habit is rooted in their very souls — they cannot, they will not believe that the sceptre is transferred to the hands of knaves and fools. Like the affectionate Mother Bird, so attached to the Nest she had built with great toil, and where her darling treasure was lately deposited, that when robbed of all by some ruffian, she still abides by her nest; wailing, but in hope, that her loss may be restored, her grief assuaged and her joys rekindled. Idle hope; her moan is vain, she but wastes her strength for naught, and when feeble and emaciated, the ruffian who despoiled the heart's treasure will seize and cage her. But my heart swells. I forbear.

Presuming that *Johnny Cook* is dead, I only wish to know if his friends mean to give Scarfs?

An Express tells us, there are 27 of the Enemy's ships in the Chesapeake and mouth of the Potomac! We dont mind it, for one, I am prepared to fight *a little*, then *run* as usual. I will put this in, not to flatter you, but to do justice to the good heart of a true friend. At dinner on Sunday at T. Wallace's house, he introduced me to several Merchants from New York. Of Green Peas, and huge Cucumbers with young Potatoes I say nothing, for they are all the while before us. Our Desert was Strawberries as big as grape shot, and cream.

Tommy had got his Bottle of Madeira, in the cooler, slyly between his feet. He raised it up at proper time, and with triumphant hand, urged

me to take a glass, I declined, saying it will make me sleepy. "Never mind," says Tommy, "we'll drink one glass to *Alexander*." With this we all filled, (I understood him.) Our Toast was given — the Gentlemen made some observations pointed towards *Russia*. "No, no," says Tommy, "that's not the man I mean. I mean *Joseph* Alexander — my worthy friend at Albany," so we all drank YOURSELF. Now, Sir, as you have become the Toast at a public table in Washington, I advise you to marry as soon as possible, otherwise you may fare the same fate as Tommy says I must. He says I stand so unreasonably high in this country that I must fall. Give me my hearing, and a little time and I'll try to prevent it.

JOHN LOVETT.

June 17, *Hasty Sketch of Proceedings.*

Mr. Hopkins, from Ontario, presents the petition of Pomeroy of Buffalo, praying an enquiry into the conduct of the Troops who destroyed his property, and prays remuneration therefore. Mr. H., prays it may be referred to a Select Committee. Mr. Fisk, of New York, opposes the reference, and moves that the Petition lie on the table — saying that this House has no authority to enquire into "*Riots committed by Soldiers in the* DISCHARGE OF THEIR DUTY!"

M. Goldsborough.—Maty, advocates the Reference, and gives a humorous criticism upon Mr. Fisk. Mr. Comstock calls for reading of the Documents. Mr. Hopkins very ably and *eloquently* urges the reference upon sound and broad principles. Mr. Fisk perseveres in his opposition. One (whom I don't know) adverts to the Petition presented, last session, by the inhabitants of the Indian Territory, praying remuneration for destruction by Mounted Riflemen, *that* petition was refused — and the Report was in *favor of it*. Mr. Fisk having insinuated that Pomeroy produced the Riot by intemperate expressions respecting the war; upon this, Mr. Grosvenor animadverts with some severity. Motion that Petition lie on the table negatived. Riot motion for reference to Common *Claims* carried by small majority.

The business of the morning being disposed of, Mr. Webster's Resolutions are called up. Gen. Wright takes the floor. I hear his noise, but understand him not, nor do I think he understands himself. I have just been across the house, out of curiosity to hear Wright; and I can with great truth say, as the honest German did of the smell of the Polecat: "ven I vas kood vays off I smell'd em mighde sdrong: ten I comes up glose py em, and, py der divils kite, he sdankt so dat I coud zmell noding unter Cot's heavens." Wright having *blown out*, as Furnace men say, *Farrar* raises his quandom ministerial tone; but, forgetting that he has changed the *desk* for a *legislative floor*, he makes a little too free with Man's *Motives*. Mr. Speaker calls him to order! He concludes by motion for indefinite postponement. [Henry Clay was speaker.] Mr. *Oakley* — will not attempt to reply, to the observations of the Hon. Gentleman from Maryland, having understood that the Hon. gentleman has been considered as privileged to say many things to which no gentleman on this side the House is under any obligation to reply. I can assure you that this is a proud day on the floor for New York. Not a man on this floor has been listened to with more attention than Mr. Oakley; and Mr. Hopkins acquitted himself very handsomely.

More and more: Oakley has both *Heels* and *Bottom*, he is masterly. He is prompt, luminous, pointed. In the most shrewd and cunning

manner, he assails the President, yet in such cautious phraseology, that no old Foxes can check him. In discussing the question whether the Executive of the U. S. has been in the habit of brooking insult, Oakley, in the happiest manner reviews the scene with Jackson, he paints to us the fire and rage excited even by the "*suspicion of an* INSINUATION of an INSULT!" I confess, says Oakley, that it would give me heartfelt satisfaction, to see the Forehead of the French Government branded with a Falsehood. Oakley consumes one hour. And more glory to New York, *Grosvenor* takes the floor in style. I stand, says G., on the freehold of the Constitution. and so standing, I will speak plainly, but decorously, and from my stand, I will never be removed without one hard struggle. I find so much to admire in the comprehensive view which Grosvenor takes, that I note not particulars — he is as usual able, and elegant. The little *French Secretary* sits shrugging his shoulders while his Court is branded with every kind of epithet. Grosvenor occupies the floor for half an hour. It is hotter, in this house, than purgatory. I can no more, only say that it is now 3 P. M. — the Majority are sorely pressed. The Speaker has placed a substitute in the Chair and I suspect has been half an hour canvassing with the heads of his Squad how they can get out of this scrape with *least* disgrace; for disgraced, you may rest assured, they must be in the result of this discussion. Should we carry the Resolutions, they must cut — should they *strangle* them, the Nation *must* draw the inference. Democracy sees and dreads the daily increasing difficulties; it is visible in *our* house, and in the Senate there are serious divisions. The disasters which *I know* must happen on the Frontiers in this campaign must shake the Nation to the centre. Our expenditures are now $6,000,000, yes Six Million per month! Grosvenor closes near 4 P. M. Mr. Grundy says the question has taken a vast range and nine on both sides ought to have an opportunity to speak. Move is for adjournment — the question will occupy one, if not two days more. I am a little afraid Grosvenor has taken some grounds a little too high, and that he may, possibly, be assailed. As one of the Executors of Johnny Cook, you will tell our friends all I know. JOHN LOVETT.

Mr. Joseph Alexander.

One of Mr. Lovett's early friends "Mr. Herman Knickerbocker, author of the veracious history of New York, was another gentleman of the law — a lineal descendant of Dederick Knickerbocker; he was well known as 'the Prince of Schaghticoke.' When in 1812 he represented the county of Rensselaer in congress, it was quite natural that Mr. Madison, then president, should have inquired of one representing not only the county, but the Dutch dynasty, what was the difference between the Reformed Dutch church and Presbyterians? The reply could not have been improved by Dederick himself; as veracious as anything contained in the history of his venerable ancestor, he said: 'The one sang long metre, the other sang short metre.'" [1]

[1] Representatives of the state of New York in the 13th Congress: John Lefferts, Ebenezer Sage, Egbert Benson, Jotham Post, Jun., Peter De Noyelles, Thomas J. Oakley, Thomas P. Grosvenor, Jonathan Fisk, Abraham Hasbrouck, Samuel Sherwood, *John Lovett*, Hosea Moffitt; Oliver C. Comstock, Samuel M. Hopkins, Morris S. Miller, Daniel Avery, Nathaniel W. Howell, James Geddas, Moses Kent, Alexander Boyd, &c., &c.

Hon. John Lovett to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

My dear Colonel, Washington, June 22, 1813.

A thousand times you have exclaimed, "Why in the name of friendship, don't Lovett write me?" Ah! and *two* thousand times, Lovett says, "to day, I will write the Colonel." But, precisely what old Doctor Flavel said of his conduct in a shipwreck, any member of Congress might, with great propriety, say here: "We were all busy in doing *nothing*, and did, we knew not what." Again, I did not like to write you, until I could say something as to the *material point:* and, as to that, I assure you, there is such diversity of sentiment, as really embarrasses me. Mistake me not. *All* admit the merit, the claim, the justice, the talents: all are willing, and wish to serve; but most doubt as to *what* will really serve. Judge Benson says, "O yes, Sir — yes, yes, Sir — something must be done in that business: but, Lord, Sir, you see nothing can be done, Sir, this Session: not at all, Sir, that matter, Sir, must rest until the Winter Session, Sir, yes; nothing, now, Sir."

German says, "I hardly know what is best, we must consult 'round a little and see how matters are like to turn." I could have wished to see Mr. King [Rufus King] on the subject, for I can assure you he is, here, the very *Oracle* even with Democracy. I think they would be heartily glad to hustle poor Madison, [James Madison, President] and this scant-patterned old skeleton of a French Barber, Gerry [Elbridge Gerry, Vice President] off hand and make Mr. King factotum in all things. But unfortunately, I missed the General, in Philadelphia, and missed a single line to Mr. King, which I had intended to solicit. The plain truth is, that *Federalists* do not like to have you go into the Army: especially as they calculate, with moral certainty that the campaign is to close with defeat, and total disgrace. One thing has settled my mind as to the course I ought to pursue: it is asserted, upon high authority, that *Wilkinson* is soon to be here. Dearborn's blunders in this Campaign, particularly in suffering the little army at Fort George to escape, thereby laying the foundation for the capture of Gens. Winder and Chandler on June 6th, and leaving the way open for Proctor's Retreat, and junction with the army at the head of the Lake, create great heart burnings here: and you may rest assured I make the most of them — indeed some say, that my particular knowledge of the country enabled me to begin them. But you will instantly say, "what can *you* say on the subject?" Why, Sir, people here, love *Pork* so well that they eat *Pig-Yokes:* not a man, here, will dispute a Military opinion advanced by a soldier who has served *three months* under GENERAL VAN RENSSELAER and served as half a Second, in more than half a Duel with *Col. Van Rensselaer!* Zounds, Sir, this is thought *service*, complete *Military Education* at Washington. But, to the point, Wilkinson did make every effort for you, here, last spring: he did assure the Administration that there was not an Officer in the United States so competent, as yourself, to Command a Regiment of Dragoons. I shall wait Wilkinson's arrival, and although I despise the wretch, in my soul, will try to use him. You know that no *calculations* can be made as to the movements of "*the Powers that be:*" the whole play is Blunder upon Blunder; and who can tell where a blunderer will fall? But from present appearances, I think it very probable that Wilkinson will supersede Dearborn: I shall watch this movement: for if Wilkinson goes to the North, you will doubtless, I think, go with him: and you will

both : —— but I had better reserve my prophecy until I see you. At present, I will only quote the expressions of old Colonel Lewis, the St. Regis Chief[1] when last winter with us ; " *Crooked* war — *crooked* war — this is a DREADFUL CROOKED WAR ! "

Although *you* write me nothing, still I know your movements, on the 14th instant, in the morning, you and your Daughter left New London ; and what do think the fools here say you went for ? Why, to *fight* Admiral Hardy ! [of the British Squadron.] " Ah, ha ; " say they, " Hardy will have wit enough to keep off as long as Col. Van Rensselaer, Decatur, and Huntington are there with Continental Troops." On the whole, if you were not, constitutionally, just as you are, absolutely insatiable of military fame, I should most heartily advise you never again to step foot in the field of Mars ; for you must have great good fortune ever to get a single peg higher ; to say nothing of the chances of falling lower. I think any modest man ought to be satisfied with the place you hold in the Battle of Queenstown, as it is now exhibited in Boston. Do you know why they didn't put *me* in too ? Why, the poor stupid devils could find no Artist who knew how to represent a *Deaf* man ! Curse their stupidity : why, could not they have represented me as I sit in the House, here, with one hand behind my ear, with my neck twisted one way, and my eyes the other ? And, if that were not sufficiently intelligible, hang a *Label* upon my ear with a " this is the *Deaf* old Soldier." But, to be serious : I hear something better than I did, but almost despair of my right ear coming to ; at any rate, I would at a venture commute my left arm for it.

I can assure you, Sir, that could I lay aside the solicitude inseparably connected with the deplorable state of our country I should find my situation this summer very different from the last. I have located myself, by myself ; I mess with no one ; have an excellent cool chamber ; a never failing fountain of good water at the foot of the piazza stairs ; cold and warm baths only twenty rods off at the moderate rate of $5 for the Session. The furniture of my chamber was the British Minister Jacksons ; then used by Mr. Quincy and now mine. There are a number of Democrats who lodge under the same roof. I am sociable with, but we neither eat nor drink together. Among them is old Gen Tannehill and Col. Piper of the Pennsylvania Militia who were at Buffalo last fall ; they possess the highest esteem for Gen. Van Rensselaer, and wonder how he ever got along so well as he did. Indeed I have never heard the tongue of man speak of the General here, but with great respect. The other day, when Stephen's presentation to the Empress of France was announced, they came all cackling round me to ask if he was not the Son of the General V. R. General —— now of Pittsburgh, fomerly Quarter-Master of Wayne's Army, was lately here, and *charged* me to mention him to you. Let me hear from you.

Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, JOHN LOVETT.
Adjutant General, Albany.

John Lovett to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Washington, July 16, 1813.

I have this moment received your letter of the 11th instant. I have but a single minute to answer it, nor am I in writing mood — after we had been steeped in Tax Bills for five hours, the doors were closed and we were boiled and roasted three hours longer ; almost to suffocation ; and

[1] St. Regis was an Indian village on the ' Line 'attacked Oct. 1812.

the cursed old fashioned Militia popping of the Sentinels, through the night, deprived me of sleep. You know we had war all day yesterday in the District of Columbia: to day we have pretty peaceable times again. As to the main point *Wilkinson* is constantly expected here; and the voice of all here is that *he* must command at the North. I advocate it, provided that *Boyd* and *you* will serve under him. I can make a powerful party for this, should Wilkinson arrive before I leave this.

In a Democratic Paper published at Alexandria, to day, I saw from an English account, the character of *Brock* — comments on his glorious fall; and the *desperate valor of those who made the attack.* I can't, again, find the paper. I think we shall adjourn in ten days.

Don't you know that in the Panorama, at Boston, they have the Battle of Queenstown; and the full length Portrait of YOURSELF? Do you understand?

Stop — Slap: here comes closed doors again at 4 oclock. We shall all get thin at any rate, steeping 8 hours per day.

Yours ever, most truly,

Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer. JOHN LOVETT.

CHAPTER XIV.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

John Lovett to Joseph Alexander.

My dear Sir, Washington, July 17, 1813.

I shall write you but a line to day. We have for several *days* been bamboozled for 7 or 8 hours per day with closed doors &c. &c. And as many *nights* by the yells and popping of our undisciplined Patrols; this kind of life has thrown a number of us aback and myself among the rest. I am not *sick*, but so far from being *well*, that for the first time during the Session, I had to hire myself *hacked* to the Capitol. I shall be well in *two days*, probably in *one*. As to our alarm, it has not entirely subsided: the enemy's ships, five or six of them, lay about 70 miles below us — at anchor — wind ahead. I have always supposed that if an attack should be made upon this place, it would be from the vicinity of Annapolis. It is said the enemy are now, in considerable force in that neighborhood, I therefore think it rather probable that an attack is still intended, and that the two movements are in concert. Notwithstanding the Report of our Com. on Military Affairs, we are, here, almost as defenceless as Albany. A few hours will probably decide whether we shall *sit*, *run*, or *fight*. The enemy back of Fort George have lately driven in our Picket Guard, killed some, and took 40 or 50 men attempting to reinforce the guards. They have also crossed over to Black Rock and destroyed the stores we had there and done other mischief. The Post Master General, this morning relating these things exclaimed "*It does seem as if the very Devil is our luck!*"

The Chairman of the Com. on Naval Affairs has this morning introduced a Resolution to hold out strong encouragement to private armed ships : or stript of disguise, *to bore a hole through the Non importation Law, large enough to throw a little money* (enough to pay funeral charges) *in the hands of the Admin.* and, *the Monopoly into the hands of Ships Cousins.* And now we come to a Division on the adoption of the Resolution — Ayes 56 — Noes 52.

This Resolution embraces leave to bring in a Bill, and when it shall come in there will be kicking. We want *Peace*, or *War*, no mungrel state of *Hostile Commerce*, calculated at once to debase ourselves, and to answer, precisely, the object of Great Britain. I don't know but I deceive myself, but it appears to me this is going to open a hole to crawl out. Only advert to the practicability of an *understanding* between *Importers* and *Privateers* &c &c.

Ques : Is this the way to get Blankets and Coats for our Soldiers ? Good Moses ! if a man wants to learn about a *Dilemma* place him in a situation like the present. On a motion for the indefinite postponement of this Bill, *Grosvenor* rises again, and you may rest assured that by a peculiar species of candor, facetiousness and accommodation : a sort of indescribable mixture of tenderness and severity ; of nettles and cookies ; daggers and balsam he is heard with great attention, and if *any body* could be regarded *he* would gain headway. 18*th.* Although I verily believe there is not upon the face of the earth a nation which would feel less solicitude at the jeopardy of their Capitol than the U. S., still as I cannot be sure that you all feel a *perfect* indifference, I endeavor to keep you apprised of the wag of the war. As yet the Capitol is standing, and Congress are neither killed nor taken ; but many, I may say a disgraceful number are missing. I have all along said, if the enemy meant to attack this place at all, it would be from the vicinity of Annapolis, and that the *sounding*, and bouying the Potomac was a preparatory measure for securing their Retreat by that route should it be necessary. Now, Sir, the enemy are all *out* of the Potomac. Possibly before I close this letter, at evening, we may hear more on this subject. If the Dogs are coming at all, I hope it may be before adjournment, that we may at least get the honor of a peep at them. We shall probably adjourn the 2nd. of August. I think present appearances, in the movements of the enemy, rather warrant the conclusion, that they mean to harrass, weaken and wear down, rather than risk much in bold and hazzardous dashes ; they will try to tucker out the *Antient Dominion.* I understand they have an excellent Rendezvous at the mouth of the Potomac, on an Island, where they have plenty of Beeves, Sheep &c. All accounts agree that they are recruiting rapidly from the Plantations ; the Negroes desert in droves, and are kindly received, put in companies, uniform, armed and all. Possibly they will, by and by, be able to march a Regiment through some sections of the country collecting more Volunteers. At any rate there begins to be loud howling on this subject. You have seen Coleman's comments upon the present state of New London. I was going to say there is a *deep game* playing on this subject. But I have almost done imputing to the Heads of Departments any thing like *deep game*, scheme, or plot. Every day their movements convince me, more and more, that (excepting some plan and concert as to the preservation of their Popularity) all is blunder upon blunder ; the blind result of sheer ignorance, stupidity and total incapacity.

Now I will tell you what *I know* as to the arrangements at New London. On the 11th inst. Gen. Huntington arrived here with instructions from Gen. Smith to enter into certain arrangements with the Secretary at War, as to the future defense of New London and the Squadron. On the morning of the 12th, he called upon the Sec. of War, to know *when* the subject would be taken up. 9 oclock, on the morning of the 13th was agreed upon. Gen. Huntington with Messrs Dana and Dagget of the Senate, attended. Payment to the State of Connecticut for the Expedition was pretty readily acceded to — the Pay-master was to be immediately sent on, and the Commissary, and Quarter Master's accounts to be adjusted &c.

The proposition from Gen. Smith was to land the crews of the Squadrons; post part of them at the forts, and part on the high grounds back of the Squadron, and *dismiss part of the Militia, retaining part still in service.* The Sec. of War would not do this without consulting the Sec. of the Navy — he was called in; but did not choose to decide the matter until he could advise with Com. Decatur. And so the Council broke up; and on the morning of the 14th, Gen. Huntington left this for New York and Poughkeepsie, from there to cross over to Sharon, and report to Gen. Smith. Now you find that on the 1*st of this month*, the Sec. of War had ordered the commanding officer at New London to *dismiss all the Militia;* and that, too, while the State of Connecticut was actually drafting a new Detachment to relieve the old. I have been the more particular on this subject that you may be prepared to vindicate the conduct of Conn. and place the blame where it ought to fall, should any disaster befal the squadron, as present appearances warrant apprehensions. Conn. don't mean to defend the Navy without money that's the business. I believe there is no doubt of the affair at Fort George and Black Rock; old Varnum has got a squally letter from his son at Niagara, but he will tell none of us the particulars.

2. P. M. — *Trouble, trouble, trouble* again. Here comes a foaming Express! the enemy's fleet, strongly reinforced, "48 Sail are standing up the Potomac with a fair wind!" The President and Secretary of War [Gen. Armstrong] both wrote answers — and away went the return Express, full speed; And to enhance the terror, the natural world seemed to lend its aid to the military; for we were in the midst of a tremendous thunder gust. I said, "I mean to keep cool at least until I can *see* the enemy; and then I will promise one of three things; *to fight; run;* or adopt Sancho's creed, and *take care of my wallet.*" I think the latter corps will get the most Volunteers from Congress. To show how well we manage every thing, we need only observe movements; an excellent Company of Richmond Volunteers marched by, an hour ago, on their way to SACKETTS HARBOR. There may be a squally night ahead — but thank heavens, not worse than I have seen and much less responsibility.

Yours ever truly

Mr. Joseph Alexander, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

John Lovett to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Colonel, Washington July 27, 1813.

I hope you will do me the justice to recollect that I am literally buried up in correspondence and other duties. We may adjourn within a week. It is my determination to wait here until *Wilkinson* arrives; which will probably be by the 10th August — it may be before. It is time, both on account

of your years, interest, inclination, and every thing, to have the matter settled whether you shall be restored to the Army, or confine all your future views and arrangements to civil life. Vibrating between the two, has long injured you essentially, and will continue to injure you until settled. You may think me rash to attempt this affair alone, but after all is said and done, *I am the only one who knows you, and that insatiable thirst for Military Fame with which Nature has blest, or curst,* (call it as you please) *you.* What may be the influence of Tompkins, Spencer, and Jenkins here, I know not; I shall try it.

You will notice in the Intelligencer of yesterday, Gales animadversions upon the conduct of the Democrats in the Senate, relative to Gallatin — this is a fire brand — they call Gales a d — d little mischief making "*Englishman.*" "Tha's na look about the oose," to day. Nelson and Eppes are by the ears — Nelson, as Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, has brought in a Bill for remitting duties on goods taken by "Private Armed Vessels." He thunders, and stamps, and slaps his desk, and tells us the "*spirit of Privateering is paralyzed, and never will rise without* GREAT *encouragement.*" Now, all this is admitted. Alarm has blown over; our troops returned from below to day. We have passed the Bill authorizing another Loan of $7,500,000. As this bill sailed thro' the house it was raked fore and aft, until hardly a Democrat would stay at his quarters. Pitkin entered, at length, into the situation of our Finances. The awful tale made long faces. The poor, poor, poor devils do not know what to do. When pressed on every side with damning truths, the usual expedient is for some Bawler to rise, strain his eyes open, slap his desk, and in distracted Screams to appeal to us all to know if we will give up our rights — surrender our Independence, and become eternal slaves to Britain? I think they will adopt the sentiment in Armstrong's toast: "*Sink the Ship rather than give it up.*" Wilkinson will command the Northern Army.

Chapin, I see, has made his escape with his company, *he* may tell us some truths. On a number of pretty important party questions lately decided, *Taylor*, *Hasbrook* and *Comstock*, of our State — *Durell*, a fine spunky little fellow from Kentucky — *Calhoun* and some of their cyphers voted with us — nay they *fought* their brethren Black Snake and Crow. In one very important instance (no matter what or when) the Committee of Foreign Relations reported in the *very teeth of a Recommendation of the President!* This was the d — l. Mr Speaker stared — expressed his astonishment. So servile are the Majority, that the little booby at the palace, is as much a despot as the Dey of Algiers. Our House have this day *agreed* to the amendment proposed by the Senate to the Direct Tax bill as respects the City of New York; the Senate took off about $70,000 from the City and divided it among the counties. I think it will remain as it is,— *on* New York: alias on *De Witt Clinton.* The News, confirmed, from Europe, relative to *Armistice*, you doubtless have.

July 27th.

"And all is hush,
"Save the dull roar, which previous to the storm,
"Rolls o'er the earth, disturbs the flood, and shakes
"The forest leaf without a single breath."

So the sweet Bard, Thompson, sung of the *Natural* world: and so the *Supaan-ful bard* would this morning sing of the *Military* and *Political* world. Nothing stirring. The Senate sat all day yesterday with closed doors — we are every moment expecting to hear from them.

Now let's you and I, old soldiers, talk war a little. You know (for I take it you know every thing which I do, and a great deal more.) Here comes a Dash! go on — go on — go on — and borrow money — $16,000,000, $7,500,000 — and as much more as you please, and the "*Ships Cousins*" will take a liberal Toll of every grist. Here comes a Bill making appropriation for the *Outfit* of our Minister to Russia; and among the rest; "ho: began, Monsieur *Thompson* come again!" About the year '98 *John Q. Adams* was sent to Berlin — an *Outfit* of $9000: then to Russia, an *Outfit* of $9000; and now, while the same *Scamp J. Q. A.* is naturally I*nfitted* at Russia at a salary of $9000 per annum, he must have an OUT*fit* of $9000 more! While this same Brat was *Charge de Affairs* at Holland he had a *semi out fit* of $4,500. President Washington appointed him as Minister to *Lisbon:* his father, *Old John*, came into power, and changed the destination of his son; he sent him to Berlin — his other *half* of the outfit was then added, to wit, $4,500 more, and this same *J. Q. A.*, expressed his entire satisfaction therewith, and this good old *Timothy* swears. When Mr. Thomas Pinckney was sent, after Jay's Treaty, to Spain, to adjust with the Spaniards the Navigation of the Mississippi and Deposit at New Orleans, then he had an *additional salary*, but no outfit. The Constitution speaks of outfit to a Minister *going from* the U. S. When, in 1795, it became necessary for us to have a Minister in England to exchange the Treaty then lately negotiated, President Washington ordered *Old John Adams* from the Hague to London for the purpose aforesaid. Money was then placed in the hands of a Banker to pay *Old John's* EXPENSES; but no OUTFIT. After being beat and banged all round by the few stiff barked Feds who remain, the Bill passes to allow Adams $4500, for just a great O. Thank Heaven, the House adjourns, and no news from the Senate! every day counts.

This afternoon, *Nelson*, otherwise called *Æolus* moved a Resolution for the appointment of a Committee to report the Honors to be conferred on the Memory of the Heroes, who laid down their lives for their country, and Provision to be made for their Families. But as we had previously voted all our money away to buy Furniture for Mrs. Madison, and gew gaws for *J. Q. A.*, we let Nelsons Resolution *lie on the* TABLE.

Hear ye — hear ye — hear ye!

All grades of Heroes who *wish to lay down their lives* for their country in this righteous and honorable war, are desired to repair immediately to the Standard of their Country and repeat the creed of the noble Scotch Laird *Lovat* "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;*" then back their creed by death, and they shall share the same fate with LAWRENCE and Pike.

My dear Colonel, Washington August 2, 1813.

We adjourn to day — every thing is in such buzz that I can write you nothing of general concerns, indeed we have nothing new. Let me, however, tell you and our friends a great truth in a very few words. I know you will only say Lovett is always too ardent, and credulous; but my life for it you will find me correct. Never have the weights been so rapidly shifted from the *bad* to the *good* scale as within the last week. While *Executive Omnipotence* could hurl the bolts of destruction to any man who dared resist, men dared not speak, or vote their opinions. But now, since the *Embargo Law* ["Which prohibited the sailing of any vessel for any

foreign port; except foreign vessels, with such cargoes as they had on board when notified of the act, was speedily followed by a supplement prohibiting exportations by land, whether of goods or specie"] has been killed, and the cursed substitute, *Non Exportation Act* strangled, in *our house*, Democrats do *talk* and *act* like men I assure you. Not another act for *Commercial Restriction* can be carried. The Bow has been overstrained, and mark me, will never carry again. *Duvall*, of Kentucky, one of the noblest fellows they have, and Bibbs the Senator, agreed that it would not do to oppose Commerce any longer, and say that *now*, nine-tenths of the Western and Southern People will vote Navy and Commerce. General Wilkinson arrived here in the night of the 31st. On the morning of the 1st (yesterday) I addressed him a note, getting no answer, I this morning addressed another note to him, I received the answer inclosed. ["Genl. Wilkinson will have the Honor to wait on Mr. Lovett in one Hour, or perhaps half an hour. 8 oclock, Monday Morning."]

To show myself very gracious, instead of waiting *his* call, *I* called at his lodgings: met him at the door, on his way to my lodgings. He was, in a moment all gaiety, debonair, and polite, though pressed with company, he excused himself and took me to a private room. He would hardly permit me to introduce you to him; saying that I must permit him to say, he knew Colonel Van Rensselaer better than any other man. Particulars are needless; suffice it to say, he is head, heart and hand, most devotedly yours. He is making up his mind as to taking command of the Northern Army, considers the responsibility infinite, that he must conquer or die; lose all his fame, or acquire more; that he will not undertake until he can be assured of the *means* to be put into his hands. He says thus, "If I am to assume that command I must have 1000 fine fellows mounted, with Muskets, and commanded by just such an Officer as *Solomon Van Rensselaer.*" I hinted *softly*, at some reasons why the administration had not called you to the field; and expressed the sense you entertained of the General's regard for you while your pretensions were under consideration. He said he would avail himself of an early opportunity to inform me of the reason *why* you were not appointed. Mutual engagements parted us, he will call on me this evening. Now keep yourself cool, don't expect *any thing*, then all that's gotten will be clear gain. I regret that Wilkinson had not been here a day or two sooner, that we might have so modified the laws we have been passing authorizing more force, as to have embraced such a Corps as he contemplates; but I believe we have an act that will substantially embrace it, with less stretching than is customary in these days. At any rate I have now got the subject fairly in hand, and I will not quit it until I have seen a fair trial of the influence of your friends, against that of Tyburn. I told you I would try it, and tried it shall be. As I may stay here yet several days, I leave it to you to explain the reason as far as you may think proper. It is impossible to write — all is bustle. You and I have been often disappointed that once more, will be but *once more*, therefore keep quiet till you hear from me again — Interim.

Truly Yours,

Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Mount Hope, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

General Wilkinson while in command at New Orleans had received a letter from the Secretary of War, John Armstrong — to proceed with the least possible delay, to the head quarters of Major General Dearborn. These are now at Sackett's Harbour, on Lake Ontario, Gen. W. says, I

obeyed the order with complacency, and did not waste a moment in my preparation, to take a long farewell.

Gov. Tompkins to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Albany Sept. 3, 1813.

The Adjutant General is requested to Sign the Commissions and General Orders organizing the Detachment required by General Orders of 31st July. If the return for promotions in the Chenango Brigade (Genl. German's) are in his possession, the Commander in Chief wishes to see them or to be informed whether Col. Balcom of that Brigade has resigned?

Solomon V. Rensselaer, Esq., Adjutant General.

"Every history has one quality in common with eternity. Begin where you will, there is always a beginning back of the beginning. And, for that matter, there is always a shadowy ending beyond the ending. Only because men may not always begin, like our Knickerbocker, at the foundation of the world, is it that they get courage to break somewhere into the interlaced web of human histories, of hopes and fears, of successes and disappointments, of gettings and havings and spendings and losings. Yet, break in where they may, there is always just a little behind the beginning, something that needs to be told."

And thus it was after the re-election of Governor Tompkins, for the nobly re-instated Solomon Van Rensselaer in his old office of adjutant general, being as he well knew an honest man of elevated and untarnished character, and never did any odium fall on the whole State by reason of his personal misdoings.

I have preferred, dear Hattie, in compiling the narrative of the war of Queenston, to give almost exclusively my honored father's own words, as every line written by him is precious to his children; they could not be improved. These truths were like "household words." I could scarcely have recounted it differently; they cannot be contravened, for we have all the requisite papers and letters in our possession to establish every word he uttered. He entered the army at an early age, bearing himself, as we are proud to know, in a manner worthy of his country and ancient lineage. In the last brilliant charge at the Miami, in 1794, he contributed something to the success of our arms, and won for himself, the entire confidence and esteem of his military brethren. His conduct in the war of 1812, and the services which he rendered at that important and critical period in the memorable contest, are written in the history of the republic; his abilities as a military leader, and his courage as a soldier alike bore the scrutiny and secured for him the admiration of his countrymen. He retired from the service, disabled for labor; and the seven wounds he bore charactered on his person while they told of the dangers through which he had passed in the service of his country, made sure also his incapacity for the active business of life; crippled his resources and left him a poor man in his declining years. The filial devotion of a daughter, that prompts this labor of love in portraying, even in this cursory manner, the record of the brilliant military and civil services of one so eminently distinguished, as Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, requires no apology.

"His military deeds, which he promptly and satisfactorily executed are part of the imperishable authentic register of the country he loved so well, served so long and defended so heroically." Those who knew him best, loved him most, for those noble qualities of head and heart, which conspic-

uously marked him in all his domestic relations: to his children, he was endeared by all the holiest and strongest affections of the human heart; his estimable private character and his worth as a man, they knew and appreciated. Our heroic Father's name stands second to none in self sacrificing true patriotism; and in noble daring deeds, which gave additional lustre to the renown and glory of our Arms; he was an illustrious scion of his most heroic Sire. His name will justly stand recorded on the pages of history as the virtuous, honorable, and valiant defender, or asserter of his country's rights; and posterity will read of his exploits with delight. And it is always well to remember that to transmit the honors of one age to another is our duty; to neglect the merits of our fathers is a direful disgrace. Unfortunately, "*the public good*" required that this upright *Federalist* should be sacrificed to the Democrats, being the dominant party of the day, and to that party he became obnoxious because he defended those who were wronged, and consequently, justice has been measured out with but a meagre hand. And he found more than one barrier to the accomplishment of his wishes, because he held in utter abhorrence the intrigues of democracy and the spirit of mob government. His own words are recorded thus: "After the battle of Queenstown, General Dearborn, professing to be satisfied and pleased with my conduct, told my friends General Lewis and Van Rensselaer, at Greenbush, that a separate corps would be organized for me, of which they informed me by letter while still confined with my wounds at Buffalo; but owing to the public defence, which as a man of honour, I found myself obliged to set up against the political attacks on the conduct and character of General Stephen Van Rensselaer, who then was a candidate for the governorship against Governor Tompkins, I became obnoxious to the dominant party of the day, and the intention was never carried into effect.

Dr Eustis, before he resigned as secretary at war, entered my name upon the list for the appointment of Brigadier General. He afterward told me, when in Congress together, that he was astonished that his successor General John Armstrong had not appointed me.

The present venerable Mayor of Baltimore, General Samuel Smith and the Hon. D. R. Williams, chairman of Commitee on Military Affairs in Congress, called together of their own accord, upon the Secretary of War, to urge my appointment in the army. General Harrison, with whom I had served in General Wayne's army, also solicited my appointment, as his second in command in the northwestern army. It will be recollected that I never resigned my commission in the regular service, but lost it when the army was curtailed; my claim to promotion, therefore, was valid still, whenever any augmentation took place. Beside this, the validity of such claims was admitted in the case of other officers of Wayne's army, and they were promoted accordingly. Harrison, who was a lieutenant when I commanded a troop, was commissioned a major-general; Covington, a subaltern in our corps, a brigadier-general; Ball, my cornet, a lieutenant colonel &c. &c. Yet, the above applications in my behalf — and they were certainly entitled to some consideration, on the score of the character of the applicants — were all superciliously denied, on the ground as alleged to Wilkinson and others — *that I was too unpopular to raise a corps.* Where is the evidence of this fact? Was Gov. Tompkins, with whom, unfortunately, I had been at political variance, aware of it when I accepted his invitation, as a member of his own family, to assist him in defending the city of New York from an expected invasion? [As *Adjutant General*, Solomon Van

Rensselaer was superseded for a few months antecedent to and during the late War, but when D. D. Tompkins, Esqr. reascended the gubernatorial chair, he was re-instated in that office.] Was it indicated in the resolution unanimously passed by the council of appointment, to confirm my brevet as Major General, in the militia of this state.

Copy.

"The commander in chief having raised by brevet Solomon Van Rensselaer to the rank of major general in the militia of this state, on account of his distinguished gallantry and public spirit in the military service of his country, and especially during the late war on the Niagara frontier, therefore resolved, that the said Brevet be confirmed, and that a commission be issued to him as major-general accordingly, in the militia of this State.

DEWITT CLINTON, Governor.

(Signed) STEPHEN BARNUM, WILLIAM ROSS, GEORGE ROSECRANTZ, STEPHEN BATES, } Members."

Or was my election to congress by my neighbors, without opposition in one instance, and by a triumphant majority in another, any evidence of it? No, it only existed in the brain of a calumniator.

General Armstrong was at that time governed by the basest of feelings and motives, and in the antipathies engendered in times long past, and by circumstances which should be forgotten, is to be found the whole secret of his present peculiar hostility, both to General Van Rensselaer and myself.

When the much persecuted and unfortunate General Wilkinson was ordered by General Armstrong, then Secretary of War, from New Orleans to take command of the Northern army, he too urged my appointment but was refused. On his arrival at Albany, however, he sent for me and wished me to accompany him to the frontiers. I replied that I would willingly do so, if I even thought he had the least chance to effect any thing of consequence; but knowing that the deficiency of almost every necessary article, and the want of a proper organization in any department, of the army, would prevent his descent upon Montreal that season I declined. When informed by me, of the state of his command, he could hardly credit it, for General Armstrong, in reply to written queries put to him on the subject, had stated everything to be in complete order; after he had visited his line of posts, however, he wrote me that things were not only as bad as I had represented, but *much worse*, it was a "wretched state in which he found the army in all its departments."

Col. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Wilkinson.

My Dear Friend. Mount Hope 3rd October 1813.

I received your very interesting letter several days since, and I beg you will do me the justice to impute the delay of my answer to the true cause. It is hard sitting in judgment when inclination and a sense of duty are opposing advocates; it requires time, and mature deliberation. But I have made my decision; and after tendering you the renewed assurances of my gratitude and respect for the repeated evidence of your friendship and honorable notice, I will state that decision, and the considerations which have contrained me to make it. A Soldier's candor will pardon a Soldier's

frankness. After the most charitable review I can make of the relative discharge of duties between myself and Country, I find insuperable barriers against resuming my sword.

You Sir, know the general history of my life; I will spare you the trouble of minute detail and only glance at prominent points.

The sufferings endured by my Father from wounds received in the Revolutionary war, was one of the first serious subjects of my puerile contemptation and why it should have been so, Nature alone must tell; but the more I witnessed his sufferings, the more I became enamored of arms. As I advanced in years, the charms of a Military life brightened upon my view, and at 18 years of age, I resolved on the Profession of a Soldier, and entered upon it. In the School of the gallant *Wayne and yourself* I was happy. I found the camp was my home, my sword my companion, and my duty my pleasure; particulars are unnecessary. At the close of that War, I was unfortunate and suffered much; but a consciousness that the Sword, bequeathed me by the brave *Campbell* was sheathed untarnished; and that my Commissions which bore the sacred name of *Washington* had never been dishonored, bore me above all considerations of loss of property or blood.

It is true, I received the necessary vouchers to entitle me to that remuneration from my Country which, while disabled by wounds was very necessary for the support of myself and growing family. But, intending to devote my life to my Country, in my profession, I disdained to ask for the pittance allowed. I have not done it. I loved service, but hated the Pension List. I wished only the restoration of my Rank when my Country might call for service. I confess I thought I had a *right* to expect it, but in vain.

"The Administration have called to the field, and honored with Colonel's and even Brigadier's Commissions, men who were not in service, and some who only ranked as Subalterns in the Army, when I was a Major of Cavalry! In Silent mortification I witnessed the progress of events; at last, under the impression that the Administration might still have supposed me incapacitated for service by wounds, I took measures to have intimated to them both my ability and willingness to return to the Army.

The result you know. I here too forbear particulars but too well calculated to add indignation to mortification. To have been long neglected was enough — but to be proscribed, and that too, at the instance of private pique, in men whose lives are but a tissue of baseness and intrigue is too much. Of the part I acted during the last Campaign in the capacity of Aid-de-Camp to Maj. Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, suffice it to say that I yielded partly to the earnest request of a friend, whose wishes with me, could have no less influence than legitimate command; and partly to the universal solicitation of the Soldiery who had long known me as their friend in the capacity of Adjutant General. Of that Campaign I will only say that after all the shameful mismanagement of those whose imbecility attempted to direct its operations, it would have been closed with a splendid victory had I not, in the hour of trial been deserted in the most dastardly manner by wretches who had pledged every thing sacred to stand by me while I was acting in obedience to their irresistible importunities to General Van Rensselaer. Indeed with the few brave lads who remained with me, I could have preserved the won victory but for the severe wounds which compelled me to quit the field. Although for the past year I have nursed my wounds in silence, yet I am assured through sources not

to be questioned, that the claims to my own rank in the Army have been urged upon the Administration by influential men, without distinction of political parties, yet the decree of proscription remains unrescinded, although at the close of the late Session of Congress, the Senate was "literally burned up with nominations!" This my dear Sir, is a compressed statement of my situation; and the facts here stated, must I am persuaded, in your judgment justify the decision I have made.

It cannot hardly be necessary for me to add that self respect is the only solid base which can possibly support the respect of others. *A Soldier must be a Soldier, or he is nothing*, whose character like the walls of a safe citadel must be defensible in *every point!* a single vulnerable angle will destroy that proud Spirit of conscious worth, which is of the very essence of an officer, and which alone renders his character worthy of imitation.

My brief application of these sentiments are, that such has been the treatment of the Administration towards me, that *in their service I cannot respect myself.*

Therefore my dear old friend, I must once more beg you to accept my most cordial thanks for the very partial notice I have received from the Soldier whom the general voice of the United States has now declared most competent to Command her Armies.

That you may never have occasion to repine at the ingratitude of your Country, and that your Career may be honorable to the end, is the fervent prayer of Your unalterable &c. Sincere Friend.

SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

P. S. why not pass Kingston, throw one or two light vessels of the fleet in a situation to prevent *Sir George* following you by water, descend the River and carry Montreal, my heart is with you.

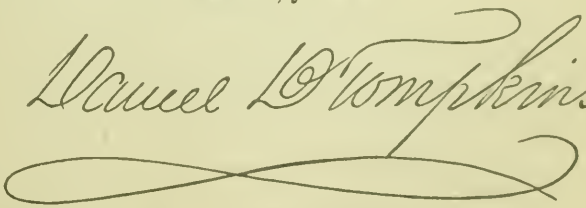
Major Genl. James Wilkinson, Commander in Chief of the N. A.

Gov. Tompkins to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Albany January 12, 1814.

I have notified a meeting of the Council of appointment on Saturday the 22nd Instant for the purpose of enabling them, if they think proper so to do, to make the Military Appointments which were omitted at their last Session It is therefore desirable that I should be furnished with the returns and other papers touching other military appointments which may be in your possession, in time to submit them to the Council on the before mentioned day.

I am Sir, yours &c.



Solomon Van Rensselaer Esq. Adjutant General.

General Hull was summoned to appear before a court martial convened at Albany, New York. "It met on the 3rd of January, 1814. General

Dearborn was the president, and he was assisted by three brigadier generals, four colonels, and five lieutenant colonels. General Hull was charged with treason, cowardice, and neglect of duty and unofficer like conduct. After a session of eighty days, the court decided on March 26th that he was not guilty of treason, from the evidence brought forward, but found him guilty of all the other charges. He was sentenced to be shot dead, and his name to be struck from the rolls of the army. The president of the United States approved the sentence on the 25th of April. The court recommended him to the mercy of Mr. Madison who pardoned him."

Hon. John Lovett to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

My dear Colonel, Washington, 28th Jany., 1814.

Don't chide my silence, I do declare to you I never was so wholly buried up as I am at present. I have to aid Harson all I can: there are a number of the first members in the minority who really seem to think much more of my poor services than I can possibly think they are worth. Never did you see a finer corps of fellows than our Minority, and the poor fellows are almost worried out. We are upon the Army Bill and preparation for a great campaign. Argument has for some days past assumed an almost unlimited range, and every one says pretty much what he pleases. The day before yesterday, Taylor, of Saratoga, attempted to prove the War in the State of New York was *popular*, and he endeavored to prove it by the great partiality which had been manifested towards Gen. Van Rensselaer — yourself — and me. He noticed the manner in which the General was received on his return; your appointment to the office of Adjutant General; and my election to Congress, Clerk's office &c. This of course, drew collaterally the affair of Queenstown into debate. Taylor and Fisk slapped at it a little. You know I have for many reasons, been very desirous to keep silence on this subject. But the discussion now, assumed such shape that the duty I owed to the General, yourself and myself would no longer allow me to be silent. I refuted all Taylor's arguments, and then touched, not minutely, but pretty generally at the occurrences of the Campaign which could in any shape invade character. Upon this occasion I availed myself of the opportunity to say a few words of your history, merits, wrongs and sufferings. I perceived I was listened to with much attention both by the members and a vastly crowded gallery, I therefore ventured on a little further, and stated your removal by Tompkins; the deaf ear of the Administration to all applications for your appointment — pointed out the *real cause*.

But I must close: you may rest assured that the *General* and his *Aids* stand well on the floor; and as I took the liberty of throwing out some pretty bold menaces of telling ugly tales, I think they will be willing to let us alone and respect us in future.

Augustus Porter tells me his Account is settled; he has had a $7000 writ tucked on him here.

I enclose you the Intelligencer — see the Generals and Colonels marked on the margin; Also Armstrong's project for *Conscription*.

Ever truly yours,

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer. JOHN LOVETT.

Dear Colonel,

I have not a moment to spare, enclosed is a Skeleton of what was said. No one attempted a Reply. Suffice to say, our friends here, are not only

satisfied, but *gratified*. They are pleased to say it was delivered in the spirit of a soldier. I hope I have said nothing which you or the General will disapprove. If aught agreeable, use it as you please. In two days I hope to get the floor in my own way; not complete.

Ever yours, undaunted,

Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

Hon. John Lovett to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

My dear Colonel, Washington, Feb. 20, 1814.

I have this moment received yours of the 13th. As our friends *here* have expressed their high gratification at the matter and manner of the *Re-fighting* of the Battle of Queenstown, I needed nothing more to put my heart at rest, on that subject, but the approbation of the "little *Military Family*." You give me that; saying that "*the members of it, will on* ALL *occasions support each other, at every hazard, with truth and justice on their side.*" My heart responds, Amen, I am satisfied.

You express your solicitude lest *my* "*Speech and strictures on the War may bring me into a scrape;*" and express an ardent desire to be with me in such event. Thank ye; In such event you *shall* be with me. Long ago I wrote our dear General that plunging in among a set of rap-scallions wearing long swords was a very pokerish kind of business; but that in case of emergency my privilege would protect me until I could send for *Solomon* to do the *fighting*. The truth is there is no milksop, middle course left for us; the rascals in power must be ousted, ousted, or we are undone. This is my sincere opinion, and under this conviction I think, speak and act. The Federalist that will not, now, keep the deck, or mount the maintop, to give or receive shot, as occasion may offer, is not worthy of his hammock on board. I have been *threatened*, but, as yet, remain undisturbed. The truth is that what is here called "*the Albany Quill*" is somewhat dreaded. "*Inchequin*" has been slain, and some others, deservedly, (we wage no wanton war) been severely wounded. And, *being a companion of yours*, they all think I may fight like a very devil! In short I do not apprehend anything serious: should that happen *you* will know it of course. The nearest I have come to a squabble you may learn from a late letter I wrote the Mayor. I capped it *confidential*, but he will shew to you. You know little Brisban, of Batavia, and that *cowhide headed* Col. Thomas who was Dep. Q. Master at Buffalo. Thomas and his Agent, one *Simpson*, talked saucy, and did knock poor Brisban down: but they graciously spared me, and have fled, but I am pressing measures to have them brought back.

Augustus and Peter *Belligerent* Porter, are here. Augustus is very civil — says Gen. Van Rensselaer is the only Commander who kept things *in order* upon the frontier. Peter B. I apprehend, keeps close. I have not seen him, he dreads such little papers as Augustus has had put upon his shoulders since here. How they will come out I know not. I have just received a line from Gen. Huntington, he says: "Who is the *Hero of Wallamsack* that dandled Solomon V. R. upon his wounded knees; I never understood that?" Never mind, thats easily explained — I intended to have transmitted you Morris S. *Miller's* speech upon that occasion. Southwick will show you a pamphlet, and some patriotic efforts I am trying to make in Kentucky — I say, am for all, these fellows must give up the reigns to wisdom, or despotism will usurp them,— pull away and assert *your* creed thus expressed.

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the Lion's heart, and Eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

Respects to the family and the Bethlehem Member of Assembly.

JOHN LOVETT.

Dear Colonel, Washington Feb. 23, 1814.

You know I have been laboring all winter to get the Administration and their Generals to play a game of Billiards, and to use *Heads* for *Balls*. I have no doubt the game has commenced two hours ago, and that your old friend *Wilkinson* is the first ball played at; but whether with intent to *pocket him* or to play for a cannon at *Armstrong* and *Hampton*, I know not. But, as I have but one moment, figures must be dropt and I will speak plain. I do not understand what it means, but an Express left here, two hours ago, to arrest General Wilkinson! *I do verily believe it;* I *may* be deceived, but I cannot believe I am. My Ariel who *never has* deceived me, assures me it is so. Tell our General what I say.

11 *oclock* P. M.—My dear Colonel, In *my* way I have a little game blood as well as you: *You* love powder, ball and steel: them *I* hate as poison; but *I* love to play my pen, ink and paper battling with success. We both aim at the same victory.

I dropped you a hasty line, to day, telling you what I *believed:* and late as the hour is, I will jog once more to the Post office to say that my opinion is every hour confirmed. Col. *Hawkins* has been with me this evening, he says I *am right.* And, now, one word more: Hawkins has spent the winter here; has generally, kept good Federal Company — wants to continue in service. He says General Armstrong will have not an officer under him, but lick-spittles and toad-eaters. He quits here in disgust — he has been much with Van Ness. I think Van Ness is disgusted too. I'll bring something out of my "*Strictures*" yet! One word more, for I grow sleepy: Hawkins is your great friend — he expects you are going to raise 4 Regiments of State Troops. He wishes *you* to Command them, and *he* wishes to serve under you — that's all. You have your cue. Can't *I* go *Secretary*, the old white Coat is good yet?

Yours ever

Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany. JOHN LOVETT.

John Lovett to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Colonel, Washington, March 11, 1814.

Should the State of New York raise the *Four Regiments*, I will never forgive it, if you are not appointed to command them. *I* am too old to go "*Secretary*" again, but I am authorized to promise you a much abler member in your military family, should you command that Division. You shall have, by your side, a scholar, a soldier, a statesman; this I am fully authorized to promise you. The man will be *Thomas P.* Grosvenor — of this you may rest assured. If *you* spend the ensuing season upon the frontiers, *He* will spend the Campaign in your family, you cannot wish more. I write this at his request. (This never will be allowed. Two such Blood-hounds should never be trusted together. I am well, and ever yours.

Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer. J. LOVETT.

George M. Bibb to John J. Crittenden.

Dear John, Washington City, April 24, 1814.

The court-martial sentenced Hull to be *cashiered and shot*, but recommended him to the mercy of the President, [on account of his age and his revolutionary services,] who, I understand, intends to remit the sentence of death. What weakness! If cowardice such as Hull's, which surrendered a fortress, an army, a territory without firing a gun, which surrender was followed by such loss of lives and treasure, is not punished with death, but pardoned by the commander-in-chief, what can we expect? No military officer hereafter can be punished by the loss of commission for cowardice. A negotiation is going on between an agent on our part and General Prevost, for an armistice. Prevost is willing to an armistice on land; our government wishes it also by sea. The negotiation, may, perhaps, terminate in an armistice on the land, the lakes, and on our seacoast, leaving our coast to be blockaded, and the war upon the ocean to progress, that is to say, that no expedition on land, nor any enterprise against towns or forts, shall be attempted, such an armistice to be continued for a limited time, or until our negotiations at Gottenburg are broken off, or until either party shall give reasonable notice that it shall cease. I speak of the probable issue from what our government would agree to, and what it may well be supposed the British government would not agree to. The maritime superiority of Great Britain she will not yield by an armistice. Your friend, as ever,

Hon. J. J. Crittenden. GEORGE M. BIBB.

Lt. Col. Jno. R. Fenwick to Col. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Colonel, New York May 9, 1814.

It would appear that the man, who draws his Sword for the Defence of his Country's honor and welfare is doomed to Suffer in Body, Mind and Fortune. I can Smile at Pain, created in the path of Glory, I sought it, 'twas my duty. I can submit without murmur to the Severe Decrees of Justice, but I abhor Villainy, and Persecution. The Miscreants who during our Western Campaign, in vain sat their Snares to entrap me, pursue me now even to the threshold of power; and under the base Influence of their Avarice are determined, since they cannot assail my Reputation, to attempt my Ruin by filching me of my property, to pay for *that*, which they never owned, and if they did, I had never injured. Secretly, but audaciously they declare, that *I* ordered their Salt taken possession of, to erect that Battery, which as you know not only saved Niagara, but produced the Destruction of Fort George, that my holding possession of this Salt, produced to Mr. Augustus B. Porter a Loss of 1400 Dollars. Thus does this Man insidiously make a Declaration to the Department of War, which he found he could not substantiate in a Court of Justice. You so closely connected with Gen. Van Rensselaer during his Command, must bear in mind all the Circumstances which relate to this Case. You will therefore confer on me an obligation by stating to me all you know concerning the Salt of which so much has been said with so little truth, from the hour which Porter lays his Claim to 500 Barrels must have been put in duress — thus these people impose upon honest Folks!

Have you lately heard from our old friend Wilkinson? Pray write to me soon. I beg you to accept the assurance of my Sincere Esteem and Regard. JOHN R. FENWICK.

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany.

"General Wilkinson, by an order from the War Department, on March 24, 1814, was relieved of the command of the army in the Department of the North, and his conduct while in command of that district was subsequently committed to the securing of a court martial. He proved that during the most important operations of the disastrous campaign, which ended at French Mills, the War Department, in the person of Minister Armstrong, was on the Northern frontier, and that he acted under the secretary's immediate instructions. These proofs being positive, Wilkinson was acquitted, and the public placed the chief blame, where it seemed to properly belong, on the War Department. Like Harrison, who had felt the baneful effects of the administration of that department, Wilkinson threw up his commission in disgust." General John Armstrong was called, in an evil hour, to assist in the administration of the government, during the arduous and eventful period of our second war with Great Britain. As the head of the war department, he had it in his power to perpetrate the most extensive mischief, not only by his want of capacity, but in the indulgence of an unhappy, restless, and malignant temper; a power which he did not spare to use, at first to the oppression of all individuals whom he honored with his enmity, and finally to the disgrace and degradation of his country. His interference with the plans of General Wilkinson may serve as a commentary on this text.

General Wilkinson wished to attack Kingston, and there rest for the winter in good quarters, to organize the different departments of the army, build boats, &c., and carry Montreal early in the spring. This delay could not operate against us; as the St. Lawrence opens between the two places before it does below, the attack could have been made before any reinforcements could arrive from Europe. If Gen. Wilkinson had been suffered to take his course the British fleet at Kingston would have fallen into his hands, and the millions of dollars afterwards expended in ship building for the two lakes would been saved the country; but the secretary was on the spot and manœuvered to defeat his plain. It was said he had an eye on the presidency, and if Montreal could be taken that season, it would facilitate his object, for if successful he would have assumed all the credit; as it was, he managed to avoid the responsibility by throwing all the blame on poor Wilkinson.

Our country was fated to purchase its release from the hand of this functionary, at no less a sacrifice than the overthrow and sacking of the national capital, by a feeble and insulting foe. Here justice *did* overtake him; and, finding that no artifice could suffice to enable him to throw off the just responsibilities of the position he had occupied, he passed into retirement. The affair at Bladensburgh, August 24, 1814, occurred under General Armstrong's own immediate supervision as secretary of war.

In this case, although an attack had been long apprehended, a much larger force, it is true, than absolutely required for the purpose of repelling it, was collected, but no organization or system of defense having been arranged, our army, composed of the regular cavalry, artillery, infantry, and a large body of militia, were disgracefully routed without a show of fight, except from the gallant Commodore Joshua Barney, by comparatively a handful of British troops, who were exhausted by the fatigue of a long forced march. Near three weeks before the attack was made upon Washington, I received a letter from an officer of high rank in the army, who writes, "such is the want of preparation for defense at this place, that three thousand men can destroy it." Can it be supposed for a moment

that if Gen. Armstrong, the dispenser then of honors and promotions in the army, had identified himself with our troops, they would have retreated on the approach of the enemy? No never! yet he was among the first to set the cowardly example. If a more manly course had been pursued, though driven from the first stand, the road passing over a rolling country skirted by woods, afforded many positions, equally as strong and as admirably calculated for the most effective disposition of the different kinds of troops employed, and they might have fallen back from one position to another with equal advantage and have harrassed even a larger force of the enemy, so that they never could have reached Washington. But had every effort under this course failed, a few hundred men thrown into the capitol, would have saved the city. The six pounders used by the enemy, could have made no impression upon the walls of this building while a brisk fire from its windows and from the stone parapet surrounding its roof, would effectually have arrested their progress. The same defenses might have been made at the president's house, flanked as it was by the state and treasury offices on the right, and by the war and navy on the left. The navy-yard was equally susceptible of defense.

The official report of Major-general Ross, the British commander, says: "The enemy's army, amounting to eight or nine thousand men, with three or four hundred cavalry, was under the command of General Winder, being formed of troops drawn from Baltimore and Pennsylvania. His artillery, ten pieces of which fell into our hands, was commanded by Commodore Barney, who was wounded and taken prisoner. The artillery I directed to be destroyed. Having halted the army for a short time, I determined to march upon Washington, and reached that city at eight o'clock that night. Judging it of consequence to complete the destruction of the public buildings with the least possible delay, so that the army might retire without loss of time, the following buildings were set fire to and consumed. The Capitol, including the Senate House and House of Representatives, the Arsenal, the Dock-yard, Treasury, War-Office, President's Palace, Rope-walk, and the great Bridge across the Potowmack: in the dock-yard, a frigate nearly ready to be launched, and a sloop of war, were consumed." The British destroyed the "barracks for almost three thousand troops, and performed deeds worthy of barbarians; after remaining till the extent of devastation was sufficient to satiate even their vandalism, in their own time returned unmolested to their shipping."

John Lovett to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Colonel, Washington Nov. 12, 1814.

I noticed certain great *Military Characters*, last winter — bear them the same respect still. Have commenced, freely, with *Majority* men, on that especial subject. Just parted at this late hour, 11 o'clock Saturday night. Suppose, on Monday next, a motion to dismiss from service Generals Dearborn, Wilkinson and LEWIS &c. &c. ! ! ha, ha; what then! If *I* am not deceived, *you* will not be on Monday next. I try to do all the *good* I can. *You* know enough of all these wretched leeches — Adieu.

I want poor *Brock's* Seal — my Son has it.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Adjutant General. JOHN LOVETT.

"The invasion which resulted in the capture of Washington city, the destruction of its public buldings and navy yard, the surrender and plunder of Alexandria was simply barbarous, and caused the profound regret and humiliation of the American people. The slight resistance offered

to the invaders during their operations in the space of twelve days excited great surprise, alarm and indignation. The national honor required an investigation, and early in the next session of congress a committee for that purpose was appointed by the house of representatives. Their report exculpated the president and General Winder, but left congress and the people to form their own judgment from the facts presented.

The extent of devastation practiced by the ungenerous victors brought a heavy censure upon the British character, not only in America, but ont the Continent of Europe, it was condemned in unmeasured terms."

Intelligence of the capture of Washington city, reached New York on the 28th of August, three days after that sad occurrence. The zeal and patriotism of the citizens were increased thereby. In General Orders, Daniel D. Tompkins, governor of the state of New York, who had been untiring in his exertions for the public good, called on the inhabitants to send arms of every description to the State Arsenal, where all fit for service would be paid for. The call was promptly answered. New York was likewise fearfully excited by apprehensions of danger during the summer and autumn of 1814. The mayor of the city, De Witt Clinton, issued a stirring address to the people. He recomended the militia to hold themselves in readiness for duty, and called upon the citizens to offer their personal services and means cheerfully to the United States officers in command there, to aid in the completion of the unfinished fortification around the city.

Colonel Van Rensselaer was still suffering from his severe wounds, and had only been able to leave off using crutches a short time previous. He was not, however, placed in battle array against the enemy again at this place, as the expected invasion was not attempted, he therefore returned this time without any additional scars to his family. At the close of 1814 active war had ceased at the North but now its chief theatre of operations was in Louisiana and on the ocean. On the 11th of September, Sir George Prevost with an army of fourteen thousand men, made a descent upon Plattsburg and after a severe engagment was compelled to retire with great loss. The British fleet, under Commodore Downie, was captured by Commodore Macdonough, on the same day. The war was terminated by the treaty of Ghent, signed by the commissioners of both countries, December 24th, 1814.

Sol. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriet, New York, 14th November 1814.

The Governor is in his new quarters with all his suit; we have an elegant establishment; live in perfect harmony, and in style; much to do and attend strictly to all duties. "Poney" as you call him, got down safe, but was eight days on board in all that storm: he is the finest horse here, and much admired, as well as his rider! I wish our poor little Mag's broken arm was well, kiss her for me. If there is no attack on this place this fall, (and none is expected) I shall be with you in a few weeks when the Governor will return to Albany. The Militia are sickly, and heartily tired of a military life, desertions are frequent and furloughs asked for by dozens every day. We have visited the fortifications at the Hook, Narrows, this Island and on the 3rd while on this duty on Long Island the Governor's horse fell with him in the ditch of Fort Greene a hight of ten feet, without much injury. He dislocated his thumb and otherwise is a little

bruised, but not so much as to prevent him from attending to duty, but he made a very narrow escape. He treats me very civilly, and I insisted that I should take up my quarters with him, which I did on the 5th when he began to keep house; my horse too is to share with his, free of expense; he is entitled to keep sixteen, and intends to have only two; so you see mine will be at the public expense and the forage I am entitled to. All my time is taken up in my profession. I act as *Aid* and not as Adjutant General. All express their satisfaction at my being here, and much confidence is placed in me by the Inhabitants. On the 6th I dined with the Recorder Hoffman with a large party. On the 5th with King the Son-in-Law of Mr. Ray and on the 7th with Col. Colden (Cadwallader D.) In short, calls and cards in abundance, I must see so much company that I have laid down certain rules from which I shall not depart, so fear nothing my love.

Genl. Giles of this City, together with those I mentioned in my former letter to you: Charles King, son of my friend Rufus King, and many others of the first blood in the Country wish for Regiments on condition that I command their Brigade. I have not asked for any thing and I am determined not to do so, if it is offered and I can retain my office of Adjutant General, I shall accept. The last from the conduct of Democrats towards me, will be safe at all events. I am as civil as they are. Lewis has gone to Washington to beg to be retained. Last night we returned from again visiting the Troops and Fortifications on Long Island and the Narrows, a tour of three days I spent very pleasantly; in which time we reviewed three Brigades; and were received at the different posts with a tremendous roar of cannon. The review of General Boyd's Brigade of Regulars was very splendid, the troops performed well and looked like Soldiers. On those occasions I am the right hand man of the Governor, who from my usefulness to him, grows daily more and more attached to me. I received a letter from General Wilkinson, he is again at Washington, and insists on his trial, which will take place the ensuing winter at Utica on account of the witnesses being at the North. Wilkinson is in favor at Washington, and he will disgrace Armstrong more than he already is. I receive letters very frequently from Lovett; they are as much pleased there at my being in Service, as they are here. Next week, on the 25th will be a splendid day for New York, the celebration of the Evacuation of this City by the British in the last war. I intend to send for Rensselaer from School and gratify him with the sight, his best clothes you can let John Berry bring down here. We are just now going out to review the Troops. On the 9th we visited the Forts in the Harbor, a grand Salute was fired from each (3 in number). Our Horses are at the door. Adieu my Harriot, kiss our children and love to all.

Yours truly,

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Albany. Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

New York, 30th November, 1814.

Yesterday my dear Harriot, Rensselaer left in the Steam Boat for Poughkeepsie, he took leave of the Governor, &c., like a man, much satisfied with what he had seen, and left this determined to attend closely to his studies, and has already progressed considerably in the French. The Governor and all in this house were much pleased with him, he is a

fine boy. Rensselaer arrived here on the 24th and was delighted with the Parade, he staid with us at Head quarters and on the 26th went down with the Governor and his son (who are very civil to him) to Staten Island to see the fortifications; and I took him to see every thing worth seeing on his return. On the 25th we had a splendid day; ten thousand troops were under arms, marched through the City and were reviewed by the Governor, after which we dined in the City Hall by invitation from the Corporation. I wrote you that in two or three weeks the Militia would be discharged all idea of an attack from the enemy being given up; after which Governor Tompkins would return to Albany, and I should be made once more happy in the bosom of my Harriet and our little ones. You know I delight in a Military life, but never can I be at ease without you — my Wife and my Sword must go hand in hand. Tompkins is friendly and sociable as ever, and although our separation is painful, much good will come out of it I am sure. As the Militia are now all discharged; I asked permission, last night of the Governor to return home on Saturday, on the ground that there was now not much to do. He told me if I had business of Importance to attend to, he had no objections, but he preferred that I should stay until the following Saturday. He wished to consult as to future operations after his dinner parties, (which are now three times a week) were over, and then we would go together. I of course acquiesced as he is every thing to me I could wish, and as the chain between him and *Tyburn* is broke, I am certain he will act a manly and Independent part.

Yesterday about twenty-two officers dined with us. Armstrong was one of the party. I designedly was the last in the room, and entered it after most of the Company had taken their seats in Military order to see if my place at the Head of the table was kept vacant. The moment I entered the Governor asked me to take the head of the table. I had him and Armstrong on my right; the latter old rascal and others stared, and all who knew how I had been treated by him, were gratified. Our horses I fear will have a bad time of it in this storm; let me know when they reach you; and I will thank you to let some one ride my horse morning and evening about the hill in view of the house, for I fear he will be stiff. Let them lead him out of the back stable door, as he may get injured in front, as it is high from the ground. Give directions that my horse is not brought out of the stable to water until my return as he is fond of play he may get hurt; let them carry water to him and they must not give him too much grain. This day J. R. V. Rensselaer and myself dined at Mr. Coles, and I have invitations for every day in the week when the Governor has no company. All this would be pleasant if you were only with me; if I return in the Spring you must break up housekeeping, then you and the two girls accompany me and the rest go to school. Tell Mag I have her Doll and other pretty things for her; how happy I am to find by your letter that her broken arm is mending; kiss the dear children for me. Adieu for a few days longer — truly yours

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Mount Hope.

CHAPTER XV.

HONORS TO MAJ. GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

Hon. John Lovett to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Colonel, Washington Feb. 11, 1815.

You are darting about the world so that I know not where to aim at you — and now, I have not even leisure to "*take aim.*" You know our General always told us to write "*short letters.*" I must now obey. The glorious news from New Orleans has thrown all into bustle here. The British defeated, slaughtered, vanquished, disgraced, have abandoned their enterprise — gone — gone! Oh that *you* only could have been with Jackson! But, I can only say a word — see particulars in a hand-bill to Gov. Tompkins, the only one I could get.

Military Committee in a squabble — we are noticing instances of *merit.* Once I had given up — hopeless, this morning I rallied again, I may be vanquished again, but, if I don't get *you* a Sword I shall be quite disappointed. As for myself, I ask for nothing but a *Pair of Ears!*

Harrison is before the house, for honour. *You* need not be at all concerned, you stood as you ought. Before the Committee — the great question has been, whether we should notice any officer concerned in any affair not crowned with complete success! This monstrous position was once agreed to — I have this day reversed it — at least I think so. At all events you will stand with *Honour.* I think also with a *Sword* of your Country. I promise *nothing;* therefore don't be disappointed at *anything.* Albany, I presume, is all buzz. I pray God the bread of *your* children may not be taken; as for *mine* I have not a word to say. Conscious of faithfulness to all I stand prepared for my fate. I cannot *hedge,* I must *live* or *die* honorably. *Dig* I can, as you know, with wife and eight on my back; *beg* I cant. Bank passed Senate to day, Majority two! It *may* pass our house — what then? In very great haste — ever yours,

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq. J. LOVETT.

Hon. John Lovett to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Colonel, Washington, 20th February, 1815.

You must pardon my seeming neglect of you. Although I am as silent here as a seamstress, I am by no means idle; and since our glorious change of prospects we have all to work double tides at the heel of the Session, instantly to place the Nation in the best possible situation to make the most of our happy change of circumstances. To accomplish this great object, every committee is pulling with their best oars; and, happy for the country, I believe we are pulling with zealous and hearty unanimity; at any rate I can assure you this is the case in Military Committee, we meet morning and evening and work like brothers. You will readily perceive that the duties of this committee are of a most extensive and important character — immediately important to 40,000 individuals, and ultimately so as connected with all those deep interests involved in the Military Peace Establishment of our Country. Part of the Army is to be disbanded, and satisfactory provision made for them — the establishment to be kept up, must be effectually organized &c.

An important duty remains also to be performed to memories of the gallant dead, and to the living who have distinguished themselves. This is a most delicate and trying task — we *know* we cannot do justice: but we must do as well as we can. Upon this subject we have already submitted some resolutions to the house; tomorrow we shall submit more. Suffice it for *you* to know that your name will appear at the *head* of a catalogue in which the names of *Gibson* — *Wood* — *Fenwick* — *Montgomery* &c. will follow. What will be the disposition of the house, remains to be seen — it is happy for me that in committee there is no diversity of sentiment respecting my friend. One thing I venture to assure you, you will go *out* of the house as you go *in*: with HONOR; but, whether with, or without a *Sword* I can't predict. Nor is it of first importance; you know that *I* made a most *excellent officer* WITHOUT a sword. To be sure the British Flag Officers used to stare a little, and I (in my sleeve) laughed a little; but I did my duty, that was enough. As to the compensation to be made to that party of the army which will be disbanded; and the numerical force of our peace establishment, there are many various and conflicting opinions. Some most extravagant ones have been submitted, one of these proposes 40 *skeleton* regiments of Infantry, and of Artillery ONE! Fine apportionment for Garrison duty.

JOHN LOVETT.

On these several subjects I can only give you a sketch of what has just been unanimously agreed upon in our committee, this evening, and we shall report a Bill, subject to amendments in the house as usual. To the part of the army to be disbanded *immediately*, we give three months Pay. Their grants of Land in the following proportion: To all those Officers who have been six months in service (you know many have been appointed within that period) we give: Major Gens. 2560 Acres. Brig. Genls. 1920 Acres. Cols. and Lieut. Cols. 1280 Acres. Majors 960 Acres. (While this subject was under discussion, I could have wished you in the corner. Depend upon it, all parties think alike of some *Old Fudges*.) Captains 640 Acres. Lieuts. and Ens. 480 Acres. Privates 320 Acres. You see we have not preserved the relative proportions either to rank or pay; we could not. The fact is the enormous bounty given to our *soldiers* destroys, of necessity, all just proportion; for had we undertaken to carry the thing out per scale, we must have purchased the *Moon* and, for aught I know, even *Mercury* to have made out premises. I confess I think the latter planet would afford excellent location for *soldiers*. Indeed I think *yourself* would mightily enjoy a snug Manor, and a *Mount Hope* farm up there.

The Committee propose to continue the Military Peace Establishment at 10,000, leaving it to the Secretary of War to say how it shall be apportioned.

Thus much, my dear Sir, for the *Military;* and this is about all I can write to you about; for in the remaining scrap of the evening, I have to write to half a dozen more, upon subjects just as different as *their hobbies* are from *your Hobbies*. I have just had my *second* cruel tax to their epidemic sore throat, it is a horrid disorder I have barely been able to keep my seat for some days — indeed, I never yet quit it a *single day* since I was honored with it. I am now nearly well.

My honored old Father has sent me his *commands* to return by Connecticut, but I think I'll be with you about the 12th March. Whether *with* or *without* my HEAD, time must decide. *I've done my duty*: that's *eno'* for *An old Soldier*. In haste — ever yours,

JOHN LOVETT.

Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, Adjutant General.

Hon. John Lovett to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Dear Colonel, Washington Feb. 22d, 1815.

Here we have ye all, *Heroes*, huddled up like so many Rabbits in a market basket. Don't be elated any of you, for I think it *most likely* that we Representatives of the *Sovereign People* will shake ye all to the wind yet. Probably my friend will hang in the basket at least as long as any of *his class*. At any rate no one will have *more friends to help him hold on*.

Among others, JOHN LOVETT.

Resolutions expressive of the sense entertained by Congress of the Gallantry and Good Conduct with which the Reputation of the Arms of the United States has been sustained during the Late War by Certain Officers therein named. February 21, 1815. Read the first and second time and committed to a committee of the whole house. The Fourth Resolution reads thus:

Resolved, That congress entertain a high sense of the gallantry with which the reputation of the arms of the United States has been sustained, in various combats, during the late war, by colonel Van Rensselaer, colonel Fenwick, colonel Newman, colonel Reed, lieutenant colonel Appling, lieutenant colonel Mitchell, colonel Williams and captain Z. Taylor; and that the president of the United States be requested to cause an elegant sword to be presented to each of the aforesaid officers.[1]

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, New York, October 17, 1815.

I wrote to you from Claverach on the 4th, I wished to have seen you when I was at Albany a few days before, and expected to have had that pleasure at dinner at Mr. Abraham V. Vechtens. I wanted to have said a few words to you in relation to a *certain question* which is again pressed upon me with renewed earnestness and zeal. I am urged to consent to a measure which I know will ruin *me* if it succeeds, and I am told the *party* will be ruined if I don't consent. I take it for granted I shall be compelled to yield contrary to my wishes — my feelings — my interest — and my judgment. As you are among the earliest of my friends, as well as of the number who have never wavered in this attachment or confidence, I think it due to you to make this communication. It is at the same time expedient that nothing should be said about it as coming from me.

Your letter was handed to me in the City this morning. As far as I

[1] The "elegant sword," however, was never presented to Col. Van Rensselaer.

can contribute to get patronage for Wilkinson's work,[1] I will do it — my efforts will be circumscribed however, for reasons which I will detail when I see you. The course *I* am to pursue in relation to the next Election, will be decided in a few days here. I think from present appearances, it is after all, not improbable that I shall be let off. You may rely upon it, that W — s views in relation to the Presidential question are wholly incorrect and his plans completely impracticable. *We* never can support Tompkins and as for Clinton he is so perfectly torpid that nothing can be done by or for him. I would prefer Monroe to Tompkins. Wilkinson is a better Soldier than Politician. His plans are visionary you may rely upon it. I enclose his letter which is a very interesting one.

Yours very sincerely, in great haste.

W. W. VAN NESS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Adjutant General, Albany.

Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Friend, New York Feb. 18, 1816.

I owe you an apology for not sooner answering your letter. I assure you it was not from want of attachment. You will believe me when I assure you, that next to my own family you are most dear to me. I have been engaged in a round of company, and part of the time the children have been indisposed with severe colds. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see you rewarded by our Country, for your services, at least our Country ought to take the lead in placing you in Congress or the Legislature as you may select. I have long since determined to retire, at least for the present from the bustle of public life. I return Wilkinson's letter — I hope he will give an impartial account of our affair and I do not fear the investigation either as it respects courage or conduct. I am conscious of our having acted from the best of motives and feel proud that our enemies cannot attach any disgrace on either of us notwithstanding their endeavours. I am happy to hear that Rensselaer improves — keep him to his studies. I want him to have a regular education. Remember me to your good wife and daughters and believe me

Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Ad. General, Albany. } Yours truly S. V. RENSSELAER.

Henry K. V Rensselaer, B. G.

DIED — This morning — Monday, Sept. 9, 1816. General HENRY K. VAN RENSSELAER, in the 73d year of his age. His friends and acquaintance, are requested to attend his funeral, tomorrow afternoon, at 3 oclock, from his late residence.

On Tuesday the 10th, his funeral solemnities were attended, by a large concourse of citizens, and by a masonic and military procession in the following order:

Capt. Olmsted's City Guards,
Capt. Judson's Volunteer Infantry
Capt. Stilwell's Artillery
Under the command of Capt. Ira Jenkins, and Adjutant Gilbert,
and accompanied by the Albany Band of Music
with drums muffled, &c.

[1] The "Memoirs of My Own Times by Gen. James Wilkinson," were published in 1816, the next year.

Albany Military Association in full uniform
Masonic Procession
Consisting of Masters, Temple and Mount Vernon Lodges.
The Pall supported by eight officers of the
War of Independence, Viz:

John Lansing Junr,	Corpse.	Matthew Trotter,
Stephen Lush,		Isaac Bogart,
Daniel Hale,		Matthew Gregory,
John H. Wendell,		S. W. Johnson.

GEN. VAN RENSSELAER'S HORSE,
Suitably comparisoned, and led by two servants dressed
in mourning with white turbans.
Mourners.— Clergy.— Physicians.— Citizens.

After a solemn and eloquent prayer by the Rev. Dr. Bradford, the procession moved from the house of Adjutant General Solomon Van Rensselaer, son of the deceased, in North Pearl street, through South Pearl street, to Cherry Hill, the family seat, at the distance of a mile from the city, the Bands playing a solemn dirge, and the artillery discharging minute guns, until the body was deposited in the family burying place, when the usual masonic solemnities were performed by Isaac Hempstead, Master of Master's Lodge, and the ceremonies were closed by the firing of vollies, by the Military over the grave.

The scene was throughout solemn and impressive. The ceremonies were conducted with great order and decorum — the military arrangements, though made on short notice, were executed in a very handsome manner under the superintendence of Col. Sebastian Visscher, and were much admired and applauded by the very great concourse of persons who were present to pay the last tribute of respect to an old friend, neighbor and revolutionary Soldier.

General Van Rensselaer went early into the Army during the War of Independence, and was very much distinguished for his bravery and good conduct, conduct which secured him the esteem, and respect of his fellow Officers, and particularly of the COMMANDER IN CHIEF. He was in several engagements, during which he uniformly discovered the greatest coolness and courage. In July 1777 he was attacked by a large body of the Enemy, at Fort Ann, but with a very unequal force he resisted them with great obstinacy and success until he learned that Ticonderoga had been abandoned by our troops, when he brought his men off.

On that occasion he received a wound from a musket shot, the effects of which he severely felt throughout the remainder of his life. The ball entered his thigh, broke the bone, passed by and lodged in the upper part of the limb. The wound caused him a great deal of pain and distress for many years. The ball was never extracted until since his death, when it was taken out by Dr. William Bay, of this City, after having been carried by the deceased upwards of thirty-nine years. *Four* of the men of Gen. Van Rensselaer's own regiment-who carried him on their shoulders, after he was wounded, the distance of fifteen miles, officiated as pall bearers at his funeral. [General Van Rensselaer's widow Mrs. Nancy G. Van Rensselaer celebrated her ninety-ninth birth day on the 25th day of October 1874, at her son's residence in Randolph, N. Y. and expresses her belief that she will live to see her centennial birth day and meet five generations at this grand reunion Oct. 25, 1875.]

Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, New York Nov. 22d, 1816.

Your letter and the enclosed General Order was received. Will you have the goodness to ask Sutherland to issue a Division Order respecting the Uniform. [Under new General Orders.] I have determined to adopt the Uniform of the United States as the most plain and less expensive than the present fashion. Perhaps you had better give him a draft in the regulations for the several departments of the Army of the U. States, the uniform is minutely described.[1] I agree with you that we have no choice between the contending parties farther than the promotion of the public good may demand when we are called to act. Let me hear from you often, I will send Wilkinson's letter. Your friend

Adjt. General Van Rensselaer, Albany. S. V. RENSSELAER.

General Lewis to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Staatsburg Nov. 17, 1817.

I have been rather dilatory in performing my promise, though I hope the inclosed will reach you in time for your purpose. I wish you a successful result to your Application, and that your allowance may be adequate to your merits. Present my best respects to your Wife and family, to whom also Mrs. Lewis sends her love. Your friend,

Morgan Lewis

Adjt. Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Talmadge.

Dear Sir, Albany 29 Nov. 1817.

No man in this State has a deeper hold on the public sympathies for his sufferings by wounds received in 1794 and in 1812 than the present Adjt. Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, and no man is better entitled to a liberal compensation from the National Government. His case will be laid before the President, and his remuneration ought not only to be liberal, but retrospective. Let me solicit the earnest interposition of you and your Colleagues in his behalf. I am yours with great regard,

DEWITT CLINTON.

Major General James Talmadge, M. C. Washington.

Rufus King to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Senate Chamber, Mar. 17, 1818.

I may have omitted, but I think I did not, to acknowledge the receipt of your Communication of the 13 of feby, it come to hand in due course, and is in the possession of a Comte of the H. R. which, as I have been encouraged to hope will report a Bill in your Favor.

I beg you to be persuaded my dear Sir, that your friends here, and they are many, are doing what they are able to accomplish your very just Expectations. Very faithfully and respectfully Yr. ob. Servant,

Col S. Van Rensselaer. RUFUS KING.

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[1] The uniform of the Division of Cavalry by a General Order of the 6th November 1816 of the late Commander in Chief (Gov. Tompkins) was left by Gov. Clinton to be fixed by Major Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer.

April 11, 1818. Since the determination of the friends of the Adjutant General, — Solomon Van Rensselaer, — to elect this gentleman a representative to Congress has been mentioned, and particularly since his nomination by the County Convention, we have heard many doubts suggested whether it would be either prudent or expedient for him to jeopardize the office which he now fills with so much credit to himself, and honor and advantage to the state, by accepting another which cannot be a source of profit. If there is a man in the Republic who has claims upon the gratitude and support of his country, that man is SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER. But as our present object is not panegyric, we forbear to recount the services, the exploits and the sufferings of this honorable and high minded citizen soldier. They are well known, and will brighten the pages of our history, when many of those *tinselled insects* whom chance has elevated within a few years, to the highest stations in our country, will be forgotten, or remembered only to be despised. But, he is a FEDERALIST. And it is a truth of notoriety, that owing to the narrow policy of the General Government, since the days of Gen. Washington, instead of bestowing upon him those honors and rewards which he has earned with his blood, he has been singled out as an object of persecution, envy and chilling neglect.

As the General advances in years, the wound through his lungs becomes more troublesome, and it is feared will take him prematurely to his grave. His Physicians have repeatedly recommended to him a temporary change of climate; and in consequence of this recommendation, the General is induced to accept the nomination, in order to try the effect of the climate at Washington. His Physicians are of opinion that the most salutary effects upon his constitution, will flow from this measure.

With respect to his office as Adjutant General, the matter is satisfactorily arranged, so that the public service will not suffer by his absence during the session or that the State will be deprived of his invaluable services in consequence. His duties and arrangements can principally be attended to before he will be obliged to leave this city; and His Excellency the Governor, impressed with a full belief of the necessity of the measure, has magnanimously offered to perform himself the incidental duties of his office during his absence, it is a noble and generous proffer of Governor Clinton.

April 24th of this year, Solomon Van Rensselaer's appointment as Adjutant General, an office retained, so long, in times when there was much party spirit and much acrimony on *both* sides, was confirmed for still another term; and in May there was *no opposition* to the election of the Adjutant General as a member of Congress.

Our Father's *political* and *civil* services rendered to his Country and State irrespective of party or personal considerations, are entitled to as great a celebrity as his Military career. Viewed from either stand point, he established for himself, a character as exalted, honorable and high minded as his children could desire, and equally as gratifying, of which they may well feel proud.

A friend writes: "From an early day I learned to admire Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer's heroic qualities, high order of talent and, amiable disposition. And knowing him as I did from boyhood upward, my eye has been upon him. A nobler looking man, a more indulgent husband and father or kinder hearted friend I never knew."

DE WITT CLINTON, Governor of the State of New York, General and Commander in Chief of all the Militia, and Admiral of the Navy of the same: To SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER — Greeting:

Reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Conduct, Patriotism, and Valour, I do, by these Presents, COMMISSION BY BREVET, and assign you, the said SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER to be A MAJOR GENERAL in the Militia of the said State, until the pleasure of the Council of Appointment in the premises shall be signified and made known. You are therefore, in the mean time, pursuant to the trust hereby reposed in you, to take the said Militia into your care, as MAJOR GENERAL thereof and faithfully to observe and follow all Instructions, Directions, and Orders, which you may from time to time receive from the Commander in Chief of the said State for the time being, and from others your superior Officers, according to the Laws organizing and regulating the Militia, and the Rules and Discipline of War.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have caused the Seal for Military Commissions to be hereunto affixed, at the City of Albany, the twenty-fourth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighteen and in the forty-second year of the Independence of the United States.

DE WITT CLINTON.

This Commission has the Seal with the word "Excelsior" — State of New York — stamped on it, and was given June 24, 1818. The Commission of Major General was subsequently confirmed by the Council of Appointment.

"In consequence of an act passed at the session of the leigislature of New York state, entitled "an act of honor to General Richard Montgomery," authorizing the governor to take such measures as he should deem expedient to obtain the consent of the government of Canada, to the removal of the remains of the general, it was expected that a formal delegation would have been sent by his excellency to Quebec. Information, however, had been received that the provincial government determined not to comply with any formal request from the government of this State upon the subject; although the governor-in-chief (Sir John Sherbrooke) had expressed a perfect willingness to surrender the remains at the request of the widow of the lamented general. In order, therefore, to effect the benevolent and patriotic object, Col. Lewis Livingston, a nephew of Gen. Montgomery at the request of Mrs. Montgomery, and with the approbation of the governor of New York state, proceeded a few weeks since to Quebec for that purpose. The request of Mrs. Montgomery to Governor Sherbrooke, to allow his remains to be disinterred and conveyed to New York, was readily complied with, and Col. Livingston was treated with much politeness and attention on this interesting occasion in the year 1818.

Mr. James Thompson of Quebec who was one of the chief engineers at the time of the storming of the city, and assisted in burying the general, also assisted in the disinterment, making an affidavit to the identity of the body; he was ninety years of age when the remains were taken up. Richard Montgomery was born in Ireland in 1737, was with Gen. Wolfe at the storming of Quebec in 1759 when both Wolfe and the French General Montcalm fell, he then quitted his regiment and returned to England. In 1772 he again came to America, espoused the cause of the colonists and in 1775 he left on the rock of Quebec his blood, and to his country the legacy of his fame; purchased at the sad moment when, with his sword

waving over his head, he rushed forward to the pickets to meet the discharge of a wall-piece from a neighboring house which stretched the truly noble man lifeless on the bloody snow. His mangled body had been carefully deposited in the sepulchral vault, where it rested unmindful of the stormy strife of contending armies. But now, after a lapse of forty-three years, the precious relics were to be restored to his country's care and receive the honors so justly his due. Having obtained and with great care secured the remains, Col. Livingston repaired without parade, and with as little delay as possible to Whitehall, from whence he immediately announced his arrival and sucess to his excellency the governor.

Gov. Clinton to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Staten Island 16 June, 1818.

My knee is much better. Dr. Hosack says that every thing is in its proper place, and that I will recover. Mrs C's health is rather worse. I send you all the brevets in my possession. On the book case in my front office there is a large parcel. Will you get the key from the Recorder, [Philip S. Parker] procure and forward the whole to me to the care of Col. Ferris Pell, New York. I approve of your arrangement relative to Capt. William's Company. I return the paper; as soon as possible I will issue the General order in the case of Montgomery's remains.

Ever Yours Sincerely,
DEWITT CLINTON.

Amongst my other afflictions it is some satisfaction to inform you that Drs. Post, Rodgers, Francis and others concur in the opinion that every thing about my knee is in its proper place and that time will effect a perfect cure.

Sol. Van Rensselaer — Adjutant General, Albany.

Head Quarters, Albany, 29th June 1818.

The Commander in Chief having received intelligence from Col. L. Livingston, that the remains of GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY have been, agreeably to instructions given to him, conveyed from the city of Quebec to the village of White Hall, in this state; and being desirous of manifesting all proper respect for the memory of a distinguished hero, who fell gloriously fighting for the liberties of America, has thought proper to direct the following arrangements on this solemn occasion. The remains of General Montgomery will be conveyed to the city of New York and deposited near the monument erected to his memory in St. Pauls church: and in order that this may be done in the most respectful and honorable manner, the Adjutant General is specially charged with its execution and will proceed immediately to White Hall for that purpose.

Brigadier General Westerlo will give orders for suitable escorts of cavalry to attend the remains. The cavalry of Washington, Rensselaer and Albany counties will perform this service in their respective counties.

The remains will be received by the militia of the city of Albany with military honors, at the north line of the city, on the 4th of July, escorted to the Capitol and deposited in the Council Chamber under a guard: minute guns will be fired on the entrance of the procession.

Col. Gansevoort and Col. Henry Livingston, aids of the commander-in-Chief, will in conjunction with Col. L. Livingston, proceed on the 6th of July from the city of Albany with the remains to the city of New York,

and cause them to be conveyed to the Governor's room in the City Hall; and on Wednesday the 8th of July, the funeral solemnities will take place, under the direction of the Society of the Cincinnati, who will select officers of the revolutionary army to bear the pall.

Major General Morton will direct the military arrangements in the city of New York. The Commissary General and the Commissary of the Division of Artillery, will see to the necessary issues of ammunition. The municipal authorities of the cities of New York, Albany and Troy, are respectfully invited to co-operate; and the Commander-in-Chief takes pleasure in the persuasion, that all his fellow citizens will unite with alacrity and cheerfulness in these solemn demonstrations of respect. In rendering due honor to illustrious heroes and statesmen, we not only reward distinguished merit, but excite to new achievements of patriotism and glory; and an enlightened and public-spirited people, under the guardian of justice and policy, will never withhold their cordial co-operation.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.
SOL. VAN RENSSELAER, Adjutant General.

General Orders.

Head Quarters, Albany June 29th, 1818.

Col. John Williams will order out a Troop of Dragoons from his Regiment to assemble at Whitehall in Washington County precisely at six o'clock on the morning of next Thursday, to escort the remains of the gallant but unfortunate Montgomery, by the way of Salem to Buskirk's Bridge, where the troop will be relieved by one from Col. Knickerbocker's Regiment.

The adjutant general's official report, to Governor De Witt Clinton, on the occasion, will be found very interesting.

"In conformity to the orders of your Excellency of 29th Inst. I proceeded on for White Hall in Washington County, and after making on my rout some preliminary arrangements with Cols. Knickerbocker and Williams in relation to an escort of Dragoons for removal of the remains of the gallant but unfortunate Gen. Montgomery, I reached that place early on the morning of Wednesday 1st July, where I found Lewis Livingston Esqr., to whom I delivered the brevet Colonel's Commissions with which your Excellency had intrusted to my charge. The remains of Genl. Montgomery were safely lodged in a store house on the steamboat wharf. That evening Col. John Williams of Salem appeared at the head of two troops of Dragoons of his Regiment, under the command of Captains McClelland and Cook, and early the next morning this detachment paraded to perform the solemn duty for which they were assigned. The line of March was taken, precisely at 7 o'clock in the following order: First, Col. Williams Dragoons. Next the Corpse, followed by Col. Livingston and myself. 3d Citizens; and lastly a rear guard of Dragoons. Minute-guns were fired from Navy Point by order of the gallant Lieut. Budd, who with a great number of the most respectable citizens of White Hall accompanied the procession to West Granville, a distance of nine miles; where I found a great concourse of people, and salutes were fired on the occasion.

At East Granville a large collection of people, and a fine Band of Music were in waiting and the usual expression of regret for the unfortunate dead was shown. At about 5 o'clock that afternoon we reached Salem

and were escorted into the Town by the Military and Citizens with mourning badges on the left arm; their Colors and Drums dressed in the like manner, and by request, the Coffin was conveyed to the house of Judge Blanchard and guarded for the night by the Military. At six o'clock the next morning the escort resumed its march, in a steady rain, which continued all day. At ten o'clock reached the division line between Washington and Rensselaer Counties, where Col. Williams and his detachment were relieved by Captains Ford and Follitt's Troops of Dragoons commanded by Col. Harman Knickerbocker who was to have been accompanied by about 20 respectable and wealthy old farmers from Schaghticoke, headed by Cols. Knickerbocker and Groesbeck from 75 to 90 years of age, whose farms are all adjoining, and who still retain the habits and customs of their fathers, but were prevented by the incessant rain of that day, a grievance to the old veterans. Before I reached Lansingburg, I was met by Majors Marcy and Deforest, and the Officers of Colonel Yates' Regiment in uniform, with a number of Citizens in carriages and on horseback.

At 5 o'clock I found the Corporation of Troy, headed by the venerable old soldier Col. Paulding (the Mayor) and a great collection of the Citizens at the north bounds of that City, among whom were Genls. Van Ness and Thomas; Col. Lane and many other worthies of those trying days when Montgomery fell. The cavalcade was unusually fine.

His remains were deposited in the Court house protected by a Military guard, where I found Mr. Mead of Albany, with the superb Coffin made under the direction of your Excellency and in which the remains of Gen. Montgomery were deposited in the presence of some of the members of the Corporation. The arrangements of the Corporation of Troy were so perfect, and the military part under the command of Col. H. Knickerbocker so well executed, that the procession was in motion before 7 o'clock on the morning of the fourth, and by eight o'clock, the herse, with the remains of Genl. Montgomery, moved into the boat, under the discharge of Minute-guns, and attended to the waters edge by the Corporation, an immense number of Citizens, and the Military drawn up in open order in great style. While at Gibbonsville (West Troy), in passing the U. S. Arsenal, minute-guns also were fired and Major Laraby had his detachment drawn up on each side of the road. I feel under great obligation to him for the escort he furnished and his own personal attendance.

The Corporation of Albany, the Citizens and Military, under the command of Lieut. Col. Lagrange as Marshal of the day, were drawn up in order at the North bounds of the City at 10 o'clock, and precisely at that hour we met them. As the movement here, was under the eye of your Excellency, I shall not pretend to go into particulars. The pall was borne by patriots of the Revolution, two of those — Cols. John Visscher and Nicholas Van Rensselaer, were with the gallant man, whose remains have been treated with so much respect and veneration from White Hall to this place, when he fell at Quebec. Captain Ten Eyck Lansing's Company had the honor of guarding the Council Chamber from Saturday until this morning, and fired the minute guns. Captains Judson and Williams' company performed as usual, well. In appearance and conduct the Companies of those gallant officers, Majors Worth and Birdsall of U. S. Army,[1] were such as would naturally be expected from such distinguished Officers. A detachment of a Subalterns guard of Major

[1] July 12th, Major Birdsall was assassinated.

Worth's Company, under the Command of Lieut.—— performs the military duty on board of the Steamboat.

I have only to add, the arrangements this morning, under Major Ten Eyck, my Aid-de-Camp, were prompt and military, and that he gives evidence of future promise. Before I close this hasty report, I cannot refrain from repeating the great obligation I feel myself under to Cols. Williams, Knickerbocker and Livingston, for their zealous support in the discharge of the duty your Excellency entrusted to me.

I am, with great respect
Your Excellency's Obedt & humble Servt.

To His Excellency, De Witt Clinton. } SOL. VAN RENSSELAER, Adj. General.
Albany, July 6, 1818.

On the lid of the splendid coffin was placed a superb piece of silver plate, engraved by Messrs. Shepherd and Boyd of Albany, with the following inscription; also another plate of gold, bearing the arms of the state.

"THE STATE OF NEW YORK
In Honor of
GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY,

who fell gloriously fighting for the independence and liberty of the United States before the walls of Quebec, the 31st of December, 1775, caused these remains of the distinguished hero to be conveyed from Quebec, and deposited, on the 8th day of July, 1818, in St. Paul's Church, in the city of New York, near the monument erected to his memory by the United States."

The bearers were, John Lansing, jun. (chancellor), Stephen Lush, John H. Wendell, John Gates [was also at Quebec], John Visscher, Matthew Trotter, Wilhelmus Ryckman, Nicholas Van Rensselaer, Elias Willard, John Shaw, Samuel Lewis of Saratoga, and John Ten Broeck of Hudson. On Monday the pall was borne to the steamboat by the same gentlemen, with the exception of Mr. Lewis and Col. Ten Broeck, and with the addition of Abraham Ten Eyck, and Matthew Gregory, also revolutionary soldiers.

During the movement of the procession to the Capitol, minute-guns were fired and the bells of the city tolled The remains were kept at the Capitol, guarded by Capt. Lansings's company of artillery, until Monday morning, when they were removed, escorted by the military, and attended by the corporation, and a great number of citizens, to the steamboat Richmond, and Cols H. Livingston and Peter Gansevoort (aids to His Excellency the Governor) and Col. L. Livingston, accompanied them to New York, escorted by a subaltern's guard of United States troops from Major Worth's detachment. On Sunday, the adjutant general, very obligingly attended several hours at the Capitol, for the purpose of gratifying those of our citizens who desired it, with a view of the remains.

The whole proceedings from Whitehall to this place, upon this occasion, and the eagerness displayed by all classes and description of people, to testify their profound respect and veneration for the memory of the deceased, is highly creditable to the feelings, patriotism and character of our citizens. The peculiarly appropriate time of the arrival of the remains, rendered the occasion doubly interesting — it being the anniversary of that Freedom,

for the achievement of which MONTGOMERY FELL! The respect due to the memory of so exalted a character as that of Gen. Montgomery, was paid to his remains by the citizens of Hudson as the steamboat passed on her way to New York. The military and citizens, to the number of about 3000 assembled on the bank of the river, an appropriate number of minute-guns were fired as the boat moved gently down with the current. The flag was suspended half way up the flag-staff, and the shipping at the wharfs also appeared with their colors at half-mast. At New York the remains of General Montgomery were deposited with civic and military honors. The funeral service was read in a solemn and impressive manner by the Right Rev. Bishop Hobart, and a short but eloquent eulogium pronounced by the Rev Dr. Mason. The remains were then committed to the ground, and vollies of musketry fired in the churchyard by detachments from the artillery, acting as infantry, and from the governor's guard. In New York city the pall-bearers were Col. Varick, (president of the Cincinnati,) Col. Trumbull, Col. North, Gen. M. Clarkson, Col. M. Willett, Col. Fish, Capt. Trebout and Gen. Giles.

The hearse and coffin were very splendid and were flanked by a detachment of the United States Infantry, under Lieut. Belknap, followed by a horse caparisoned in black, and with the usual accompaniments of military mourning. The exhibition was imposing, magnificent and solemn.

The annexed inscription was copied from the Monument in St. Paul's church-yard, placed in front of the church itself. "This monument is erected by the order of congress, 25th Jan., 1776, to transmit to posterity a grateful remembrance of the patriotism, conduct, enterprise, and perseverance, of MAJ. GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, who after a series of successes amid the most discouraging difficulties, fell in the attack on QUEBEC, 31st Dec., 1775 aged 37 years. The state of New York caused the remains of Maj. Gen Richard Montgomery to be conveyed from Quebec and deposited beneath this monument the 8th day of July, 1818." [1]

Hon. John Lovett to Solomon Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Schuyler's Hill, Thursday morning.

Time, place, and circumstances prevented last evening my direct reply to your verbal communication. The solicitude you have long manifested for a reconciliation between Judge William W. Van Ness and myself, affords anew, but needless pledge of your honorable friendship. Misfortune must, I think, have exhausted nearly her whole quiver of keen arrows at me: but no one ever piereed deeper, than that which severed the cord of intimacy between Judge Van Ness and myself. I pondered; wondered; and regretted; and, had it been possible to persuade myself that I was not injured, I should have done it. I could not. I could not thus murder the friend in my own bosom, honestly testifying in the cause of my honor. The evidence of injury was, to me, conclusive: and painful as was the task, I decided by it. Of the *facts*, *I* am a competent judge; of the *motives*, *Judge Van Ness* must judge alone. If it was intention, I lament

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[1] Albany July 4th, 1818.

General Solomon Van Rensselaer, Dr. To Henry Shaw.

To Making Wads at the time General Montgomery's Bones Arrived at Albany,	$1.50
Cash Paid for Horse hire to go to Gibbonsville to see after Cannon,	1.25
Cash paid to Carman for carrying Wads on the Hill,	0.25
Recd. payment C. A. TenEyck for Henry Shaw.	$6.00

and resent it; if *inadvertence*, I am sorry it was not promptly avowed. If a *presumption*, too far urged upon good nature, I grieve that the shaft was not withdrawn, when it was manifest that the wound festered. Whether I was right, or wrong, Judge Van Ness ought to have spoken to me. If I was right, the path was clear — he owed me an apology. If wrong, it was the duty of his friendship to chide me. *You* know, that I seek not to multiply the thorns which beset my path: and GOD knows, that my mangled heart can bear but few more thrusts. But my life and my honor must make a contemporaneous exit. I would never press a friend, in error, to the extreme of apology; to know that *he is satisfied thereof, and regrets the circumstance*, is enough for me. *I* ask no *more:* honor cannot ask *less.* On that ground I will give Judge Van Ness my *hand*, and my *heart* will warm it. I seek friendship with all men; but mostly those who are my Country's friends; yet I cannot reach so far for *friendship* as to lose my *balance* and plunge into disgrace. I cannot become the object of my own contempt; 'tis the worst of suicide; nor can I play the hypocrite, and reach my hand while my heart says no. I write this in haste (7 o'clock A. M.), as I must go early to my office. If I advance a single incorrect sentiment, be you my impartial judge, and point to it with the finger of friendship. Yours most truly,

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Cherry Hill. JOHN LOVETT.

"In June, 1817, Mr. Lovett went on an excursion to the western country, for the purpose of providing a residence for himself and family from which he never returned. He located at Fort Meigs on the river Maumee; the bank of the river at the little village of Perrysburg — commenced by Mr. Lovett and named after Commodore O. H. Perry — is almost one hundred feet in height. The change in the manner of living and the hardships incident to an unsettled country, proved too severe at so late a period of life, and brought on a degree of debility, under which he languished many months, and to which he finally fell a victim: DIED. At Fort Meigs, Ohio, on the 12th of August 1818, the HON. JOHN LOVETT of Albany, N. Y., aged 58 years. As a companion and friend, rarely has the world beheld one his superior. His coloquial powers were almost unrivaled, his wit flashed on every occasion, his humor was probably never excelled. He twice represented the district in the house of representatives of the United States. In that situation he discharged his duties with great fidelity and punctuality. His devotion to his country was unbounded, and he was ever deeply interested in its prosperity. He was a staunch federalist, but went with his party when in 1812 the Federalists coälesced with the Clintonian Democrats, because conscious of their inability to elect a candidate of their own."

Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Charleston, Jany 9th, 1819.

Your letter was very interesting to me at this distance from all whom I hold dear. I am happy to find our Agricultural Society was organized so harmoniously and I am satisfied with the judicious choice of Managers, with one exception — myself. Watson has written to me that now he is going to organize one in Rensselaer County, and modestly asks from me the same patronage that I afford to Albany; and also to offer a Farm in fee to the best Cultivator of a Farm &c. &c. I shall not be backward in subscribing provided it is supported by Men of Property in Troy and

Lansingburgh. Your Bill I am advised will pass the Senate — as well as the other branch as honorably.[1] Pray write to me what is doing at Albany, who will be Senator and who Judges &c., all the intrigues, and how Clinton stands. I am pleased that he is to be married so well. Mrs. R. unites with me in regards to your good Lady and amiable Daughters — tell Rensselaer I hope he is very studious. Respects to Jacob and all friends from Your friend,

My health is improved in this mild climate. S. V. RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Adjt. General, Albany N. Y.

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Solomon, Hudson, 14th July, 1819.

I received your letter & thank you for it.

The Council has done nobly, tho' there are several removals which ought to have been made, as well in this County as elsewhere, at the same time I must not be considered as a grumbler — much good has been done, and the effect I do not doubt, will be extensively useful and beneficial. The Governor has certainly acted with the utmost liberality & firmness, and given a *character* to his administration which is very much needed. The battle is however but barely begun, and unless he himself and his friends at Albany are indefatigable in their exertions, you may rely upon it, all may yet be lost.

I have just understood that Van Buren [Martin Van Buren, attorney-general,] has left Albany on an excursion which will take him about a fortnight — where has he gone? I have no doubt he is on a visit to such of the Democratic members in Montgomery & elsewhere as he can well operate upon. It ought to be counteracted at once by the friends of the Governor. I will see you at the August term.

Yours affectionately,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer. W. W. VAN NESS.

The *council of revision* consisted of the governor, chancellor, chief justice, and judges of the supreme court. At this time James Kent was the chancellor; Smith Thompson, chief justice; Ambrose Spencer, William W. Van Ness, Joseph C. Yates, Jonas Platt were justices of the supreme court.

Solomon Van Rensselaer had received his commission to be a major general, from the council of appointment in March, and subsequently we find him laboring on the political arena at Washington. He served the two consecutive sessions as a member in congress faithfully and ably, giving, during the whole of his congressional career, general satisfaction. He left Albany November 29, 1819, and on Monday, the 6th day of December, being the *first session* of the sixteenth congress held under the constitution of the United States, Gen. Van Rensselaer took his seat, having been unanimously elected representative, from the ninth district without opposition, in the house of representatives. "After a statesmanlike and comprehensive survey of the respective spheres of the political bodies, he took his stand on the platform of the party he represented and became a 'working man.' He was conscious of the abuses of political life, and in his daily routine exercised much practical wisdom." Again in 1821 the same distinguished honor was conferred

[1] "Stephen Van Rensselaer has the credit of carrying the important bill for the encouragement and improvement of agriculture, through the legislature. He was elected president of the board of agriculture in 1820."

upon him, by an overwhelming majority over his Democratic competitor, and fellow townsman, the Hon. Harmanus Bleecker, who was, in the year 1839, appointed United States minister to the Hague. He well knew and could say "the more I have observed of the world, the more I am satisfied that little reliance is ever to be placed on what is called *friends*. When the hour of trouble comes, and you call upon *these friends*, and request a little sacrifice to be made, in ninety cases out of a hundred, they turn their backs upon you, and desert you with all imaginable indifference." It was clear to him, that every one's duty was to try to be in a situation, where he would have no favors to ask and such he wished to obtain.

Officers of the Government of the United States: James Monroe, president; Daniel D. Tompkins, vice president; John Q. Adams, secretary of state; William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury: John C. Calhoun, secretary of war; Smith Thompson, secretary of the navy; Return J. Meigs, postmaster general; William Wirt, attorney general.

Representatives of the State of New York in Congress: XVITH CONGRESS. — Silas Wood, Ebenezer Sage, Henry Meigs, Peter H. Wendover, Caleb Tompkins, Randell S. Street, James Strong, Walter Case, Jacob H. De Witt, Robert Clark, Solomon Van Rensselaer, John D. Dickinson, John W. Taylor, Nathaniel Pitcher, Ezra C. Gross, Harmanus Peck, John Fay, Robert Morrell, Joseph S. Lyman, Henry R. Storrs, Aaron Hackley, Jun., William D. Ford, George Hall, Jonathan Richmond, Caleb Baker, Nathaniel Allen, Robert H. Tracy.

Senators, Nathan Sanford, Rufus King.

1820. *Officers of the Government of the State of New York*: His Excellency De Witt Clinton, governor; Hon. John Tayler, lieut. gov.; James Kent, chancellor; Ambrose Spencer, chief justice; William W. Van Ness, Joseph C. Yates, Jonas Platt, John Woodworth, justices of the supreme court. Gerrit Y. Lansing, judge of the court of probates; John V. N. Yates, secretary of state; Archibald M'Intyre, comptroller; Garret E. Dox, treasurer; Simeon De Witt, surveyor-general; Thomas J. Oakley, attorney-general; Anthony Lamb, commissary general.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, adjutant-general.

Peter Gansevoort, judge advocate general.

Samuel L. Mitchill, surgeon general.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dear Harriot. Washington, Dec. 18, 1819.

I have been so much pressed with calls and calling on others, dispatching papers and documents, that I have not been able before to give you an account of our Mess. There are ten of us together, Bucktails, Democrats, and Federalists; Wendover of New York, and Tompkins of Westchester (brother of Vice President) are among the number, all political discussions are prohibited. We pay ten dollars a week for our board; cider and ale are the only drinks at our table which are at our cost, and as to eatables we are well furnished. My expenses including everything will fall short of what I contemplated.

The climate is fine and well calculated for my shattered frame, we have neither had snow or rain since I have been here, and the weather is almost like June with us at the north. I wish Elizabeth would send me, without delay the printed orders organizing the Militia into twenty-five Divisions; if there is no order to be found in my office, let her take it

from the Orderly Book. I only want the Major-Generals and the number of the brigades attached to each. I am one of the Military Committee and my military duty will be this winter amusing to me. Let Rensselaer request Major Clinton to send me any Military papers which may be in his Father's office. I am in high repute here; Mr. Clay, the Speaker, Mr. Randolph and other great men are very friendly to me. Clay wished to place me at the head of the Committee upon Military Affairs, the duties of which are very extensive, and I could only get rid of it, by saying that the Military duties of my own State (as Adjutant General) would not allow me to pay the attention that was necessary. He then appointed the noted General Smyth who is every thing my ideas had formed of him — a very great fool! I attend a party at the French Ministers to night and have been to the party of Mrs. Adams.

Your affectionate Husband, Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Gen. Lewis to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear General, Staatsburg 31 Decem., 1819.

Accept my unfeigned thanks for your polite attention in transmitting me a copy of the President's Message, and accompanying documents, relating to the Spanish Negotiations. I feel the obligation the more sensibly, by contrasting it with the conduct of some pretended friends, who were assiduous, on every occasion, to load me with civilities, as long as I had the power of serving them, and no longer. *Self* is, so generally, the great incentive to human action, and so few have been the exceptions I have met with, through the course of a long life, that when they do occur the gratification is much heightened by the reflection.

Congress have, at this Session, to act on two very interesting Subjects. The final issue of which I look for with no small anxiety. I need scarcely say, I allude to our Affairs with Spain, and the question of admitting the new States, west of the Mississippi, into the Union, on condition of their prohibiting Slavery. I hope to see the first conducted, with firmness and moderation. The Second, I view, as far the most important. My feelings are in favor of freedom — and I have uniformly indulged them, with respect to my own Slaves — having liberated all that were old enough. But all that has been said, and written on the Subject, has not been sufficient to satisfy my mind, of the right of Congress, to impose conditions of admission into the Union, unknown to the constitution, and repugnant to the Idea of *Equality*. Should it be persisted in, it requires no Prophet to forsee that it will terminate in a Severance of Empire.

How stand opinions at Washington, among men who do not sacrifice every consideration to *party* (if any such you are acquainted with) as to the Question between the Vice President [Daniel D. Tompkins] and the Comptroller [Archibald McIntyre] of this State? Much pains has been taken here, to make it altogether a party Question, particularly by those who wish to bring forward the Vice President as the Opponent of Mr. Clinton, at the next election for President; under the idea that he will be the *most powerful* opponent. I have little, if any thing, to do with politicks: and am pretty much surrounded by persons very hostile to Mr. Clinton. Yet, among those, I can discover that the Comptroller's Statements, of defalcation, have made a deep Impression.

Accept assurances of sincere friendship from Your faithful

Morgan Lewis.

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, in Congress, Washington.

General Jackson had been very demonstrative respecting our Spanish affairs; his conduct was censured by very many but approved of by the president. He had marched into Florida, taken possession of St. Marks; and two of the principal men in the Spanish garrison being accused of exciting the Seminole Indians to hostilities, were tried by a court martial, and executed by his orders.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

Washington Jany. 3, 1820.

I thank you my dear Harriot for your affectionate letter, nothing since I left home has given me half the pleasure. Indeed if it was not for the interest of you and our dear ones, nothing would induce me to be here, the sacrifice of feeling and comfort are too great in being separated. Were you with me I should be perfectly happy, this would be my home as well as Albany or any other place, and if fortune smiles on us, you must accompany me next Session, and divest yourself of the cares of a family at least for a season; my heart is now, as it always has been entirely devoted to you. I told you of my fixed resolution to go only *once* to the parties of the Head of Departments, the foreign Ministers and to Col. Taylor, who formerly belonged to the Dragoons with me, and then I halt. I have nearly finished those I intended to go to — the Presidents, the Secretary's of War and Treasury are the last, excepting the one for to morrow, and there I shall go out of curiosity; was you to see me at those places, as well as all others, you would be gratified. Tell the girls as soon as I have time, I will give them an account of those parties — but of course *they* would think them not equal to those at Albany. How gratified I feel at the good conduct of Rensselaer, nothing can be more grateful to the heart of a parent which you do and can feel. I have procured you a fine pair of Speetacles, and a pair for myself, as I can only write at night and *now* can do so as well as in the day. From the inclosed letter to the Patroon — which I wish you to read — you will see how my time is taken up; seal and send it by Rensselaer. I now return Margaretta's honorable school Certificate, and inclose a little present for her. I am much gratified. Good night my dear Harriot, kiss our flock for me.

Yours Unalterably

Mrs. Van Rensselaer. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Friend, Albany 5th January 1820.

We yesterday obtained a glorious victory. John C. Spencer is Speaker by a majority of 13 — our actual majority is about 17 in the Assembly and I think we shall increase it in a few days. Every thing here at present looks well; and of one thing you may rest assured that Daniel D. Tomkins is utterly and totally disgraced and annihilated. Yet I believe he will be the Jacobin Candidate, but we shall beat him from ten to fifteen thousand We are however obliged to be industrious. The powerful Bucktail Corps is here in all their strength. They are violent and abusive beyond example, the great attack on me is to be made in the Assembly in a day or two. [As to legislative corruption, in regard to the charter of the bank of America, which was *bought* through, it was said, in which transaction Elisha Williams, William W. Van Ness, and other eminent men were thought to be disgracefully implicated.] I am ready for them. I wish you was here. The Patroon has behaved like a man. Why don't

you write to me ? There is a report here that J D. Dickenson is hostile and that he has become more so at Washington. I know this is a falsehood, but I want you to see him and to let me hear from you. Speak boldly at Washington, about Clinton. My federal friends in the Assembly have behaved nobly. We are nearly unanimous. In fact there are but about four apostates. George Tibbits and Elisha B. Strong of Ontario are the only unexpected apostates. Rufus King will be chosen Senator, though many of the bucktails are violently opposed to him. It would be very easy to defeat him, but I am decidedly in favor of his appointment. We feel well and strong, but we may be deceived. I want you to become acquainted with Henry R. Storrs of Columbia County, a member of your house. He is a clever fine fellow and one of our most eloquent men in Congress. W. W. VAN NESS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq. In Congress, Washington.

This eminent jurist, Judge Van Ness, was just and discriminating and possessed high intellectual elements which enabled him to adorn the bench, and made him very careful of the reputation of others. Political parties, however, then as now, in the zeal of heated contests, greatly exaggerated the consequences for good or evil, which were to result from their success or failure.

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Watervliet Jan 11, 1820.

This morning Mr. Clinton's Council was elected. Mr. Dudley [Charles E.] obtained several Federal votes, Mc Kown [James] among the number, and George Tibbits I understand voted the whole Bucktail ticket. John Louusberry has eight more votes than Dudley. The Clintonians are in high spirits. The Vice President, it is said, will be too heavy a weight and it is probable Judge Yates will be the Candidate. I think it very doubtful who will succeed. Pray tell me how you are pleased at Washington. Remember me to my friend Randolph. I hope you have visited Colonel Johnson of Kentucky, he was our friend.

I was last evening elected President of the Board of Agriculture, one deferential vote. Watson solicited the appointment, and is really extremly vexed at his failure. Your friend,

S. V. RENSSELAER.

Major Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, M. C. Washington.

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Albany 18th Jany, 1820.

I have just received yours and thank you for it. The state of things here is daily and hourly improving. It is with equal pride and exultation that I confidently assert, that I have never known any administration surrounded and supported by such a combination of talent — virtue — and patriotism as Governor Clintons. There is not now an influential or respectable federalist who is not with us. The few who have gone off are objects of disgust and contempt. We are erecting upon the most solid basis, a glorious edifice which will I trust long remain the boast and ornament of our State and elevate its character both at home and abroad. The parricides from our State at Washington last winter I know have done much, too much, to misrepresent and degrade us, but we shall give the lie to our calumniators, by such a demonstration of moral power and

wisdom, as will extort applause, when otherwise it would be withheld by envy, meanness, or malignity. I repeat, the good and great of all nations are rallying about our State Administration with a vigor and zeal that is unexampled, while you see collected in the opposite ranks every speculative-disgraced petifogger and public defaulter. The whole phalanx of public plunderers, who, under the great leader of all that is base and dishonorable — *Tompkins*, lived upon the treasury, is in dismay, and shudder at the appalling denunciation which now thunders from the Capitol "the day of plunder shall be no more." I rejoice to hear my worthy friend Dickinson feels as I knew he would feel. He is not the only honest man who has been claimed by the apostates among us. John W. Wheeler has been wavering, but I believe he is now settled down with us. It is yet doubtful who will be the opposing Candidate. Tompkins is daily expected here, and I suspect will finally be nominated. Great efforts are made to induce Thompson to stand, but he is too wise I hope to consent, tho' don't however care a rush who is taken up, we challenge the whole field, and will beat any man by more than 10,000 majority. Our friend McKown does not behave well. He split his ticket in the question of Council, and separates himself from all those to whom he owes his election as Member of Assembly. However we don't give him up — he is a man of honor and will, we hope, finally do what is right. Your family is well. In great haste my Dear Solomon, I am yours, W. W. VAN NESS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

"The New York legislature about these times had some few members to represent their constituents who cared but little for etiquette. Among these was a major who manifested his singular indifference to the most common observances of cultivated life, by his inveterate habit of spitting in every direction upon the carpet. One day when preparing a speech to be delivered before the august body of his peers, a servant came into his room to perform some office, and observing this filthy habit, shoved the spittoon in front of him: the major was oblivious, and out went another mouthful to the left; the servant moved the polished receptacle of filth to the left. The eyes of the major were still bent upon his paper, and his mouth was working nervously; it soon filled, and away went another copious ejectment, this time to the right. The major's salivary glands rapidly secreted again, and while his lips were gathering for one grand discharge in front, the servant gave the appurtenance a desperate shove with the broom in that direction. 'Now, see here!' said the major, 'do you take that d——d thing right out of the way, or I'll spit in it!' This story soon leaked out."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriet, Washington, Jany 22d, 1820.

I this evening received your letter of *Jany. 17th*; thanks to my Spectacles or I could not answer it. I hail that day [the anniversary of marriage] as the happiest of my life; if some part of the time since has been checkered, it was owing to *Rascals* who have injured me in private as well as in public life. No young man who started in life as I did, has made greater exertions, in public or private life, to provide for a wife I adored and her children, than I have done. And after surmounting all difficulties to be cut short in both — the one purchased with my blood, and the other with the sweat of my brow — had nearly overcome my

reason; and I know the effects of which had nearly destroyed me. Those, too, for whom those feelings were excited on some occasions, I regret were the sufferers, but it is past, forget my love those occurrences. I shall do all I can for you and ours; if my means were only equal to my wishes, you should be completely happy. You and they deserve and possess the tenderest feelings of husband and father; dismiss then *all fears*, and make yourself as happy as our separation will admit of. This advice I give you without being able to practice it myself, for I assure you that I feel as if I was alone in the world without you. If you was only with me, my situation would be enviable, for in every other respect I am comfortable. In my dear wife and children my attachment and every wish upon earth is centred. If I return to this place, I pray to God to be enabled to bring you with me, I shall then be perfectly happy, and make you so too. Write to me as often as you can, I look with anxiety for every mail and feel disappointed if I do not get a letter from one of you. I cannot write as frequently as I wish, for independent of my duties here, I have communications from every part of the State and even out of it, they must consider me a *great* man and that I can force through any thing for them. I attend to all as far as I can, at all events I answer them. I have now got through with the parties at the Heads of Departments and Foreign Ministers. All the dinner and evening parties I have declined on account of my wounds; while this excites sympathy, it saves me much time and expense in hack hire. * * *

I received your letter of last Monday [March 20th, 1820,] for which I thank you. The account of the winking and nodding of my dear little pets was very interesting and very gratifying to "papa." Kiss the little dears for me. Write as often as you can, which will be reciprocated by me as often as our business, which is beginning to press, will allow. Tell Rensselaer to act prudently and attend closely to his studies and the concerns of the family. Let me know how things are going on in relation to the farm. I am very pleasantly situated in a prudent Mess, but it is nothing like home. How I wish to see our little ones, tell Harriet Maria and "Dada," that I will bring them a pretty doll. Is your River closed? the weather here is quite warm. If you want anything let me know. Ever and Sincerely your affectionate husband,

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

In the letter above referred to, my mother had written: "The prattle of our little pets is incessant. Catharina tells everybody that you have sent me 'two Eyes from Washington.' You can have no idea how she does chatter; she came out from the front room, the other day and said, '*Papa did wink at me.*' Then Harriet Maria replied, '*He did shake his head for me.*' They look at your portrait so long that they really fancy as true, what they entertain each other with." While General Van Rensselaer was in Washington, a large portrait, painted on canvas by the celebrated Ezra Ames, and just completed, was brought home. Your mother, dear Hattie, then a child of not four years, had not seen our father for many months; she was present when the strikingly correct picture was uncovered. Not a word was spoken till the little one clapped her hands, and then after gazing at it for a moment with a surprised expression, exclaimed in a grieved tone of voice, after running to our mother — "*Poor papa got no legs!*" All of the interested family present, were de-

lighted with the child's näivete, and Mr. Ames declared he desired no better evidence of its being a perfect likeness and a beautiful painting.

"Mr. Ames took *Sir Joshua Reynolds* for his guide in early life, and through him became acquainted with every really eminent painter, ancient or modern;" and many years previous to this satisfactory production, it was said "friends have witnessed the mighty efforts of *Ames's* genius in the line of his noble profession, and the day is not far distant when the brush of *Stuart* shall meet its rival in Albany. An elegant portrait of the HON. GEORGE CLINTON when vice president of the United States, painted just before his death in 1812, by Mr. Ames of Albany, was sent to the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia." [See frontispiece for portrait.]

Judge Speneer to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir: Albany, Feb. 15, 1820.

Will you have the goodness to hand the enclosed to Gen. Brown, it will reach him safer in this channel. So Tompkins stands his hand — and thus ends the deception practised upon the federal tamnanies at the beginning of the Session. We will cure his itch to come before the people — rely upon it he will fail by many thousands. Is it true that he was against any restriction in regard to slavery in Missouri? It is very important that we should be able to fix that charge upon him if it be true — let me know as soon as possible. You may remember that we conversed about some *Mangle Wurtzel* seed before you went on — don't forget to procure me a pound of it as you return thro' Philadelphia, enquire for the best kind. Is there such a thing to be procured in Philadelphia as *Orchard Grass* seed? What is the price and when is it to be sowed?

Your friend Judge Van Ness, I have no doubt, will come out as pure as gold from the refiners hand. Yours Sincerely

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, A. SPENCER.
Representative in Congress, Washington.

The late Chief Justice Ambrose Spencer was a severe and stern, but also a just and humane judge. His mind was remakable for the quickness of its perceptions, for its penetration and its comprehensiveness. He died March 13, 1848, in the eighty-third year of his age.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

Judge Van Ness to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Friend, Albany, Feb. 20, 1820.

I have no time to say any thing more about politics, except that we shall carry the election, and as I verily believe by an immense majority. The residue of my letter must be short and relate to my own concerns. [His Impeachment.] You mentioned to me a conversation you had with Mr. Fowler of Newburgh, in which he stated to you the reasons assigned by B. for attacking and endeavouring to destroy me. The testimony of

Mr. Fowler may be important to me, and I will be much obliged to you to give me a detailed statement of what Mr. Fowler communicated to you, your name shall not be revealed. I understand Mr. King speaks disrespectfully of me, and injures me when he can. Do you know any thing of this? I hear too Dickinson is more than cold towards me and for that reason I am afraid to write to him as I had intended to do. How do you understand him? I hear he is a violent Tammany man and regret it. One word more and I have done — my enemies are malignant — indefatigable — and profligate — I set them at defiance; and tho' I feel mortified and indignant at the base attempts made to destroy me, I am tranquil and firm in the midst of persecution. I hope my friends will have reason to say I meet the shock like a *man*, and that I have never wavered, nor faultered for a single moment. I wish it had so happened that you could be here — but that is out of the question — one of the principal witnesses against me, I understand is Gat. Van Wie.

Yours affectionately,

Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer, In Congress. W. W. Van Ness

Dr. Van Rensselaer to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Green Bush, March 1, 1820.

You will excuse me for intruding a few moments upon your time, when you have so many important concerns on hand, if I say that you may do me a favor. In 1814, I had employed Mr. G. V. Denniston in some business relative to my deceased brother John — and had supposed that it was all settled — when he told me yesterday that by requesting your attention I could recover some considerable pay that was due at the time of his death. He says, that the only thing requisite would be an Examination of the Returns of the 23rd Regt. (of Infantry I think) in which he enlisted on the 25th of April, 1814. It will be there seen how much pay he had received and what balance was still due. Your attention to this will much oblige me. Will you inform me if any, and what other steps may be necessary? Since my return home from Europe, it has often been my intention, and still oftener my wish to write to you. I know not how it is, but the Genius of Laziness seems to claim as votaries all those who reside at Green Bush, and to throw her spells over all visitors. Indeed for a non-resident there are so few attractions in this place that I should be half dead, if it was not for your good family. Yours is the only house in Albany I visit, and I see the folks often and always with renewed pleasure. Poor little Harriet Maria has suffered greatly, but everything has assumed a more favorable appearance than when I first saw her. Inclosed is a slip from the news-paper containing an account of part of my trip — ascent to Mount Vesuvius.

If the domestic circle is quiet, the Political world is all in confusion and tumult. The Nominations of Daniel D. Tompkins and Genl. Moore's you have doubtless seen in the public prints. Of their addresses to the Electors I say nothing — but that they were penned by the fellows who alone voted against Rufus King as our Senator. Their last Meeting is said to be the largest that has ever assembled in Albany — Query — How many of them were entitled to vote for Governor? The arraignment of Judge Van Ness has, I am sorry to say, made an unfavorable impression in the minds of many good federalists — and thus their infernal schemes are succeeding, even when they shall be forced to acquit him. One of

their party lately told me, "if we can't prove him guilty, his reputation will at any rate be damned." I trust however that his character will stand still unblemished in the minds of the most respectable part of the community. For the present adieu — If your time allows, I shall be happy to hear from you — to ask it, is almost too much when you have so many demands upon you. We are all well here, thank God.

I remain, yours Most Sincerely,

JER. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, M. C., Washington.

While Dr. Van Rensselaer was traveling in Europe, his instructive and pleasant letters were frequently published in the leading journals of the day. He subsequently took his family abroad, remaining many years, and in 1852 moved into what was once called the "*Cralo Fort*" at Greenbush.

"The following extract of a letter is from Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, of Greenbush, New York — a young gentleman now in Europe, and where he has been for several years, to complete his studies in the medical art." April 20, 1819. I begin my letter to you on the crater of Mount Vesuvius. The extreme heat of the river of lava, by the light of which I wrote the above, prevented my continuing. We have descended about 150 feet — our guides would go no farther. Our company have gone to Naples. H. and myself have determined to pass this night here, and are now writing by the light of a torch on warm lava, that flowed seven days ago. An eruption of some consequence took place last night, and the lava is running in a stream of about 7 feet wide, at the rate of about three miles an hour. Nothing can possibly be imagined more sublime — the smoke issuing from the glowing torrent, is like a cloud of fire — part of the mount seems on fire, while below it appears the very centre of desolation and gloom. At break of day we mount again, to descend further into the crater, and see the sun rise from its mouth. I may perhaps try more experiments. I have written your name in the burning lava, and it has cooled — the piece is beside me. I also put in a five franc piece — the impression is good, and you shall one day see it. Our torch is about going out, and I must stop to finish to morrow at Naples. Two distinct eruptions have just taken place, and cast out heated stones to the height of 100 or 150 feet. Naples, 22d. I scarcely know what you will think when you open this letter. If it was not for the sake of the place where I began it, you should never see it. We passed the night very well on the mountain. Our guides cleared away the larger stones, and left us none bigger than eggs — we spread our great coats in this little hollow, and were comfortable enough. We required no covering — at our feet issued a small column of heated air — beneath us too warm air oozed up; but the great coats prevented our being *steamed*. H. found that he was too warm, and got up to walk about. I laid quiet, to enjoy the superb sight before me. Some provisions were sent to us by the party — it arrived about eleven o'clock. Fatigue was a good opiate, and our sleep was sweet. Our guides slept on the bare stones beside us. At 3 o'clock we took some bread and wine, and began again the ascent. Our route now lay in another direction. It was not so difficult as what we had ascended the evening before. Before 5 we were at the top, and waited only a few minutes to see the purple tinge of the horizon gradually change into brightened gold. A sea of clouds floated far beneath us — it resembled an undulated plain of cotton, whose edges were tinged and burnished

by the first rays of the morning. The scenery below was lost — nought appeared but the fiery summit on which we stood, and the tops of lofty mountains around that rose above the clouds that settled on their sides.

We continued our labor, and got near the mouth of the crater — the wind drove the smoke towards us, and we were obliged to descend and try the other side. We rose to the highest point, and thence a gradual descent took us to the mouth of the largest crater. Its shape constantly varied — at present there are two fountains, whence issue the smoke and stones. We could not observe the bottom very plainly — to descend was impossible. The smaller crater has three of these nostrils or breathing holes, smaller than the first, but more active. The wind drove the smoke in such a manner, that we saw the bottom on the other side. Our guides were urging us to descend — a shower of hot stones and cinder had more influence than their entreaties. The lava is seen in neither crater, but flows through a subterranean canal, almost horizontal; and does not appear till it forces through the crust about 150 yards from the crater. It forms at once a river about seven feet wide, and flows at the rate of between 2½ and 3 miles an hour; its depth cannot be told. The present stream issued in this spot seven days ago, and continues still running — it resembles flowing liquid iron, running in a gutter, which it seems to have formed, having on either side a perpendicular wall of lava, about three inches thick, serving as a kind of raceway. About a mile from the orifice, it spreads into a large bed or lake, and there cools, gradually becoming black on the surface, and still glowing beneath. Occasionally the river changes its course — this gave an opportunity of breaking several times the crust that covers the stream, to see the hot lava below. In some places, where all was cold, we broke it and found it quite hollow beneath, by the extrication of the gas. Usually a heavy wind breaks the crusts, and then they fall in every direction, giving the whole mountain a terrific appearance. At a distance it looks like new ploughed land, and of the same colour: as we approach, it is much more rough and hideous. Having taken some more impressions in the lava, we turned to survey the scene around us. The clouds hung on the foot of the mountain, and only permitted us to see the gloomy cone on which we stood. The genius of desolation may be said to reign over this dreary realm; not a sign of vegetation relieves the eye, wearied and sad with the horrible and bleak expanse that environed us: How melancholy are the feelings excited in such a situation! How much more so are the recollections it recalls! I felt as if we alone stood on the ruins of the universe — as if chaos was come again; nor can I think of it without emotion. A long and distressing walk on the broken lava brought us to the place where we had slept. Our last descent began here, and when once at the foot of the upper part of the mountain, we rapidly went in seven minutes, the same distance that we were an hour in ascending the day before. The fathers received us kindly at the hermitage, where we breakfasted on bread and wine. The clouds had now dispersed, and we enjoyed a view of the superb bay of Naples. I must say (nor do I know how far prejudice influences my saying so), that it is inferior to the bay of New York. The famed places that skirt its shores, give to it a reputation and a classic interest that New York cannot boast — and as long as Homer, Virgil, Horace and Pliny are read so long will this bay be the most interesting in the world. Independent of these writers, the fertile soil that envelopes the foot of Vesuvius, with its burning craters, the number of cities and villages de-

stroyed by its dreadful workings, will ever attract the lover of landscape and the student of nature. The cities over which we walk — the palaces over which we sail — the lakes, half swallowed — and mountains ejected in a single night — all add to the interest of the place.

Such were my thoughts as my mule came down the base of the mountain, at the little village of Rescina, from whence we had descended the day before into Herculaneum. The theatre alone is now shown; some persons having been lost in the excavations, they are closed to the public — and through the inadvertency of others, we are deprived of pleasure and instruction. To Pompeii is 8 miles, and we took a kind of chaise for the day. The Neapolitan chaise, or cabriolet, is a very small gig, into which two very small persons may squeeze; one of them drives, and the coachman stands behind to whip the horse, which is exclusively his prerogative, and the passenger cannot prevent him from making the horse run all the distance. Pompeii. as it is shown to visitors, is more interesting than Herculaneum; since it is part of a city exposed to light, and open to day. We walk by daylight in the streets; enter the houses and temples and visit the forum and tombs, the same as any ancient town — but cannot forget, that since the year 79, till within a short time, the ashes of Vesuvius have hid it from the day. The temple of Isis is the most complete; few houses have the second story; the first are perfect, and are easily known. Thus several cook-shops, a bake-house, a surgeon's or druggist's, a milkman's &c., are at once recognized by the signs painted on the walls, and frequently the name is seen too. One of the streets must have been superb; it yet exhibits the marks of carriage wheels. The workmen and guides are very strict; I wanted a small square piece of marble, which served as a floor to one of the courts — although it laid loose on the ashes, yet they replaced it; nor had a bribe far beyond its intrinsic value, any effect. They gave me to understand that both their necks would answer for it.

I wrote to you from Leghorn. We went from thence to Pisa, Lucca, and Florence; the latter is a beautiful and interesting place, in the vale of Arno, one of the most luxuriant in the world. From Florence to Rome is 200 miles, we arrived in the Holy Week, and saw the ceremonies of Easter. The religious ceremonies were the most splendid I ever saw. The pope, 20 cardinals, 30 bishops, and *lots* of deacons officiated — about 30,000 persons were in St. Peter's during the service. We got by chance with the ambassadors; but though luck favored us in the cathedral, it left us to shift for ourselves at the door, and we mingled in a crowd of 150,000 persons, who knelt to receive the benediction of his holiness.

The illumination of St. Peter's, and the fire works, were superb beyond description. They are said to have cost more than one million of dollars, and still his holiness cannot clear his dominions of banditti — he is too poor! Part of the way from Rome to this place, guard houses are built every quarter of a mile, and we had frequently a soldier on each side of the carriage to protect us from robbers. Still the traveller sees every mile crosses erected on the grave of some murdered traveller, or the limb of some wretched victim of the law.

From Rome we crossed the Pontine marshes — the travelling is 10 miles an hour — the people look as if nature was sinking to rest; still they are the only contented folks I have seen in Italy. Formerly felons were condemned to act here as postillions; at present things are not so bad, and only want proper management.

"The above interesting extract was penned by Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, a gentleman of the old school, distinguished for his large-hearted charity and courteous bearing towards all, the fragrance of his gentle Christian character will long remain to justify the appropriate inscription upon his tomb — 'the memory of the just is blessed.' He was the son of John J. Van Rensselaer, who died in 1828, and occupied the quaint '*Old Van Rensselaer Mansion*' on the east bank of the Hudson river, just below the village of Greenbush, opposite the city of Albany. *It* is a fine old mansion, delightful in location, with the broad, silvery Hudson washing its bank, and the sad and joyous associations of more than two centuries clustering around it. A dense hedge of lilacs, rich in the profusion of spring flowers, borders and overtops the picket-fence which fronts the house and runs nearly parallel with the road and river. Within the hedge, a lawn kept with cultivated taste, attracts the attention of the passing traveler, as he looks through the openings with a longing desire to enjoy the cool and quiet seclusion of its retreat. The building was erected as early as 1663, and no doubt was used in those early times as a fort, some of the stone port-holes still remain visible in the walls.

"Around the fireplace, in the upper chambers, are a number of tiles, of a dull purple color, containing Scripture illustrations. One represents the flight of Joseph into Egypt. Another is that of Dives and Lazarus; another of the tiles represents the baptism of Christ in the river Jordan. There are altogether between forty and fifty of these tiles all of which have Scripture subjects upon them. Here, too, was seen the heavy wooden chest, in which the linen of our ancestors was sent to Holland to be washed, showing how exclusive was their entire dependence on the mother country during their early residence in this western wilderness. After this old mansion had been built more than a hundred and twenty-five years, a few very enterprising New Englanders passed by and made a settlement of the village of Troy. We may imagine the mingled surprise and indignation of the good old burghers of staid Albany, when they found that 'Big Jacob,' grandson of the venerated Derick Van Derheyden, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines and sold a portion of the farm of 490 acres, leased from the Patroon, at an annual rent of three bushels and three pecks of wheat and four fat fowls."

Gov. Clinton to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany, 17 March, 1820.

I intend to lay before the Legislature at their request evidence of the interference of the General Govt. in our Elections. With this view I am anxious to have authenticated accounts of the Post Master General's [Return J. Meigs] conduct on Van Buren's [Martin Van Buren, a member of the New York Senate] Letter, and for this purpose, I have written to Messrs. Munell and Lyman. Cannot V. B's letter be procured by a call of the House? Will you see to this and also procure such other testimony on this Subject as may be in your power? We stand well here. Thousands and thousands of office seekers under the new Council.

Yours truly,

DE WITT CLINTON.

Hon. Sol. Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, W. Vliet, March 17, 1820.

Your letter and the documents I received and handed them to the Governor. Both parties are very sanguine. I think however the Bucktails are rather below par — if the Western District give Clinton their votes his party calculate on, then he succeeds. The Federals in the State except N. York will give him their support, some however reluctantly. We are determined to rally under our old banner and support McKown against Duer (for Assembly) who has joined the Bucktails and Gibbons. You have seen E. Clark's letter to Morris Miller. I think he will feel small when he meets his old friends. What do you think of our address to the Agricultural Societies? I sent one to Randolph, has he received it? We have excellent sleighing yet. I hope to see you the beginning of next month. Mrs. R. on Tuesday presented me with a fine boy, she is as well as usual on those occasions. Your friend,

S. VAN RENSSELAER.

Major General Van Rensselaer, Washington.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Wife, Washington, March 20, 1820.

I wrote you we had made up a party to go to Alexandria and Mount Vernon, we returned on Saturday evening, in a fine moonlight, at 10 o'clock, from the Seat of the Father of his Country. My time will not allow me to give you a description of the place or of my feelings; these must be reserved for a happy fireside chat, in the midst of all I love dearly, sometime about the first of May. Ask the young farmer whether it will not be best to sow the *back lot with peas*, and the low land with barley and oats. If he has not been able to get manure on the back lot, this crop will be the most profitable there. If the peas are rolled in plaster, and plaster sowed over them, the ground will produce a good crop, and will be handy to turn in the hogs. The ground should be handsomely turned over and lightly harrowed before sowing, or, if it is well plowed, perhaps first harrowing will be unnecessary. He should sow twenty bushels upon this lot, or at least two bushels to the acre, and get them in as early as possible. Three ploughs will soon turn it over. * * *

Dear Harriot, Washington, March 22, 1820.

I have only time, after writing to several, to say that an affair of honor took place this morning between Commodores Decatur and Barron, in which both fell at the first fire. The ball entered Decatur's body two inches above the hip, and lodged against the opposite side. I just came from his house. He yet lives, but will never see another sun. Barron's wound is severe, but not dangerous. The ball struck the upper part of his hip, and turned to the rear. He is ruined in public estimation. The excitement is very great. Kiss all my Coveys for me. In haste.

Truly yours,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Washington, March 22, 1820. A duel was fought this morning between Commodore Stephen Decatur — one of the first officers of our navy — the pride of his country and Commodore James Barron. Commodore Decatur

was supported by Com. Rodgers in whose arms he was sustained from the battle ground to his residence. *Evening:* Com. Decatur still lives. His surgeon, however says that he cannot live until morning. I walked to his dwelling this afternoon to enquire about him. Every person in the city appears dejected at this unfortunate and melancholy affair. Grief and sorrow are depicted in the countenances of all, for the fate of poor Decatur. Barron is severely wounded and had the ball struck one inch above his hip bone instead of on it, he would have been now in the same situation with Decatur. The quarrel has been of about five months standing and grew out of the old Chesapeake affair. Barron it appears applied to command the Columbus. Decatur opposed his application, which gave offence to Barron — Com. Bainbridge was the friend to Decatur, Captain Elliott the friend to Barron. They fought at the distance of eight paces on the celebrated battle ground near Bladensburg. "The fatal wound was given on Wednesday morning and the noble Naval Hero expired in agony at 11 o'clock the same night. The sad news of the duel created unusual feeling and sensation in the House; so generally was Com. Decatur beloved by the members and so anxious were they to hear the particulars, that it was difficult for the speaker to keep them in order. The funeral was attended on the afternoon of Friday 24th with every demonstration of respect and due Military honors. The volleys of musketry which announced the consignment of the hero's remains to the tomb, sounded as the knell of departed chivalry. Mrs. Decatur was in an agony of despair, distressed beyond expression, they have no children. Mrs. D. died at Georgetown D. C., in 1860."

Judge Mc Kown to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany 22nd March 1820.

You have no doubt seen the report of our Committee of Ways and Means on the subject of the Vice President's affair. Last night his Excellency, the ci-devant and would be Governor, transmitted to the House, a correspondence which he had entered into with the Committee pending the Enquiry. The whole of the Correspondence goes decidedly to shew that he had determined, and such was his object, not to do or say any thing decidedly on any special part of the subject, but to throw a *mist* over it, that might leave him some kind of pretences of complaint of unfair treatment before the Committee. But the strangest thing of all was, that one of his minions, it appeared, had got or stolen a private letter written by the Chairman of Committee, to one of his Country friends, in which he had expressed an opinion pretty harshly against Tompkins, and a copy with the official correspondence of the Committee was sent to the House by T — in apparent great triumph. But he did not stop here. In one of his letters to the Committee, which he had the audacity to send to the house, he said substantially, that it was not to be wondered at that the Committee made an unfavorable report, as some of them had prejudged his case, and that the source which appointed them was personally and politically hostile to him!! Directly insulting the House by saying, in very plain terms, they were a set of perjured rascals who had determined to act corruptly and judge partially. How his advisers, who certainly *are* shrewd men, ever permitted Tompkins to overshoot his mark in this way I cannot conceive. I must believe he did this without advice of his friends. Every one was astonished, and you may suppose the majority of the House was at once in a flame. Of consequence they refused to have his communication printed

or have any thing to do with it; and ordered the Clerk to deliver his papers to him again.

Our Committee of enquiry enter on Van Ness conduct, after an interval of about two weeks, to re-commence the examination of witnesses this day. I believe about a dozen new witnesses have arrived from New York. I hope we may be able to finish the examination this week.

I am Dear Sir, Yours truly,

The Hon. Sol. Van Rensselaer,
House of Representatives, Washington.

JAMES MCKOWN.

[Hon. Daniel D. Tompkins was vice president of the United States under President Monroe; he had many opponents in his political career. Still he had many valuable points, and as a firm, efficient, and zealous friend to his country, in times of great difficulty and need, he was not excelled. He died in the year 1825. Judge William W. Van Ness was strangely misunderstood; but now that the feverish state of things has passed away, and selfishness no longer warps the minds of men regarding those events in a most remarkable period of time, full justice is awarded to as noble a man as ever lived. He ever was distinguished for his high intellectual endowments and his courteous bearing in all the relations of life, and the voice of history mourns over the strange infatuation that then prevailed.]

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany, 27th March, 1820.

I have received a copy of Van Buren's famous letter on the "Rascally P. Masters." It is equally offensive to grammar and truth. It is perfectly satisfactory and will produce a great effect. When were the P. Masters mentioned in his letter removed? They are — Holt of Herkimer — Howell of Bath — Smith of Little Falls — Chamberlin of Oxford. Why is Holt retained if so? I had a hint about the maneuvre to remove P. Masters in Jefferson and have written to your Colleague, William D. Ford, on the subject. As letters on file are public documents, why not boldly request a copy — let it by all means be attended to. An idea of importance has struck me. Suppose that you and a Colleague desired a private interview with the President [James Monroe,] stated the conduct of the P. M. General in removing Post Masters on the eve of the election — that it was reported that this measure had met his approbation. That you wished to give a liberal support to his administration and to guard him against misrepresentation, that you respectfully desired to know whether he had or had not sanctioned and whether he did or did not approve of the measure. In either case it was due to his candor and magnanimity to remove all doubt on this at once. If I were with you I would do this at once. If he denied, it will be well, if he admits, then the charge can be brought directly home to him. If he is silent so much the better. In all respects the step is proper, decorous and respectful; will do you honor and is worthy of a Representative of the people.

Col. Livingston, of Saratoga has a claim which has been transmitted to the Speaker. Will you tell him to notice it and to write to his constituents frequently. He stands well there and our friends are making favorable demonstrations in that quarter. Cramer is full of bitter denunciations against the Speaker. Our accounts from the Counties are very favorable.

I am yours truly,

DEWITT CLINTON.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer — In Congress, Washington.

"April 6, 1820. Report of the Committee in the Case of Judge Van Ness. After a long, faithful, and impartial investigation, the committee appointed for the purpose of examining the official conduct of the Hon. William W. Van Ness, made their satisfactory Report to the State Legislature, and we feel a sincere gratification in saying, that the elevated character of our judiciary stands unimpaired, and the reputation and integrity of one of its most useful ornaments, untouched and unsullied. The report although brief, is full, satisfactory and conclusive. He has passed through the ordeal unharmed — and that too, at a period of party excitement almost without a parallel. Every engine that party rage, wealth, and influence could command, has been set on motion to impeach his conduct — with certain charges preferred against him by the editors of the *American* — but, after the strictest scrutiny NOTHING could be proved against him. On the contrary his INNOCENCE has been completely established, and the purity of the bench declared by the unanimous voice of the people through their representatives. We congratulate the public upon the honorable exculpation of this distinguished citizen, and brilliant ornament of the bench."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriot, Washington, April 20, 1820.

Instead of the first of May, I fear in consequence of the arrival of the Spanish Minister, Congress will not adjourn until the eighth. The Patroon is with us, and is much improved in health, is also in very good spirits. He is highly pleased and gratified with the standing and conduct of his Aid, and very affectionate to him; my neat quarters he is pleased with &c.

Mr. Gracey of New York — Rodgers of the same place, together with Greigg from Ontario and the Patroon dined with me yesterday; we had a neat, substantial dinner and pleasant jovial little party. Last night I introduced them into the Queen's drawing-room, she was a Miss Kortright, distinguished alike for her beauty and accomplishments, and to night we take tea with Mrs. Senator Brown, an old acquaintance from Kentucky. The Patroon leaves this on Saturday, would to heavens, I could accompany him, but fear we shall not adjourn until the eighth of May, if we do then. I regret our dear little patient Hat suffers so much, I was in hopes she was better. Tell her and the little one, I will bring them each a doll, an orange and sugar-plums — kiss them for me.

Washington, May 4th. You will see my dear Wife, by these papers, that both Houses of Congress have agreed to adjourn on the 15th Instant. Although the day is more distant than I could wish, yet I am delighted to know the time when I shall press to my heart those I love so dearly.

Affectionately Yours,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Just before the hour of meeting on Friday evening May 12th, an incident took place in the chamber of representatives, worthy of note, from not having been fatal in its consequences. The chain by which was suspended the massive brass chandelier, hanging in the center of the hall, gave way, as one of the attendants on the house was lighting the lamps, and fell with a force proportioned to its great weight. The servant was thrown some distance from the ladder, and escaped unhurt; and, although the mem-

bers were gathering fast in the hall, and the fragments of the chandelier covered a considerable space, it happened the seats immediately within its reach were not yet occupied, and no member was seriously hurt. A more providential escape can scarcely be imagined, the weight of the chandelier being several hundred pounds. The chandelier was imported from England, and cost 1,300 dollars.

The first session of the sixteenth congress, was terminated, about four o'clock in the afternoon of May 15th, by the adjournment of the two houses until the second Monday of November next, being the 13th day of the month. The session closed in perfect harmony. No session of congress has been marked by more deliberation and coolness in its closing scene.

Monday, Nov. 13, 1820, the *second session* of the sixteenth congress began. Wednesday Nov. 15. The house then again proceeded by ballot to the election of a speaker, and upon an examination of the twenty-second ballot, it appeared that JOHN W. TAYLOR, one of the representatives from the state of New York, was duly elected SPEAKER.

In Senate on November 15, 1820. "Resolved that his excellency, the governor be requested to lay before the senate all the information that he may possess in relation to that part of his speech which alludes to the general government, or its officers, 'as an organized and disciplined corps in our elections.'

Ordered, That the clerk deliver a copy of said resolution to his excellency the governor. By order,

JOHN F. BACON, Clerk.

To the Senate,

Gentlemen: Fully appreciating the patriotic solicitude of the senate to prevent all unwarrantable intrusions in the political affairs of the state, I have received their application for information on this subject with pleasure, and I shall, in due time make them a communication, which, I trust, will be satisfactory in its nature and salutary in its tendency.

Albany, Nov. 16, 1820. DEWITT CLINTON.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany 18 Nov., 1820.

Can you procure for me a statement of the whole number of Post Offices in this State, and the aggregate of compensation?

We have received the President's Message, but no account, as yet, of the Election of Speaker in Mr. Clay's place. It is to be hoped that Taylor [John W. Taylor] has succeeded. Our Legislature are yet in Session. Everything is working right. Yours Sincerely,

DEWITT CLINTON.

Honorable Sol. Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

Charles G. Haines to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, New York Nov. 20, 1820.

The recent triumph of Northern politics has imparted joy and congratulations, among all our friends in this City. To you great Credit is given. We feel confident that you boldly and perseveringly led the way to victory, and animated the courage of the timid and desponding. Next comes the *Missouri Constitution.* For God's sake stand firm, and reject this odious and abominable instrument. If it is received by Congress in its present shape, I would not give a single farthing for the American Confederacy. It will be trampled under foot, openly violated, and virtually destroyed. There is a great sensibility here on this subject. A few of us, including

all parties combining men of candor and reason, met on Saturday Evening last to consult on the propriety of calling a general meeting; but upon the whole, after full debate, it was concluded not to do it. But we stand strong, firm and resolute. If Civil War and division of the Union come, so be it! Rather have these, than the extended horrors of Slavery. How do the Southern People feel? If we do our duty, nothing can resist the tide of Northern feeling and Northern independence that has set in. The Bucktails stand mute and thunderstruck. My opinion is, that Governor Clinton's Administration stands stronger than it did one year ago, by many thousands. Our triumph next Spring is certain if we do any thing worthy of our cause. In all your operations at Washington, I hope nothing will be said of making Mr. Clinton our President. My feelings towards him you know and God knows; but we must embrace the whole ground, and this cannot be done, if we build upon the name and merits of any particular individual. This is Gov. Clinton's own opinion, as well as my own. Do let me hear from you and send me any Documents that may be interesting. When will Crawford make his Report?

With great respect and esteem,

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, CH. G. HAINES.
Member U. S. Congress, Washington.

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany Nov. 20, 1820.

I regret that I was disappointed in not seeing you in N. York. I called several times at your Hotel and you was out.

Mr Taylor's election shews that the North have *Strength*, if united. We had a tumultuous Session, parties very violent. I pray that when they assemble again, they will be more moderate. Make my respects to Mr. Calhoun and remind him of the Son of the old Soldier who wishes a place at West Point; he is now at our Academy and improves in Mathematics daily; his name is S.V.R. Ryan. Rev. Dr. Bradford's defence was opened yesterday by Mr. Henry in very strong language. I thought it had an effect. Make my respects to Mr. Beecher, Brush and rest of your old mess. I hope to see you in January for a few days. Your friend.

S. V. RENSSELAER.

Major Genl. Sol. Van Rensselaer, M. Congress, Washington.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany 22 Nov., 1820.

The Session has passed over to the mortification of the Jacobins. The Convention bill was modeled for the express purpose of sustaining them in power — Election in February — Session in June. You ought to write to all your friends urging them to active exertions. The victory is certainly ours if we act nobly. Th election of Speaker is very gratifying. I see in Force's National Calender that compensation is still allowed to the Collectors of Internal Revenue. Is this true? Write to me on the subject. Can you furnish me with any evidence about the interference of Jacobins in state concerns? Yours Truly — C—

Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

"The legislature of 1820 was one of the most remarkable in many respects ever convened in this State. De Witt Clinton, as governor, had such a large majority of the members who were personal friends of his and

pledged to support his canal policy, that it was familiarly called the 'Clintonian House.'

"Additional interest is also attached to this legislature from the fact of the impeachment, trial and triumphant acquital of the Judge W. W. Van Ness, of Claverack, Columbia county, in the conduct of which the names of Erastus Root, Thomas J. Oakley and Elisha Williams figure conspicuously, and which called out the famous mathematical speech of Mr. Root, as well as some of the most brilliant speeches ever heard in the old Assembly Chamber."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Wife, Washington Nov. 24, 1820.

The Mail has removed from my heart a load, which I have sustained with difficulty, and the next I hope will entirely remove. Our dear Adeline's letter is before me, if your sore finger only prevents your not writing, and not sickness, I am satisfied, but let me beg of you to remove anxiety as soon as possible.

Every thing is going on well here, we have received one great victory in the choice of Speaker, which like the Allies over Bonaparte, has given our ranks confidence; and I hope and believe we will put down the *Missouri Constitution*. Our opposers treat us with great civility, for they have been made to understand that they are men no better than ourselves, and that their blustering and swaggering will be promptly met. I have received several congratulatory letters from the City of New York in which they do me more credit than I deserve, for doing my duty. I wish our friends to act mildly, but they shall not yield one inch of ground if I can prevent them, and rest assured they as well as our opposers have the fullest confidence in my firmness. Carter sends the Statesmen regularly to me and I send you the paper of this place. Kiss our good and affectionate children for me; let one or the other write by every mail, if only three lines they will be more acceptable than I can get from others.

Unalterably Yours,

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

The slavery question, as connected with the *Missouri Constitution*, at this time, distracted the whole country. "Good citizens were appalled, and painful feelings were inspired that the traffic in public offices became the most formidable auxiliary of the supremacy of the slave oligarchy, many were controlled by it, almost despotically. The politicians of the tory and slavery school would never have had such a long lease of power, if they had not been able to hold out the bait of office to their most unscrupulous camp followers, from their acquired influences." The speaker, Henry Clay wrote to John J. Crittenden as follows: "The Missouri subject monopolizes all our conversation, all our thoughts and, for three weeks at least, to come, will occupy all our time. Nobody seems to think of or care about anything else. The issue of the question in the House of Representatives is doubtful. I am inclined to think that it will be *finally compromised*."

James W. Barbour in a letter to the same person says: "you have been relieved from one of the most irksome tasks I have ever experienced, the discussion of the *Missouri question*. Who could have thought, last session, that the little *speck* we then saw was to be swelled into the importance it has now assumed, and that upon its decision depended the duration of the Union? *The dissolution* is one of the alternatives spoken of, rather than

submit to the spirit of aggression which marks the course of our antagonists. A proposition has now been made for a compromise, the amendment proposed by Thomas, which, I believe, unpleasant as it is, will be acceded to, as a lesser evil than either dividing the Union, or throwing it into confusion. The *great movers* of this question are against all compromise."

N. H. Carter to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany, 24th Nov. 1820.

By your politeness and that of your friend Dr. Bay, who called at my room on Wednesday Evening, I had the pleasure of reading your last letter; and now take the liberty to express to you the satisfaction I derived from a perusal of its contents. Permit me to reciprocate your congratulations on the election of the Speaker — Mr. Taylor. It is indeed a glorious triumph, in whatever point of view we consider it, whether as citizens of this State — of the Northern States — or as friends of our own Executive. The intelligence created a burst of joy among *us* all, and utter dismay among our opponents. The Post-Office was thronged for an hour before the mail was opened, and every one stood on tip toe, while waiting for the news of Taylor's fate. There was a great collection at Cook's Reading Room; and when it was announced that Taylor had succeeded, some of "the high-minded gentlemen" gave vent to their feelings of disappointment and chagrin. William A. Duer, John A. King, and Gulian Verplank publicly denounced Mr. Taylor as a man of no talents, no qualifications for the office, and a miserable tool of De Witt Clinton! But as our friend Van Buren says, this will have a good effect, and indeed its effects are already visible.

It gave me sincere pleasure to learn that you had called on the Post Master General, and demanded a sight of the letter of Van Buren about the "*Rascally Post Masters.*" I want to see this subject probed to the bottom, that we may know precisely on whose shoulders the responsibility rests. You will greatly oblige me by communicating any information you may be able to obtain in relation to this transaction. You will see by the Statesman of to-day, that the proceedings of the legislature have produced a very great degree of political excitement in this State. Albany is in a complete ferment. Men who have been neutral heretofore, now speak out. I am told that Mr. A. Van Vechten has to day expressed himself very decidedly against the outrageous proceedings of the Senate and Assembly. Public sentiment, so far as I can learn, is in favor of the Governor and the Council of Revision. Depend on it, the intemperate proceedings at the close of the Session will recoil on the Bucktail party, and produce a strong reaction in our favour. Governor Clinton is firm and unshaken as Atlas, and our friends will manfully breast themselves to the shock. We will "*in due time*" defeat our opponents, and gain a glorious triumph.

I had the pleasure of passing last evening in company with your daughters at Judge Spencer's, and lest they should not write you, I have the satisfaction to add, that your family and friends are in good health. If you find a leisure moment to spare, I need not tell you, that a line from you would be very gratefully received. I have the honor to be very respectfully and sincerely, Your friend and obedt. servt.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, N. H. CARTER.
House of Representatives, Washington City.

Charles G. Haines to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, New York Nov. 28, 1820.

I return you many thanks for your kind letter. I reciprocate the noble sentiments which it breathes, with pride and with pleasure. Lowndes Report has reached us. It excites astonishment, and kindles indignation. I never saw a more pitiful, stupid Document. It calls down execrations on the head of the honorable Chairman. [Hon. William Lowndes of South Carolina one of the Committee in charge of the Missouri constitution.] We stand better in this State, in my opinion, than we did a month ago. The Bucktails are aiding our cause by their violence and Jacobinism. The Council of Revision are right, Woodworth shamefully deserted us. I think that Adams is gaining ground, and Crawford losing his hold. The Southern people will kill him. Stand firm and God bless you!

Sincerely yours, CH. G. HAINES.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, M. C., Washington.

Governor Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany 29 November, 1820.

In Buel's paper, of last Spring, there is a letter from the Post Master-General to Mr. Martin Van Buren in answer to a complaint about "Rascally Post Masters," which letter of complaint does not appear. Now it is important to have the *whole* correspondence, which can be done only by the consent of the P. M G. or by a call of Congress. The preceding letters of Van Buren will fix a connexion and give a character to the whole transaction. Charles wrote to you about the allegation in the Argus respecting the Speaker. This ought to be met. It will injure *him* essentially and not the Governor. Great efforts are making to frustrate him. Cramer swears vengeance &c. Every thing is proceeding nobly in our quarter. Yours Sincerely

DE WITT CLINTON.

Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriot, Washington Dec. 1, 1820.

I feel much fatigued but cannot let the mail close without informing you that I reached this place this evening in perfect health and without injury, although our stage turned over *twice* between New York aad Philadelphia without detriment to any one. And to day, when within a few miles of this city, the tung broke and we were nearly going over a bridge of about 12 or 14 feet high; the stage was full, and for a time we were doubtful of our personal safety, but all escaped destruction, and nothing was injured but one of the horses. It has been a tedious ride, jolting over very bad roads, though we had the satisfaction of scanning the fine scenery and enjoying the jollity of pleasant companions. I again occupy my old room where every thing is snug and comfortable for me.

Your affectionate Husband,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

F. Pell to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, New York Decr. 1, 1820.

You have doubtless long ere this received the warm expression of thanks from our friends in this City for your intrepid and independent conduct in respect to the *Letter*. It gave us all a spur here, and since that time

we have been very alert in collecting information. I believe the Governor will give them a stomacher. Never were our friends in better heart than at this moment. We hear of no defections. The office holders know they will be turned out if they persevere, and not a man flinches from his post. The Tammanies are to have a great meeting to night at Tammany Hall, to denounce, and urge a Convention.

Our friends met last night in confidence, appointed a committee to prepare resolutions and an address for a general meeting to be called, approving the conduct of the Council of Revision, and I have no doubt we shall have an overwhelming meeting in the course of ten or twelve days Be assured the Southern distrust will show a different tone next spring. All our friends hope the question on the *Missouri Bill* will be hard pressed. It is idle now to talk of conciliation — nothing but sheer strength must carry the day — and we are only waiting a fair signal to second the attack. That signal must come from Washington. I am collecting information here about the Navy Yard at Brooklyn — and am under the impression that a large sum of money is expended and a considerable body of men in the Service of the U. S. employed there steadily. Of the men I can learn here, but not of the amount of money. What I want is, the annual expense, and the purposes to which it is applied. Can you afford me any aid, through the Naval Committee or otherwise? If I could also get the amount expended in this harbour for the support of the troops, and of the officers through whose hands it passes, it may be turned here to good account. We are determined to sift this matter of government interference to the bottom, and we shall show, why the City of New York is so hostile to Governor Clinton. We shall follow it up all winter, and if possible trace the channel through which every dollar passes. I shall be obliged by any communication from you; and any hints you may suggest of the course to be pursued here, will be attended to.

I am Dear Sir, Very respty. Yours,

Hon. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Washington. Ferris Pell.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Albany 30 December, 1820.

After the compliments of the New Year, I am desirous of acknowledging the receipt of Several interesting communications from you. Munell has also come safely to hand. The proof I think, will be satisfactory to the whole Nation. No well informed man denies the existence of extraneous influence, but it has been a very laborious work to collect testimony.

I want to know the expense of M. S. Miller's abortive attempt to negotiate with the Seneca Indians two or three years ago. His compensation — that of his Secretary and other incidental expenses, as specific as possible. As one of the Military Committee you are peculiarly entitled to this. The Governor will have to make a direct attack on the P. M. General. Facts will warrant it, and it is absolutely necessary. How far will he be authorized to implicate the Head of the Executive in the execution of Van Buren's Mandate? Depend on it — we are doing well — and we improve every day. Whatever you have to communicate, let it be done immediately

The Honorable
Solomon Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

"There is a species of curiosity which, in great and cultivated minds, leads to substantial good and lasting benefit to the community because

cases of corruption are gaining strength and should be investigated. It is never right to countenance a departure from those safe and sure principles of moral rectitude which have stood the test of time and received the approbation of the good."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dear Harriet, Washington, Jany 17, 1821.

Our House sat until after sunset to day. General Smyth's substitute for our bill was rejected by a very large Majority. The question was to strike out the first Section of the Bill to reduce the Army — which was in effect to destroy it, this wily maneuver, however, was negatived by an overwhelming Majority. The Bill is entitled " An act to reduce and fix the military peace establishment of the United States." It is to cut down the Army to one Brig. Genl. and six thousand men, and of course will pass. Yesterday — Tuesday 16th — another member from Kentucky — Henry Clay — appeared and took his seat, no doubt to labor for the admission of Missouri into the Union with her constitution to legalize slavery and perpetuate that cursed institution. Jacob H. De Witt is still very weak, but out of danger. * * *

[" Mr. Clay, with all his power, urged the admission, on the ground that to Missouri alone belonged the subject of her domestic slavery ; declaring at the same time, that, so great was his detestation of the system, were he a citizen of that state, he would never consent to a State Constitution which should not provide for its extinction.] After the adoption of the 'Missouri Compromise' of 1820 that 'Pandora's box,' which held the seeds of deadliest mischief and misery the whole country fell into a deep slumber over the question of slavery. The fires of discussion and agitation, which had blazed so fiercely and furiously during the Missouri struggle, had died out, and been followed by a general stupor so profound that the few persons who still 'remembered that God was just, and that his justice would not sleep forever' were paralyzed by discouragement and fearful foreboding of evil days to come."

Judge Van Ness to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Friend, Claverack, 24th Jany., 1821.

It has been my intention to write to you for many weeks, but I have been so much engaged and in so many different ways that I have not had time to attend to it. Your letters directed to me, while I was at New York, were all duly received, and I return you my best acknowledgments for them. I would have written from New York, but I was so incessantly engaged, that I had no opportunity to frame such a letter as I wished to address to you, and as you would expect to receive. The vote on the *Missouri Constitution* was a proud victory of principle over cupidity and selfishness. It has done more to restore the North to its just weight and influence in the National Councils than any event which has occurred for twenty years. Let us but be faithful to ourselves in the further progress of this question and we shall be redeemed from the contempt which was brought upon us by that miserable Sycophant who betrayed us to the lords of the South, to enable him to subserve his own purposes. I allude to that smallest of small men Daniel D. Tompkins. He has done more to disgrace the character of the North than all the other men who conspired together to barter away our rights to the usurpers at Washington. In looking over the proceedings of your house, lately, I confess that I am

not without my fears that you will find yourselves in a minority, on the final vote, respecting Missouri. I really think you have delayed this subject too long. It is much to be apprehended that the weight of the Cabinet will prove to have been too successfully and fatally exerted on this vital question — it should have been disposed of long ago when you felt and were certain of your strength. The report of the Military Committee commands my entire approbation, and I venture to say, its passage will be supported by every enlightened Statesman in all the independent States. The Army and Navy with their endless train of dependents, have done more to place the State Authorities under vassalage, to the General Government, than all other causes combined. It is time the machinery at Washington should be simplified, that the enormous patronage of the national administration should be curtailed, that abuses should be exposed and reformed, that public expenditure should be retrenched, and that a few men there should no longer be permitted, at the expense of the nation, to perpetuate their own authority and importance. The enormous expenses of both the Army and Navy are no longer tolerable, we are growing poor both as a government and as individuals, and our means are inadequate to the maintenance of the worse than useless military establishments which now exist.

The opposition to the State administration here is becoming more and more violent and unprincipled. I think, however, they have pitched their key much too high, and that many reflecting men have become terrified at the excesses which have lately been committed. You have no conception of the extent to which the Majority in the Legislature intended to have gone, if they had succeeded in getting a party Convention. The firmness of the Governor and Council of Revision has saved the Government, and I am perfectly satisfied that their conduct is approved by a vast majority of the people. Let the Dominant party but go on with removals and appointments and there will be a larger majority with the Governor in the Legislature next winter, than he has had any time since his Election. What do you think of the message of the Governor to the Assembly, respecting the interference of the U. S. Officers with our local elections? It is a noble State paper, worthy of its Author, and which will produce more good than any thing that has been said or written since 1800. The Bucktails are outrageous, and in absolute dismay. They had no conception of such an exposure. I should like to know what impression this message makes at Washington. If I am not mistaken, President Monroe will never cease to regret that he has *lent* himself to Martin Van Buren and his coadjutors. We feel well about our own affairs. The Governor commands, more and more, the confidence of all the reflecting portion of the people. As the views of his opponents are unfolded, the more general becomes the conviction that the peace and welfare of the State is identified with his continuance in office. I was a good deal alarmed at a report, which was circulated in Albany, that you was sick. Your family was very much terrified, but their fears as well as my own were allayed before I left Albany. How does Henry R. Storrs act? to what party does he profess to belong? How very foolishly this young man has thrown himself away. Make my best respects to my friend James Strong, he is a good and true man. What has become of my friend John D. Dickenson and family? I have not heard from him this winter. One word more and my paper is full. Affectionately Yours,

Sol. Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington. W. W. Van Ness.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany, 31 January, 1821.

I think that you had better forward the returns of which you speak in your letter, as soon as possible. *Root* [Erastus Root] is muzzled by the promise of being your successor. The whole State is alive for office, and next week will exhibit a scene of office-hunting, heretofore unknown in the annals of the Community.

I am in favor of retrenchment because I believe that the pecuniary pressure of the Country requires it, and because I conceive that the national administration have grossly abused their patronage for the purpose of individual aggrandizement. When Mr. Calhoun gave in his project for the reduction of the army, he knew the chances for a general retrenchment. I am very unwilling, however, to carry this System too far or to such an extent as to exalt unworthy men, or to injure the substantial defence of the Country. You know my opinion of Scott. And my high estimation of Brown and Jackson. [Maj. Gens. Jacob Brown and Andrew Jackson.] Calhoun is unquestionably the only great man in the cabinet, the only one possessed of an intuitive mind. On military principles you ought to retain *one* Major General at least.

You may let Colonel Pell see this letter, and I will thank you to hand him the accompanying. Yours truly,

The Honorable, Solomon Van Rensselaer, D. W. C.
In Congress, Washington.

Judge Van Ness to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Friend, Claverack 7th Feb. 1821.

I perceive that you have again had the *Missouri question* under discussion. My solicitude on this subject increases the more I reflect upon it. I perceive Mr. Clay has taken a part in the debate, and I presume it was with a view to this question that he came to Washington. He is an able man, and I understand a clever fellow, but I hope he may not be able to delude any of the friends of freedom in this momentous subject. I fear not *his* eloquence or arguments, however, half as much as I do the overwhelming influence of the Cabinet. Press a final decision of this affair, as soon as you can. I have no doubt the friends of the resolution will endeavor to protract the discussion, so as to defeat a rejection of it by the present Congress, in the hopes that they may have a better chance with the next. You must bear in mind too, that we have no right to calculate upon so unanimous a vote of the next delegation from this State. Several Bucktails will be elected in districts now represented by firm and independent men. I have seen with great satisfaction that *your* Army bill has passed the House of Representatives by a triumphant majority. This augurs well — one source of corruption will I hope now be cut up. Until within a few days, I never read the bill — and I was not therefore fully apprised of all its details. It has occurred to me on examining it, that it is hardly in the nature of things that such a thorough reform can be effected at a single stroke. The whole influence of the Army will now be exerted to prevail upon the Senate to introduce such modifications into the bill as to produce a reconsideration of the whole project in your house. The Senate seeing the immense majority by which the bill was sent to them, will no doubt be cautious; but that some material amendments will be made — I can hardly doubt. The majority of the Senate are more

purely party men than in the house of Representatives — they are better disciplined — and the power of the cabinet can be brought to bear upon them with better effect, and greater facility than upon the more numerous branch of the legislature. True wisdom and policy would seem therefore to dictate a mild and temperate, but at the same time a firm course to your house.

It would be expedient to adopt such amendments proposed by the Senate, as do not essentially affect the principles of the bill, as you have passed it. I mean such amendments as your honor and your duty will allow you to sanction. Any alteration calculated to divide your friends and in the end to frustrate your whole plan should be promptly and indignantly rejected. By attempting to affect too much, I have frequently found that a whole measure has been jeopardised and sometimes lost. On reading a New York paper, a day or two ago, I observe that a fear expressed that in case of the discharge of the Major Generals, the Command of the whole Army will be committed to Gen. Scott — of whom you know I entertain the utmost contempt. Now suppose the Senate should propose that one, or both the Major Generals should be retained, what would it be proper for your house to do? I am speaking of a subject I confess which I do not profess to understand half as well as you do, and therefore speak with diffidence. It seems to me, however, in the event I have supposed, that the house ought to recede, provided you are satisfied the Senate is in earnest, and resolved to suffer the whole measure to fall to the ground unless this point shall be yielded to them. Indeed it rather appears to me that there is a propriety in having an Officer at the head of the Army of superior rank. If the Senate should insist that the Commander-in chief should be a Major General, the question arises whether in preference to hazarding the whole bill this proposition should not be conceded. On these points however, you are better able to form just conclusions than I am, and whatever you may judge to be best calculated to promote the public interest, and to establish a just economy, you will find your friends will approbate. Let me hear from you on this subject. I go to Albany to the Court of Errors, in a day or two, and will you direct your letters to that place. Martin Van Buren was yesterday, no doubt, elected to the Senate of the U. S., in the place of Sanford. The latter in the Bucktail Caucus had 24 votes and V. B. 58. Had Sanford's friends been true to him, he might have been chosen with the utmost ease. I suspect our friends have not even voted for him. They probably have thrown away their votes upon a man, they will find, who has a decided political character. The new Council meets to day and the next mail will probably bring you the news of your removal, as Adjutant General, and of Roots appointment in your place. Rely upon it the next Election will set every thing right again. Most affectionately Yours,

W. W. VAN NESS.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, M. C., Washington.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Albany 14th Feb. 1821.

I have received your three packages of Military Returns by this day's mail.

Your removal, from Adjutant General, is generally and justly obnoxious. There is no doubt of your re-nomiuation for Congress, and there is no doubt but that the proceedings of the Council have prostrated the faction.

Charles E. Dudley is appointed Mayor of Albany. All their appoint-

ments are injudicious and many of them very Scandalous. The dissatisfaction among the Bucktails is general. We think that the Army ought to stand on the Senate Bill: so say all judicious friends. John Brush a valuable friend wishes the appointment of Post Master in Poughkeepsie. He has a brother in your house from Ohio. Can you promote the object and confer with him on this subject? Yours Sincerely,

DE WITT CLINTON.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, in Congress, Washington.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My Dear Harriot, Washington Feb. 17. 1821.

Before the Mail closes, I must acknowledge the receipt of Mag's, Adeline's and your letter of 11th Inst. dismiss my love, all fears about me. I am in perfect health and only wish for the happy moment when I shall embrace you: this life of separation is a horrid one to me. If I return to this place, I pray to God to be enabled to bring you with me. I shall then be perfectly happy, and make you so too; my every happiness is centred in you; you first warmed my heart, which love has increased with time until you have became part of myself. I now feel in high spirits that two weeks from this day will close the Session. * * *

Chas. G. Haines to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Genl. New York, 27 Feb., 1821.

You will this day receive a Letter from a Committee, requesting information as to your return to this City from Washington. A public Dinner has been decreed to you, and on no ground must you shrink or disappoint us. I had the honor of bringing forward the proposition to a number of highly respectable Citizens at Washington Hall, and it was received with unbounded enthusiasm. It has gone through the City and inspired the same elevated and honourable feelings. This will not be a party Dinner. The Committee of Arrangements are taken from various quarters. It will be strictly a CITIZENS DINNER, and one of the most respectable that has ever been given in this City. Our political prospects are glorious. With one bold effort we can prostrate the Jacobins. I am glad to see the old North behave so nobly on the Missouri question. Stand firm: God and the Nation are with you. Again I say, you must not disappoint your friends. Sincerely Yours,

Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Washington, CHAS. G. HAINES.

The Missouri Compromise allowed slavery south of 36° 30′ north latitude, and in that state. "Missouri had applied for admission. The question arose should she be admitted as a slave state? After a strong debate, it was decided that slavery should be tolerated in Missouri, but probibited in all the territory of the United States north and west of Arkansas.

"March 3, 1821. A resolution providing for the admission of the state of Missouri into the Union on a certain condition was approved and signed by the president."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

My dear Harriet, Washington, March 3, 1821.

We have this evening finished the *Missouri question*, and have been beaten by a Majority of *Three*. The subject was so warmly contested that to allay the terrible storm, that was brewing with danger to the Union, Mr. Clay proposed the "*Missouri Compromise*," which allows slavery in

that State even after admitted, but prohibits it north of 36° 30′. The contemptible bargaining Yankees were frightened by the braggadocio Southern Nabobs, some bolted, and others voted against us. They are a despicable set, and instead of governing, which they had the opportunity to do, they gave all up. They are not fit for negro drivers to the people of the South, and even they despise such vacillation and political servitude. I am respected even by the Southerners because I have ever opposed them manfully. We would have defeated the whole clique, had the three members from our State acted as firmly as they said they would, never to give up the question whatever might be the consequence. Those three *firm* men : Caleb Tompkins (a brother of the Vice-President) Walter Case and Harmanus Peck of Schenectady bolted upon the last question. We sat without dinner every day this week until nine o'clock at night. Our caucus, in which a strenuous effort was vigorously put forth against Slavery in any shape whatsoever, might have won honorable fame to itself, and greatly benefited the country if they had only acted with firmness and courtesy. But with an impetuous and inconsiderate rashness our Government is being placed in an attitude of peril, and from this critical emergency we have tried to save her by wholesome measures which have been frustrated. Mr. Clay as a sagacious counsellor and statesman has exerted his influence to bring around the practical measure upon which this amicable agreement between the North and South has now been adjusted, and the honor, if there is any in this affair, belongs to him for a successful issue to his well meant efforts. The House does not meet tomorrow, therefore I shall take a ride on horseback for ten or twelve miles out into the country. I have been so much confined that I much need the diversion, but I am in perfect health of body, only just heartily home-sick and never wished so much to see you; but it is impossible to say when that wished for moment will arrive. Write me how Tompkins and politics come on ; about my friend Judge Van Ness &c., with all the items of home news. I received Adeline's letter yesterday, and one to day from a Gentleman saying he had attended our girls splendid party, and that all the guests were pleased. This gentleman is Peter Gansevoort; I wish much I could have made one of the happy number. Good night my Love, kiss our little ones for me and big ones too. Believe me unalterably your affectionate Husband. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

"The admission of Missouri as a state into the Union, was made, by its connection with the subject of slavery, one of the most violently contested questions that ever agitated the councils of the nation. A bill had been introduced into congress, providing for the admission of Missouri, on the condition, that all children of slaves, born after the passage of the act, should be free, after reaching the age of twenty-five years, and that the further introduction of slavery should be prohibited. The excitement in congress infected the people when this bill was defeated and the north was arrayed against by the south."

CHAPTER XVII.

APPOINTMENT OF ALBANY POST MASTER.

Tribute of Respect.

The following letters were copied in the *New York Columbian* prefaced by these remarks:

"We have obtained from the gentlemen whose names are subscribed to the following correspondence, copies thereof for publication. The sentiments contained in the letter to Gen. Van Rensselaer, as well as his answer, do honor to the parties, and cannot fail to sink deep into the minds of all good men. It is probable that this correspondence would never have met the eyes of the public, had it not been for the calumnies on the character of Gen. Van Rensselaer, which have recently appeared in the factious papers of this city."

To Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Sir, New York, March 5, 1821.

As friends to personal merit — as friends to elevated and manly principles — and as friends to the honor and credit of the state of New York, a large and respectable number of your fellow citizens, in this city, are anxious to greet your return from the seat of government by some public testimony of esteem and respect compatible with the tone of popular feeling, inspired by your removal from the office of adjutant general; and the just appreciation of your important services to the state and to the nation. They have *agreed* to give you a public dinner, and only wait your acceptance of this proffered tribute of regard, to make the necessary arrangements. In times when worth, valor and talent are proscribed in the civil commotions of a state, there is a gratification in seeing a free and intelligent people indicate their regard and attachment for the victims of party exclusion — for men who deserve the gratitude of the present age, and the gratitude of posterity for men, whose deeds of bravery will ever form an illustrious example on the page of history, and whose political course has been distinguished by integrity, honor, firmness and decision.

Your early military services, your brilliant exploits, during the late war, your scars and your wounds, nobly received in the defence of your country, as well as your recent services on the floor of Congress deserve far more than any homage which we can render you. Please to inform us on what day we shall have the pleasure of waiting on you.

ROBT. BOGARDUS, BENJ. G. MINTURN,
BENJ. FERRIS, CHAS. G. HAINES,
ISAAC M. ELY, JONAS MAPES,
J. LE ROY, Committee.

Gentlemen, City Hotel New York, March 6, 1821.

Your flattering demonstration of public regard has been received with the most grateful sensibility. However little I may deserve, for any services rendered, so distinguished a mark of approbation, or be entitled to

your animated eulogiums, it is solacing to reflect, that my motives have been justly appreciated.

In the various public stations, to which I have been called by the indulgent confidence of my fellow citizens, it has ever been my ambition to promote the prosperity, and maintain the honor of the State. And their approbation constitutes the most welcome reward for past, and the noblest incentive to future exertions.

I regret that my health is so impaired by recent fatigue, as to compel me to decline your flattering invitation. Be pleased to accept on behalf of yourselves and your fellow citizens, the assurance of my most grateful respect. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

To Robert Bogardus, Benj. C. Minturn, Benjamin Ferris, Charles G. Haines, Isaac M. Ely, Jonas Mapes, J. Le Roy, Committee.

"*March* 14, 1821. General Solomon Van Rensselaer was yesterday unanimously nominated for a re-election to Congress by the Albany County Federal Rupublican Convention for Representative to Congress." On February 12th, while General Van Rensselaer was attending to his congressional duties at Washington, he was removed by the new *Council of Appointment* from the office of adjutant general — a situation he had been allowed to retain during the administration of Governors Jay, George Clinton, Lewis, Tompkins and De Witt Clinton's till this year, having fulfilled the duties of the responsible station to the entire satisfaction of the country. Upon being superseded by William L. Marcy, Esq., the above re-nomination was immediately made. At the time of election — by an overwhelming majority over the Democratic candidate, Hon. Harmanus Bleecker, it was certified that: "Solomon Van Rensselaer, by the greatest number of votes in the Ninth District was elected Representative for this state in the House of Representatives of the Seventeenth Congress of the United States." This official return was hailed with great joy by numerous friends.

Judge Van Ness to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, New York May 16, 1821.

I saw the Chancellor [James Kent] yesterday and had a long talk with him on the subject of the Convention. I am authorized in saying that if you think proper to nominate him as one of your candidates, he will not decline. We all here think he ought to be in the convention and I hope you will send him if you can. I also think it of the highest importance that the Chief Justice [Ambrose Spencer] should be in the convention

I have this day written to the Patroon in relation to the Chancellor. It would be well enough for you to mention this to a few confidential friends. You may say *you* are authorized to declare that if the Chancellor is nominated he will not decline — my name need not be mentioned. I wrote to Dr. Bay on these subjects. I shall be at home on Sunday. God bless you. W. W. VAN NESS.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer Albany.

"This convention of the people of the State of New York, assembled at Albany, on the twenty-eighth day of August, 1821, pursuant to an act of the legislature of the said state, entitled 'an act recommending a convention of the people of this state, passed March 13th.' The object of this convention was to decide, by a majority of votes as given against the amended constitution, then it should be deemed rejected by the citizens of this state: But if a

majority of the said votes are for the amended constitution, then the same shall be deemed to be ratified, and confirmed, by the citizens of the state."

The *First Session* of the *seventeenth congress* began December 3, 1821, and General Van Rensselaer entered upon his second congressional term.

Representatives of the State of New York in Congress: XVIIth CONGRESS.— Cadwallader D. Colden, Silas Wood, C. C. Cambreleng, John I. Morgan, Jeremiah H. Pierson, William W. Van Wyck, Walter Patterson, Silas Tuthill, Charles H. Ruggles, Richard McCarty, Solomon Van Rensselaer, John D. Dickinson, John W. Taylor, Nathaniel Pitcher, Reuben H. Walworth, John Gebhard, Alfred Conkling, Samuel Campbell, James Hawks, Joseph Kirkland, Thomas H. Hubbard, Micah Sterling, Elijah Litchfield William B. Rochester, David Woodcock, Elijah Spencer, Benjmain Ellicott. Senators — Rufus King, Martin Van Buren.

Philip P. Barbour of Virginia was chosen speaker of the house.

Officers of the Government of the United States: James Monroe, president, Daniel D. Tompkins, vice president; John Q. Adams, secretary of state; William H. Crawford, secretary of the treasury; John C. Calhoun, secretary at war; Smith Thompson, secretary of the navy; Return J. Meigs, post-master general; John Marshall, chief justice.

Officers of the Government of the State of New York: His Excellency De Witt Clinton, governor; John Taylor, lieutenant gov.; James Kent, chancellor; Ambrose Spencer, chief justice; William W. Van Ness, Joseph C. Yates, Jonas Platt, John Woodworth, justices of S. C. John V. N. Yates secretary of state; John Savage, comptroller; Benjamin Knower, treasurer; Simeon De Witt, surveyor general; Samuel A. Talcott, attorney gen.; William L. Marcy, adjutant, general; Gerrit V. Denniston, judge advocate general; Archibald Campbell, deputy secretary.

DIED. At his seat in Greenbush, Rensselaer county on Tuesday evening December 11th, 1821, MAJOR NANNING I. VISSCHER aged forty-nine. Major Visscher received his first commission, as ensign, in the United States army under President Washington, at the early age of nineteen, and entered into immediate service. He received regular promotion in our then small military establishment, and served under Gen. Wayne during the whole of that dangerous warfare, until our Indian enemies were driven back and peace was made with them. Possessing an ardent zeal for the service, and being rigidly exact in the performance of every military duty, he was entrusted by his general with the command of several important military posts, and often placed in highly responsible situations, where his bravery and prudence rendered him essentially useful. He was again promoted by President Adams in the second regiment of infantry, in 1801, where he remained till 1810, when he was transferred to the rifle regiment. Having obtained permission to go to England, on his private affairs, about the commencement of the late war, he hastened the settlement of his business in that country, and, on his return, solicited from government employment, with a rank to which he justly deemed his long service, and the augmentation of the army entitled him. The places he had a right to expect, however, having been filled up with officers who had been junior to him in rank, he felt himself bound to tender his resignation. Major Visscher was ever considered a valuable officer and a worthy citizen. His urbanity of manners and gentlemanly deportment, gave him many friends. Those who were more particularly intimate with him, and had an opportunity to know his unaffected generosity and genuine goodness of heart, will long

remember him with sincere affection. His death will be deeply felt by an extensive circle of friends and connections, but by none so acutely, as his afflicted widow. Respect for his memory was marked by the numbers who attended his funeral on Thursday, 13th instant. Several of the uniform companies of Albany, notwithstanding the unfavorable state of the weather and dangerous crossing, with their characteristic promptness, volunteered in paying the last honors to the deceased fellow-soldier.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Albany, 25 December, 1821.

Knowing your indisposition to an Epistolary Correspondence, I did not intend to trouble you with any of my letters until something should occur of considerable interest, and a rumor which has just reached me has prompted this communication. It is said that the Post Master General has notified the Post Master of this City, that if he does not make good his defaults by the first of January, he will be removed. And as this will be out of his power, a Scramble will take place for the spoils. Judge Howe it is said is already at work. Can you ascertain the truth of this and let me know who the Sureties are and whether we ought to stir in this affair, as we are all concerned in having a good post master. Our Legislature meet on the 1st of January. The Speech will be sent to you immediately after it is delivered. The public mind is in a favourable tone, and I think that great events are yet in store and will in time be realized. Send the documents regularly.

One of your Daughters sustained an injury by a fall but she is now almost well and the rest of your family entirely so.

I am dear Sir, Your sincere friend,

DE WITT CLINTON.

The Honorable Solomon Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

Sol. Van Rensselaer to the Patroon.

My Dear Sir, Washington Dec. 26, 1821.

I have just received your letter for which I thank you. Your congratulations on my escape in the stage, and your pious thanks to Him who has so often protected me in danger, calls forth feelings which are easier felt than expressed. To that All-powerful Being I also feel grateful, in which an interesting and affectionate family have reason to participate. This warm expression of your feelings is the more grateful to my heart, as I feared from some circumstances that I had been *mis-represented*. It was my intention to have spoken to you, on this subject, that I might meet my calumniator before you, but a conscious pride that I had, at the risk of promotion, office and more serious consequences at this place — defended you, kept me silent. I never wrote or urged any person living in favor of my nomination [to Congress], which took place three days after I got home. When Mr Schuyler called upon and urged me to decline, and after I told him that it was not from ambition, but to save something for my family that I could not, he spoke of my *pecuniary obligations to the family !* it roused my indignant feelings. I told him if *you* had of your own accord paid money *for me, I had staked my life, and spent my blood in defence of* YOUR *honor and reputation.* I regretted I had said so much but, the indelicate manner in which he treated me, at the moment, called it forth ; besides from what passed between us at this place, I was satisfied *you* knew

nothing of the project. At this crisis too I had been removed, [from being Adjutant General] and one charge against me was for pushing the promotion of the very man who wished my place here [in Congress.]

You have formed a proper opinion of Eustis, he is amiable, weak and honest, he is particularly friendly to me, before he left the War office, he put me down as a Brigadier-General. He is easily managed, has no opinion of his own. The Committee will go with me, and as that is well known I receive every attention. We have had three meetings, I waved the subject of the army; we meet again tomorrow when I shall be ready to act. I rejoice that our opinions on this subject coincide, but my opinion shall not be known before hand. Calhoun called and set with me an hour, this morning, to explain the difficulty at West Point. He asked me to take a family dinner with him, but which I declined as I was engaged at the Presidents — *out of alphabetical order.*

Van Buren is very civil, he and all the Bucktails have been to see me. I am upon good terms with them all, but they are detested by the very men they voted with on the subject of the Speaker. Van Buren stays with Dickinson, Patterson and others at Strothers; he spoke at the table in handsome terms of me. He knows nothing of the object I have in view. The office of Post Master at Albany will become vacant unless he makes deposits to a large amount in the State Bank without delay. He has been written to more than a fortnight since, and up to this day the Post Master General has received no answer from Southwick. The Post Master General is my decided friend, I will also have the support of the Secretary of War [John C. Calhoun]. I think also all the members from our State in our House, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee will vote that office to me; and if a strong recommendation comes from Albany, and you write to King and Van Buren in such terms as the occasion will warrant, I think by abandoning politics, with a strict regard to my duty, I may sit down in comfort, peace and quietness with an affectionate family the rest of my precarious days. I have indeed, as you say, made sacrifices enough.

Without any trouble I will procure the nomination of Stephen. Whatever interesting occurs you shall be made acquainted with. I stay at the same house, and in the same room you found me, opposite to Calhouns, where I shall be rejoiced to see you. Randolph — he is as crazy as ever, but very friendly, and many others asked about you.

Whatever Providence has decreed for me, I never shall be wanting in gratitude or affection for you.

Southwicks fixed Salary, free of expenses is $2000, his son who is dead got $800 and another son, a little boy $150, besides two clerks at $300 each. I have written to Denniston and McKown on this subject.

Your Obt. Servt.

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Denniston told me before I left home, that Southwick was much in arrears and wished me to enquire about it. I think it very probable that he would like the situation for his son-in-law Robert Elliott who was teller in the Bank but has resigned his situation.

Judge McKown to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Albany, 26 Dec., 1821.

Mr Denniston has shewn me your letter to him. I believe he writes himself by this mail, but immediately on reading your letter he did not

hesitate to say instantly that he would not make any interest for himself, but would cordially assist in every way you might point out or that he could himself suggest to give effect to your application. And he desires by all means that you should not let any circumstance escape you at Washington that might further your prospects. I do not understand you to say in your letter that I shall communicate with our friends Alexander and Van Vechten on the subject *at present*, and I shall wait your instructions, lest by doing so I shall be premature. I hazard nothing when I say we can raise the united voice of the *wealth*, *character*, and *business* of our City in your favor. As to those who do not pay 12½ cents postage a year, they may be induced to recommend the first Speculator and adventurer that applies. But the P. M. Genl. and the heads of Department know full well how to estimate those who apply by numbers of those who recommend.

The Government were imposed upon in the appointment of the present incumbent, and I should suppose they would rather take a man they did know, and who the country knew, than one recommended by others, no matter how high in office those were who solicited for him. If there was not a defalcation, the great dissatisfaction and *distrust* of the office that at present exist here among the business part of the Citizens of every denomination, ought to induce the removal of the Incumbent without hesitation. I take it for granted it must be so. Now for Mr. Van Buren to think of the appointment of Chancellor Lansing is perfectly idle, for reasons which he knows as well as any one. That Chancellor L. is *poor* or insolvent ought never, to say the least, be made a *claim* for such an office where there is so much responsibility. Indeed with reflecting men it would, I should think, operate against his application. But he is too old — between 65 and 75, can it be expected infirm as he is, he can go into such an office to do business? And let me say our Citizens will never be satisfied unless the head of the office shows himself in it. If Chancellor Lansing gets the office, no doubt it is to go into the hands of his Son-in Law Livingston, a young Lawyer from Dutchess County, who is an entire stranger here. And what can Mr. Van Buren hope can be gained in a party point of view by such an appointment? Chancellor Lansing has no longer any personal or family influence. There's not a man of any talent in the whole concern, except Mr. Sutherland, who is already well provided for, and therefore no danger of their losing him.

Let me hear from you and give me instructions. I say nothing to any one till I hear from you.

Our Legislature meets you know on the first day of January. As poor D— of the minority will of course have but little to say in organising the House — Romeyn of New York and Burt of Orange are canvassing for Speaker on the Bucktail side. I write in a hurry to enable me to get this in the mail this evening.

Yours truly

James McKown.

Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer,
House of Representatives, Washington City.

To The Hon. Return J. Meigs Post Master General of the United States.

Understanding that there is a vacancy in the post office at Albany in the State of New York and the Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer is a candidate for the appointment;

We the subscribers deem it a duty due to merit to state, that we are well acquainted with General Van Rensselaer. That he served several years in the army of the United States in the Western country. That he bore a distinguished part in the memorable campaign that liberated the western country from the scourge of Indian warfare. That he was distinguished for his courage and conduct on all occasions, that the place of danger was with him the post of honor, and that he there received a wound through the lungs which will probably affect him through life.

That his patriotism, without office, prompted him in the late war to volunteer his services for the benefit of his country, and that his services, his wounds, and his sufferings at Queens Town will never be forgotten while the record of the memorable events of that war shall adorn the history of our country.

And we beg leave to add that Gen. Van Rensselaer has the honor of being descended from a revolutionary patriot and hero—who contributed by his patriotism, his courage, and his arms to the achievement of our independence, and who — as will be the case with his son — carried the ball of the enemy in his body to the grave.

Without any other motive than a regard for a meritorious officer who has spent the flower of his days in toils and dangers, and who has sustained an unusual share of sufferings in his country's service — do we take an interest in the Appointment of Gen. Van Rensselaer. And with an ardent wish that a brave and wounded soldier may be sheltered from the storms of adversity, and may with his family find a solace to his afflictions in the gratitude of his country, do we most cordially recommend him to the favourable notice of the Post Master General.

Washington December 31st, 1821. THOMAS R. ROSS.

"Twenty-two out of twenty-eight members of the New York delegation, of both branches of congress joined in a request that General Van Rensselaer might be the one to supersede Mr. Southwick (since his removal was absolutely decided upon). I know that a more exact republican does not belong to the executive branch of this government than the post master general. Wherever and whenever he can ascertain the will of the people, he respects it. The people can not be deceived much longer by empty and sinister professions. They begin to discover that real patriotism must be exemplified by men's actions, and not merely by their professions. Mr. Van Rensselaer's actions have established his reputation as a patriot. The evidences of his patriotism are indelibly fixed upon his person, by the hostile weapons of the enemies of his country. Where shall we look for evidences among the most assuming leaders of the bucktail party and their most noisy adherents? This appointment will be a salutary administration, and prove that proscription for nonconformity to their political tenets is not the true test of republicanism."

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Albany, Jan. 2d, 1822.

I have this moment returned from the Capitol, the Governor delivered a very long and interesting speech which you will receive by the next mail. It is said, for I could not, owing to the crowd remain, the ablest he ever spoke, and I suspect his last. I learned this morning that Chancellor Lansing expects the Post Office, and that Van Buren and King are his friends — do not mention from whom you received the information. I

make the suggestion that you may be on your guard. The merchants have promised to represent to the Post Master General that they have requested their correspondents not to remit money through the Albany Post-Office. You must therefore depend on your own exertions with our Members before they are engaged by Van Buren. I will be with you this month.

I was sorry to find your good Wife this morning so unwell, Elizabeth told me, she coughed violently last night. I hope however, nothing serious will occur.

Romain is Speaker, and Livingston Clerk. V. D. Heyden is very wroth, so is Major Hall and Esleek, they say, they are a perfidious set of fellows. We had a delightful day yesterday for visiting. I had the house full, the Military and Militia all called to see me. I told Dalaby that I hoped the Congress would not disturb them this Session and he expects you will be the friend of the Army. Receive my congratulations and many happy returns of the Season. Yours Sincerely,

S. V. RENSSELAER.

Major Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Washington City.

The Vice President to Mr. Thompson.

Dear Sir, Washington, January 4, 1822.

For the first I learned this day that Solomon Southwick was to be removed from the post-office in Albany, and the only person recommended was Solomon Van Rensselaer, late adjutant-general of New York, and now a federal member of congress from that district. Upon the development of this circumstance, Mr. King, Mr. Van Buren and myself addressed a note immediately to the postmaster-general requesting him to suspend any appointment for a fortnight, that our friends in Albany might be advised of the contemplated removal, and be enabled to recommend a successor. To that communication we have this moment received the enclosed answer. Mr. King is at Georgetown; Mr. Van Buren is dining at the navy barracks with Col. Henderson. I have, therefore, as the answer was directed to me, taken the liberty of advising you of the contemplated change and of requesting you to communicate to Mr. Dudley, the mayor of Albany, Judge Skinner and Treasurer Knower, the fact of change and recommendation, and desire them to communicate as soon as possible the wishes of the republicans of Albany to Mr. Van Buren; and it would be advisable that they should send it part of the way by private conveyance or *mail* their communication this side of Albany. As the other gentlemen cannot unite in this communication by the mornings mail, I have thought the matter of sufficient importance to write alone, and will unite with them to morrow. If the president shall decline to postpone for a fortnight, as we have requested, the necessity of the case will induce us to recommend Chancellor Lansing, without knowing the wishes of our friends in Albany, and for which we shall of course be pardoned if we err. It will surprise you to know that *sixteen* of our representatives have recommended Mr. Van Rensselaer. "Whip me such republicans!" Do not fail to communicate this intelligence, which I would have communicated directly to the gentlemen above named, but for causes with which you are acquainted, and which have not ceased even at this session — I mean the opening of letters addressed to or franked by me.

Your friend and servant,

Jonathan Thompson, Esq. DANIEL D. TOMPKINS.

The above letter was sent by the vice president under cover to the collector of the port of New York, Jonathan Thompson, and by him forwarded to the mayor of Albany. In the note which accompanied the document Mr. Thompson says: "Are copies of letters which I received this morning from the vice president. I hasten to give you their contents, that you may be enabled to make use of the information in the way suggested by the vice president. With the assurance of my respect and esteem. JONATHAN THOMPSON.

"Charles E. Dudley, Esq., Mayor of Albany."

Great exertions had been made by the contending parties for success, and it was with difficulty that the opponents of General Van Rensselaer, could conceal their chagrin and regret at what they feared would eventually prove the successful result, of the determined efforts of his numerous and influential friends, and which soon culminated in his appointment to the coveted position. He fortunately could rank among his supporters "men, whose firmness and patriotism would have done honor to the best days of Greece and Rome;" who could understand when proper checks and balances were necessary for the preservation of liberty, and did not fear to adopt bold and energetic measures.

Governor Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Albany 5 January 1822.

As the best mode of promoting your object and at the same time of consulting my own self respect, I have thought it most advisable to avoid a direct application to the P. M. General, either by letter or by signing a Memorial. I however send an open letter directed to Col. Pell — which you can send immediately to the Post Master General — or in concurrence with the latter make such use of it as you may think best calculated to effect an object so anxiously desired by me because so important to you. A petition is in circulation for you — it will be well signed. I have spoken to Major Smith (the Brother-in-law of Judge Howe) he is decidedly friendly to your views and will not only sign, but endeavour to get signatures. He says that the whole City will come out in your favor. I shall urge this measure on other friends. Your Wife is convalescent and the rest of your family well. Let me hear from you often.

I am yours truly D. W. C.

The Honorable Solomon Van Rensselaer, In Congress, Washington.

Governor Clinton possessed a truly warm heart and his exertions were never limited when the welfare of those he loved was the incentive for action. "In the conflict of honest opinions he boldly took his part, and if his zeal at times excited the fears of his followers, his patriotism won the hearts of his opponents;" and he was ever unremitting in his earnest efforts to benefit the oppressed and deserving citizen.

Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Knower and Others.

Gentlemen : Washington January 5, 1822.

The accompaning letter will show you what has been done in regard to the post-office and the present state of this question. If I could have supposed that our members could have recommended Mr. Van Rensselaer I would have expostulated with them on the subject. I have no doubt they are as much mortified about it now as I am. Before I knew about it the postmaster general had committed himself to V. R. In that state of the

question, we thought proper to present the name of Chancellor Lansing. By we, I mean the vice-president, Mr. King and myself. The president being personally acquainted with the chancellor, and entertaining a personal regard for him, we thought it the most likely mode to defeat the appointment of V. R. independent of a desire on our part to do something for the chancellor. In the course you pursue you should have regard to the circumstance that the post-master general is committed, &c., (was so before I knew that Southwick would be removed) on two points, viz., the removal of Southwick and the appointment of V. R., and not only committed, but evidently desirous that it should take place, and that nothing but the positive interference of the president can arrest the proceeding. In this view of the matter you will see the propriety of uniting on your candidate and of making as impressive an appeal to the president as practicable. The measures I advise are the following: 1st. Let the republicans of the city send a memorial to the president recommending the chancellor, if that is agreeable to them, or if they should think as we do, that a change of the candidate would be at this moment extremely hazardous if not decisive against us. It is proper, however, that you should know that no application upon this subject direct or indirect has come from the chancellor on this subject, nor do I know that he is apprised of what is done here. In this memorial I would state simply the respectability, &c., of the chancellor, and the desire to see him provided for. Such a petition I suppose would be signed by as many federalists as would apply for V. R. It has been insinuated here that the place is desired for young Mr. Livingston and not for the chancellor. Upon this subject there ought to be an understanding. I do not think Mr. Livingston has any such claim upon the party, and if the office was not desired and desirable for the chancellor himself, I would not advocate it. 2d. I would have prepared and addressed the president a memorial to be signed by all the republican members of the senate and assembly setting forth: 1st, why the office is a matter of state concern the reasons for which will readily occur to you. 2d, I would admit V. R.'s services, but state what the general and state governments have already done for him and that his removal was in consequence of his becoming an inveterate partisan, when he was made to share the fate of others, and that the government of the state have been justified by its people in the act. 3d. That whatever may be deemed a fit course at this time on the question of removing federalists from office on the ground of their politics, you think that all other matters equal, a republican should be preferred for a new appointment on that ground only. I would present that question distinctly to the president, that we may know hereafter what we are to expect. It can scarcely be necessary for me to say, that that should be done with the utmost delicacy and respect. This is extremely important. If the petition should in the least degree wear the aspect of threatening or scolding, it would be ruinous. At the same time let them speak with firmness, and as if conscious of their rights and regardful of their duties; and, lastly, I would send a letter to those republican members, who have subscribed V. R.'s petition, viz., Messrs. Cambreling, Morgan, Pearson, Borland, Hawks, Campbell, Spencer, Rochester, Hubbard, Woodcock, and Van Wyck, to be signed by all the members of the legislature, setting forth the strong reasons against having a federalist in the office at Albany.

The regrets that are felt that they have acted as they have, and requesting them to withdraw their recommendation. This letter will

furnish them with good ground for doing what I am persuaded will be very agreeable to them, provided the request is couched in such terms as are not offensive, which must not be lost sight of. They undoubtedly did it through personal solicitations and without appreciating at the moment the importance of the place in a political point of view. I hope, therefore, that the utmost delicacy will be observed towards them, as they are as worthy and honest fellows as ever lived. Especially I wish you to remember that dispatch is all important. By this means I propose we may defeat V. R's appointment. I say may, for I cannot speak with confidence, as the post-master-general is evidently determined on his appointment. It is said here that he has written to Mr. Southwick that V. R. is his successor. Certain it is that he has decided in his favor, and that had it not been for our note to him V. R. would have been with you as soon as this letter. V. R. says that two of the heads of department are in his favor, of whom Mr. Calhoun is said to be one. I have not inquired with what correctness, but it would not be amiss for Judge Skinner to write him on the subject. I have been thus particular because I believed it to be a question in which our friends would take a deep interest. Should we be unsuccessful, I will take the liberty of suggesting hereafter the course I would advise to obtain redress, or rather to improve our condition.

I wish Mr. Knower would show Mr. Southwick the correspondence between us and Mr. Meigs that he may know that we had not sought his removal. As this is true it is but right that he should know it. Since writing the preceding, I see that Mr. Livingston is chosen clerk. This may lead to a wish to change our candidate here. I do not know that it would not have that effect upon me if I was not morally certain that an attempt to get another man under the circumstances would be abortive. The circumstances of the president's personal knowledge of and regard for the chancellor is decisive with me as to the expediency of pressing him. I am, however, under the direction of my friends, and will cheerfully acquiesce in what they advise. In great haste.

Yours Sincerely,

M. VAN BUREN.

To Benjamin Knower, Charles E. Dudley, Roger Skinner, Wm. A. Duer, M. J. Cantine, Esqrs.

Martin Van Buren to B. Knower and Others.

Dear Sir, Washington, Jan'y 6, 1822.

The enclosed letter was written under an expectation that the question of postponement raised by us would have been decided yesterday. It is now sent on for the purpose of apprising you what is doing and not for you to act upon unless and until you hear further from me. In addition to the letters inclosed there are the following which are now in possession of the president, viz., a letter from the vice-president, Mr. King, and myself to Mr. Meigs asking a postponement until we could communicate with you. His answer to us saying in substance that unless the president directs, the postponement will not take place.

My appeal to the president who has treated the matter with the importance and the delicacy it deserves, and I am well satisfied that if the matter rested with him we should have no difficulty. By the post office law the post master general has complete control. The question of postponement has been before the cabinet for two days, and I expect an answer

to-morrow. Two of them are said, and I believe with truth, to be in favor of V. Rensselaer, but I have no explicit information of this fact that I can avow.

To-morrow morning I will receive an answer from the president, which will probably be that he must leave the post-master-general to his course. If so, he will be disposed to make the appointment of V. Rensselaer immediately. To guard against that, the vice-president and myself have in writing requested that in that event he would afford us an opportunity to make one more communication to him, in which we will recommend Chancellor Lansing, and put the question on such political ground that the people of the United States may distinctly understand what principles prevail in that department of the government, and, may take the measures necessary to a wholesome reform. This point must be settled one time or other, and no time more opportune than the present. It is one of the most interesting departments of the government, and instead of spending our time in small matters, I am for taking the bull by the horns at once, and if our friends at home will sustain us we will effect it. I have requested a meeting of the republicans who have signed V. Rensselaer's petition to night. Every effort has been made to excite their jealousy on account of my interference, but I am persuaded they will in the end behave well. I will write you again to-morrow. Yours cordially. M. V. Buren.

To Benjamin Knower, Esq., and others.

Charles A. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, Albany, January 6th, 1822.

The contemplated vacancy in the office of Post master in this city has induced great exertions on the part of your friends, to effect your appointment. Your claims will be supported by a powerful petition, comprising the most respectable inhabitants and most of the merchants. The other candidates, I am told, are not inactive, but are circulating subscriptions in every direction. They are Chancellor Lansing; the old treasurer Dox, and I am told — Ely (the one in the comptrollers office). Your exertions at Washington must correspond with those making here; and you will be successful in your application. I am induced to mention this to you so that you may second your friends, and not be induced upon any consideration to slacken your efforts.

Ten Eyck is very active, as is Dr. Bay.

With best wishes for your success

Sincerely yours

C. A. Clinton.

Honble. Solom. Van Rensselaer, Member Congress, Washington.

"It behooves the boasting friends of the general government amongst us, to suppress their impotent wrath and profit by the magnanimous example which the post master general will set before them in the new appointment; and we are authorized to say, in contradiction to the assertion made, that Gen. Van Rensselaer *never* received any grant or gratuity of land whatever, either from the general or state government for his military services."

Hon. William B. Rochester to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, H. of Rep. 7 January 1822.

I deem it a duty always to be frank and especially so in our intercourse with those we esteem. In observance of that spirit, I have to inform you

that having recently learned from an unquestionable source, that the proposed appointment of a successor to Solomon Southwick Esq. P. M. at Albany, was giving rise to much speculation, not to say excitement in that city. I have united with several of my colleagues in a request that a postponement of the appointment might take place (in case Mr Southwick's dismissal were determined on) until the citizens of Albany could have an opportunity of being consulted on the subject: Reflection satisfied me that this course was due from all parties to the respectable citizens of that populous town; and this conviction was strengthened by a positive assurance from two or three of my colleagues, that it was in perfect accordance with your own *expressed* wishes, at the time they subscribed the paper in your behalf, to which I signed my name also, out of respect to your merit and for your sufferings as a Soldier. I am, Sir, very respectfully &c.

Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer. W. B. ROCHESTER.

"Hon. William B. Rochester was subsequently appointed president of the United States Branch Bank, located at Buffalo. No man is better acquainted with the wants and abilities of the people in this section of the country. He is deservedly popular, and we hesitate not to say that the appointment is the very best that could have been made."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Dr. Bay.

Dear Sir, Washington, Jany 7th, 1822.

Last Friday my appointment as Post-Master at Albany was to have been made, but owing to the officious interference of King, Tompkins, Thompson and Van Buren, the matter was laid before the President who called, on Saturday, a Cabinet Council on the subject. The Post Master General [Return J. Meigs,] was requested to attend, and after having the papers read, the President asked him, "if he was left to himself, *who* would he appoint?" He promptly replied — GENERAL VAN RENSSELAER, and then gave his reasons: On account of my gallant services in two wars, and that I represented the district, as it were, by unanimous consent. "These are strong grounds," observed Crawford and Calhoun. Thompson [Smith Thompson, secretary of the Navy,] urged the claims of Chancellor Lansing, but without success.

It was said by some of the members, in reply to a remark made in relation to my politics, that it had no weight, particularly when I had so heroically distinguished myself. Much passed, and the unanimous opinion (in which T — was obliged to concur), was, that the Post Master General should be at liberty to do as he pleased.

Yesterday the President communicated this to Van Buren, who by threats and every other means procured a meeting of the Bucktails, last evening. He attempted to persuade them to recant, on political grounds, that "it was not expedient to have such a rank federalist as Gen. Van Rensselaer in the Albany Post Office." However all the clique's personal efforts and expostulations could only get seven, out of the eleven republican members, to sign a request that the appointment should be delayed, until the Citizens of Albany could be consulted, and it has taken that course, and now they must decide. There were eleven names annexed to the Republicans request of the 5th instant.

There is much secret manœuvring going on both here and in Albany. Van Buren and Co. coming out in this manner against the united voice of the Cabinet, has excited very great indignation, and King has ruined

himself in the estimation of all. The fact is well known here, that I risked my office of Adjutant General, in support of King against the very two men he has, now most singularly, joined to ruin me!! Spencer — Cambreleng — Morgan &c. would not rescind the step taken in my behalf although pressed to do so by Van Buren and Tompkins. They have tried hard to co-ërce the Post Master General — without the desired effect, and are at the same time hand and glove with Charles E. Dudley, Benjamin Knower, and Collector Thompson of New York to prevent my appointment. It will indeed be a consolation to me through life that I have been able, single-handed, to defeat them, even if Albany under these adverse circumstances turns a cold shoulder, and de-erts me.

Several of our friends will write, there is much excitement in my favor to day; before this our delegation did not interfere, I managed the matter in my own way. To my gallant fellow sufferer Colonel Richard M. Johnson and other friends from the West, I owe every thing. John D. Dickinson acts nobly, though Van Buren belongs to his *mess*. Dickinson stated to Van Buren at the table, that it was strange they should put out one pauper and put another in. Van Buren replied warmly, when Dickinson said he could prove all he affirmed, which he also mentioned this morning to the Post Master General. Colden [Cadwallader D.] behaves well like the rest, he also writes. Yesterday I flattered myself that to-morrow I would have been on the way to Albany. I am in great haste. Show this to my poor wife, the Patroon, McKown, Denniston and such other friends as you please. That you at Albany may conquer as I have here is my prayer. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Dr. William Bay, Albany, N. Y.

General Post Office.

Sir, Washington City, 7 Jany., 1822.

Believing that the public interest will be promoted by the appointment of a new Post-master at Albany, N. Y. I have accordingly appointed Mr. Solomon Van Rensselaer Post-master at that place; to whom, on the receipt of this, you will deliver all the Post-office property in your possession, taking his receipt therefor, if you desire it.

You will forward your accounts up to the time when you deliver over the Office. I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully.

To Mr. Solomon Southwick. R. J. MEIGS, JR.

"In June 1792, Return J. Meigs (post master general) had a very narrow escape, when attacked by two Indians. In company with him, were a Mr. Symonds and a black boy, who had been hoeing in a corn field. The Indians had secreted themselves behind the path, near the Muskingum, on its west bank, where they had the river to cross. At a turn in the road our laborers having their backs towards the Indians, were fired upon. Symonds was shot in the shoulder, when Meigs rushed on the largest Indian with his tomahawk raised to throw it. He attempted to fire his gun at the savage, which missed fire. Mr. Meigs then partly knocked down the Indian, and escaped by plunging into the river and swimming it. The Indian threw his tomahawk at Meigs, which grazed its object. Symonds plunged into the river, and floated down to the fort, though one arm was useless in swimming. He was taken up by the men of Fort Harmar, and eventually recovered of his wound. The black boy,

twelve years old, attempted to escape, but was tomahawked, killed and scalped by the Indians. Mr. Meigs saved his life by his dauntless attack of the Indian, and when his gun missed fire, by knocking down his antagonist, and then out running the other Indian."

Extract of a Letter from the Evening Post's Correspondent.

Washington, Jany. 7, 1822.

With unfeigned pleasure, I inform you that the postmaster general has this day appointed General Solomon Van Rensselaer, postmaster at Albany, vice Solomon Southwick removed.

This affair I presume, will cause some little excitement in New York, and your readers will doubtless be desirous of learning some of the particulars relating to it. It having been determined that Mr. Southwick should be removed, the only question with the Cabinet was, who should be his successor? The late Chancellor Lansing's name was brought forward by his friends, and backed by the influence of the vice president, and your two senators Messrs. Van Buren and King; Gen. Van Rensselaer was also nominated, and he was backed by the influence of the Kentucky and Ohio members, particularly by Colonel Johnson, of the former state. When the question was first put to the members of the cabinet they were all in favor of General Van Rensselaer, except the secretary of the navy, [Smith Thompson] who objected on account of politics; but he was answered by Mr. Wirt, [William Wirt, attorney-general] who said that such considerations were out of the question now; there was no longer any politics. On which the secretary of the navy is said to have acquiesced, and declared himself in favor of the appointment. When it was known to your senators, that it was determined, that it should be made on Saturday, they requested that it might be postponed till Monday afternoon, and in the mean time they drew up a formal memorial against it, which was read, but the appointment was then made. It was thought by the president and by all the cabinet, that the services the General had rendered his country in two wars, with the severe and dangerous wounds he had received in the discharge of his duty, were paramount considerations to every other, and ought to outweigh all the petty local objections of a party nature that could be mentioned. I have the pleasure to add, that nothing that has transpired here, for a long time, of a similar nature, has given such satisfaction as this appointment. General Van Rensselaer has been waited on by a great number of members of congress, to congratulate him on the event. I hope the appointment may afford him an honorable and liberal provision for old age.

Gov. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany 7 January 1822.

Spencer Stafford as one of the Sureties of Mr. Southwick, (and a very worthy man as you know him to be) is desirous of removing or alleviating the pressure produced by this involvement. I recommend him and his interests to your earnest and powerful intercession. Yours truly

Hon. Sol. Van Rensselaer, M. C. Washington. DEWITT CLINTON.

All these original letters written by distinguished men, and relating to an interesting period in our local and political history manifest the struggle which took place fifty-two years ago for the Albany post office. It was regarded as a position of great political importance, and the contest for it between the democratic republicans, whose candidate was ex-Chancellor Lansing, and the federalists, whose candidate was Gen. Solomon Van Rens-

selaer, was fierce. These old letters throw a flood of light on the political life of that period of President Monroe's administration to which they relate.

Adeline Van Rensselaer to her Father.

My Dear Father, Albany January 8, 1822.

Your political friends in Albany are very active, of which fact you will be satisfied very soon; but some of the *Bucktails* are *also* very busy this evening, and will defeat you if they can. They evidently have had their secret instructions from Washington, and are laying some plans to checkmate my old daddy *if possible*. There are, however, several respectable democratic republicans on the List for you; the recommendation from the Citizens of dear Albany is very strong. All the gentlemen who have been around, are to meet at James M' Kown's, at seven o'clock this evening to report. If they are all ready with the requisite number of signatures, the List will go on to Washington by this Mail, or if not completed, by the next. If a powerful commendation and array of names will procure you the Albany Post Office, you are sure of it; though your opponents will not relax their efforts to over-reach the Post Master General.

Judge Van Ness, who arrived to day, Dr. Bay and others think the Clique at Washington will make a party question of it; the Mayor [Charles E. Dudley.] Benjamin Knower, D. D. Tompkins, Rufus King and the *wily* Martin Van Buren are closely leagued together; but you are on the spot which will make a material difference in your favor. G. A. Worth — the former Cashier of the Farmer's Bank — is to be a new competitor, he left this several days since, and must be there by this time. Chancellor Lansing has resigned in his favor, and if Worth succeeds, Lansing's son-in-law Livingston is to be the Deputy. They say he will have Van Buren's influence, so take care of him. Such a struggle and scramble for the office is perfectly surprising. Mama and all join in much love.

Your affectionate daughter,

ADELINE VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon Sol. Van Rensselaer, M. C., Washington.

Charles A. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, Albany January 9th 1822.

Southwick's friends (principally Bucktails) had a meeting last night (Tuesday) and with 3 dissenting voices passed resolutions approving of his conduct as postmaster. It is said Elisha Dow was in the chair and Mr. Alderman Esleeck [Welcome Esleeck] was Secretary.

I am told there are 4 or 5 new candidates for the office: viz John Stillwell; Judge Howe; Mr. Phelps &c. &c. Southwick has gone on to Washington.

Sincerely yours, C.

Honble. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Member Congress, Washington.

"Solomon Southwick, Esq has been removed from the office of postmaster, in this city, [Albany.] and GEN. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, the representative in congress from this county, has been appointed in his place.

General Solomon Van Rensselaer passed through New York January 10th on his way to Albany to enter upon the duties of his office, as postmaster, and Mr. Southwick passed through the city, that same Thursday, on his way to Washington. Mr. Southwick published a short address to the public, before he left Albany, in relation to the attempt then making to effect his removal. He says the grounds alleged by some were, that he was a defaulter,

and that he did not attend to his business. Both accusations, he says, are false and malicious."

"General Van Rensselaer arrived in Albany, from Washington on Saturday evening 12th, and will probably immediately enter upon the duties of his appointment." Some one says: "The parties concerned being all dead, the publication and revival of reminiscences will be a valuable contribution, giving an insight into the political management and secret political history of New York."

General Van Rensselaer had now entered upon the duties of his office, and Colonel Robert Elliott was selected as his deputy in this trust. Among the subordinate clerks, one of the first appointed was the notable William B. Winne as the city penny post, or as he was more familiarly called "*Billy Winne the Penny Post*," who was ever an active, vigilant officer, and retained his situation through a long series of years till in extreme old age death claimed another victim. Mr. Winne was, previous to this, for some time captain of the city watch. On the night of December 21, 1808, an attempted robbery and murder was made by a highwayman — Robert Johnson — at the Inn of one John Pye on the Watervliet turnpike — the half-way house between Albany and Troy. The house is still standing a short distance south of the entrance to the Cemetery. Mr. Pye was badly wounded and fell back fainting on the bed, but Mrs. Pye resolutely defended her property and shot the robber who was of "a tall and athletic form." After being wounded the desperado made his escape, without getting the toll-gate money, to the city. He was finally captured by Captain Winne. "This man, on finding the track of the robber's horse in the snow (he had made a dreadful leap from the foot of Columbia street to the ice of the Hudson, escaping to Greenbush and thence to Aikins's mills), in an instant sprang off after him on a full run, and was heard to exclaim to himself in good old Dutch and English mixed together: 'Mine Cot! vat leeps de horse has mate, vull twenty veets. Dunder en bliksem! he's been de duyfel vor running.' Captain Winne soon got the start of all other pursuers; Winne was an uncommon active man, which his sprightly step still evinced even in old age. He had performed many a feat, both in pursuit of and in flight from Indians in the time of the revolution. Before the outlaw was secured, by a powerful blow he had dashed all the officer's front teeth into his mouth. He died from his wounds."

Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Dudley.

Dear Sir: [Private.] Washington, Jan. 10, 1822.

The great weight which the New York delegation is now capable of having from its members of congress, the almost absolute certainty that the presidential question will be settled in caucus, and the immense weight her increased representation will give her there, give her an influence and consideration which you cannot so well appreciate at home as here. The disjointed state of parties here, the distractions which are produced by the approaching contest for president, and the general conviction in the minds of honest but prudent men, that a radical reform in the political feelings of this place has become necessary, render this the proper moment to commence the work of a general resuscitation of the old democratic party; and circumstances imperiously point to New York as the source from which the good work ought to emanate. With prudence here and firmness at Albany, this can effectively be done, and our state be placed on higher ground than she has ever stood. There are at this moment two

subjects which might be laid hold of by the republican members of our state legislature with great credit to themselves and advantage to the country. The *first* is the presidential question. On this subject I refer you to an article in a late Intelligencer as containing a true description of the state of feeling here in regard to it, and a tolerable view of the mischiefs which are growing out of the premature agitation of this question. In congress Messrs. Crawford and Adams and Calhoun have each decided and have active friends; every day produces some resolution aimed at the one or the other of the departments they represent. These resolutions are discussed with great bitterness. Every good man deplores the state of things which has grown and is growing out of it, and would hail with gratitude any measure having a tendency to avert the evils it must produce.

If the republican members of our state legislature should hold a meeting and express their regrets at the early agitation of this matter, and in a well-drawn resolution express their convictions of the mischief which must inevitably flow from it, and their hopes that their members will not mingle in the fray, they would, in my humble opinion, do themselves high honor and not be regarded by any one as acting out of the line of their duty. The South Carolina meeting may be referred to as proof, &c. *The other subject* is that of postmaster at Albany. We have been shamefully treated by the post-master-general in this matter. I have no reason to complain of Mr. Monroe. On the receipt of my letter he called a cabinet council, and the course he took was in pursuance of their opinion on the abstract question of his right to interfere. He has throughout shown great anxiety on the subject, and would, I am convinced, if the question had laid with him, have done us justice. He estimates fully the probable effect it will have on the feelings of our friends, and will not be disappointed at any excitement it may produce with us. You will doubtless hear many things about the views of some of the members of the cabinet. On that head I must for the present leave you to such information as you may casually get. The secretary of the navy has conducted himself with great spirit in the matter, and is alive to its effect with you. Our representatives who signed Van Rensselaer's petition acted without reflection. They are very unhappy, and it would be unwise to mortify them more. It will also be seen that all of them, except Morgan and Cambreling and Spencer and Borland, did all they could with propriety to correct their error. These signatures did not, in my judgment, influence the post-master-general in any other way than to furnish him with an excuse to make an appointment he was anxious to make, but which, without these, he would not like to venture upon. Before I was apprised of the extent to which the matter had gone, Mr. Meigs had committed himself, and when he gave the president the papers he told him he had made up his mind to appoint V. R. unless he was directed to the contrary by the president.

All good democrats have who understand the matter sympathized with us, and are happy to learn that the vice-president and myself have held a language on the subject which, though obsolete here, must again come in fashion before a situation here can be in any sense useful or desirable, and such I am well convinced will be the feelings of the democrats throughout the Union. If you submit tamely to this decision you must expect hereafter to employ soft, soothing milk and water petitions to get a republican preferred to a federalist by the government instead of that manly simplicity and characteristic boldness which distinguished the conduct of

our public men in the early years of Mr. Jefferson's administration. This is not a dispute between us and the president, and furnishes us with an opportunity to hold language which it will harm nobody in the government to hear, and will induce all who look to the presidency to ponder upon. I propose nothing to be done by you because what ought to be done is for you to decide. But if the republican members of the legislature should think that the occasion calls for an unequivocal expression of their sentiments, that they should speak now or hereafter be silent, then I would take the liberty of suggesting that they need not have any apprehensions that they will injure themselves here by a bold but respectful expression of their sentiments, that they may with entire confidence rely on the support and sympathy of their republican friends in the Union.

That the most proper course would be to regard this appointment as a decision of that department that the wishes of the great republican party of the Union should not be carried into effect, and in addition to an expression of an opinion on the matter to appoint a respectable committee to correspond with the republican members of other legislatures, now in session; to secure co-operation and unity of sentiment to affect a remedy. In that correspondence much talent might be shown, and I fully believe that an application for the removal of the post-master general would be acquiesced in by many of the states. But all measures after the appointment of the committee might be left to subsequent reflection and advisement. It is only in the event of the members thinking proper to take such a course that the vice-president and myself think our letters ought to be published. With you we will go all proper lengths. Without you it might look like a disposition to be querulous. If our letters are published, strike out that part of our letter to you which asks that we be not requested to have further communication with the post master general. Upon reflection it strikes me that if you should deem it best to publish that letter, that part had better be left out. An expression of the sentiments of the citizens would be important. If you should think it wise to adopt those measures your representatives may hereafter speak with some confidence. If not the most supple will be the most favored. Show this confidentially to such of our friends as you may think proper.

In haste, yours truly,

Charles E. Dudley, Esq. M. VAN BUREN.

Charles E. Dudley to M. Van Buren.

Dear Sir: Albany, Jan. 14, 1822.

Your several communications on the subject of the post-office in this city have been received, and our friends are highly satisfied with the course that the vice-president and yourself have pursued. The result has indeed been mortifying to us, but it ought to be equally regretted by the members of the republican party throughout the state. We were glad to find that seven of the eleven members of congress who recommended Van Rensselaer were willing to join in a communication to the president, and the citizens of Albany owe something to them in point of feeling on this score. The New York members probably felt themselves so far committed as it regarded the appointment of a post-master for a city 160 miles distant from them, that they could not retract; their conduct towards the republicans of Albany savors a little of the spirit which actuated some of the delegates to the convention from their city. How would they have relished your recommendation of one of their most

obnoxious political opponents to fill the station now occupied by Gen. Bailey? No other atonement can be made, in my opinion, to the injured feelings of the republicans of this state than by the president's removing the post-master-general from office. I indulge the hope that this measure is already determined on by Mr. Monroe. He must be sensible of the great importance that the republican party in this state have been to his administration. Although he may not know the difficulties we have had to encounter the faction which has been so triumphantly opposed, to maintain him in the presidency, and to shield the general government from the attack of a bold but by no means despicable enemy. Nor have you been well treated by the post-master general, and through you retribution ought to reach him. Our opponents here exult, but I do not apprehend the political effects will be such as they imagine. We shall not relax; new vigor will be infused into the party, and there will, I trust, be a decided and universal expression of disgust at the course pursued by Mr. Meigs.

Mr. Knower has your letter inclosing the correspondence which took place at Washington, and will this evening consult our friends as to the best mode of proceeding. We shall wish to treat the administration of the general government with great delicacy, but there will be no half-way expressions as to the postoffice department. The postmaster general must be denounced. You alluded in your letter of the 8th, to a confidential letter which you proposed to write by the next mail. I hope it may contain something as to the decision of the president upon the removal of Meigs, or that it may give some intimation of movements which may lead to it. At any rate we have nothing more mortifying to hear than what you have already communicated.

All that comes after this must be of an encouraging character.

Hon. Martin Van Buren. Yours, C. E. DUDLEY.

The mock drama performed at Albany by puppets was quite an exciting affair. The wires of this political puppet-show were all pulled at Washington by the invisible but skillful hand of the crafty magician. The interesting letters of Mr. Van Buren were all suggestive as to the republican meeting to be held at Albany, and an urgent request that the post master general should be removed ! ! !

Solomon Van Rensselaer to Philip P. Barbour.

Sir, Albany 14th Jany., 1822.

The ill health of my family, and the necessity of attending to my private concerns, I hope in peace and quietness the residue of my *precarious* days, have compelled me to retire from Congress, and to resign my seat in the honorable body over which you preside with so much honor to yourself and usefulness to the public. In taking this step, I would do injustice to my feelings, were I not to express the sentiments of profound respect which I entertain for the House of Representatives, and the grateful sentiments cherished towards its members, for the uniform kindness I have experienced from them.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. Philip P. Barbour, Speaker of the House of Representatives.

On February 11th, the speaker communicated to the house the above letter, and it was: "Ordered, That the said letter lie on the table, and that the speaker do communicate the fact of the resignation of Mr. Van Rensselaer to the executive of the state of New York."

Proclamation by De Witt Clinton, Governor of the State of New York.

"Whereas in consequence of the resignation of Solomon Van Rensselaer Esquire, a Representative in the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States, for the Ninth District, composed of the County of Albany, a vacancy has occurred in the said office, I do therefore appoint Monday the twenty-fifth day of February next for commencing and holding an Election of Representative in Congress, to supply the said vacancy in the said district."

Hon. John D. Dickinson to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, Jany. 15th, 1822.

I have this morning for the first, been able to leave my Room since you left this place, and have this moment returned from the palace from complying with your request. I was not in the house so early as to be able to ask leave of absence for you during the Session to day and on reflection have determined not to do it until some arrangement is made for filling up your place on the military committee, indeed I find from observations by some friends, that it is thought you ought to send your resignation to the Speaker instead of asking leave of absence. This course, unless you have reasons for with-holding your resignation, would appear the more correct course. Should you send your resignation, I wish, for particular reasons that you would send it to *me*. The different publications respecting your appointment have excited considerable feeling among some of our delegation who are attacked for their signing your petition, they have — many of them, become indignant and openly justify their conduct and I am in hopes will come out in answer to the attack of Noah and others. The Mail has just arrived and brings yours of 11th instant. Southwick is not, that I have yet heard, in town.

I will attend to your wishes and am. Yours Sincerely

Genl. Sol. Van Rensselaer, JNO. D. DICKINSON.

Albany, New York.

"It was truly wonderful to look at General Van Rensselaer and see with what indomitable energy the venerable man had mastered so many disagreeable obstacles."

Henry V. R. Schermerhorn to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Uncle, Geneva Jan. 16, 1822.

The account of your recent appointment has just reached me, and I know I need not assure you that I heard it with the most heartfelt gratification, for never in my life have I rejoiced at any event with more sincere pleasure. You have now, most unexpectedly to your friends in the country and very much to their delight, been rewarded in some measure by the General Government of your country, for services which have long since entitled you to this, or a greater manifestation of its justice and gratitude, and I lose no time in congratulating you. The Bucktails say: "We admit that Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer is an honest man, is capable of being deputy postmaster at Albany; that he is the son of a revolutionary officer, that he is a man of great personal bravery, that he loves his country, that he has repeatedly exposed his life and shed his blood in defence of his country, that he was several times wounded under General Anthony Wayne in defending the men, women and children who first settled our fine western country, from the torch, the tomahawk and the scalping knife of the savage Indians, but, he was ever an uncompromising

opponent of our party, therefore we strove against his appointment." You are no doubt truly appreciative of *all* indications of grateful recollection on the part of your countrymen, and now having received this, it is to be hoped that an invalid soldier may live long to enjoy the comfort it affords his declining days. Desiring to be remembered to the whole of your family I remain as ever, Your affectionate Nephew,

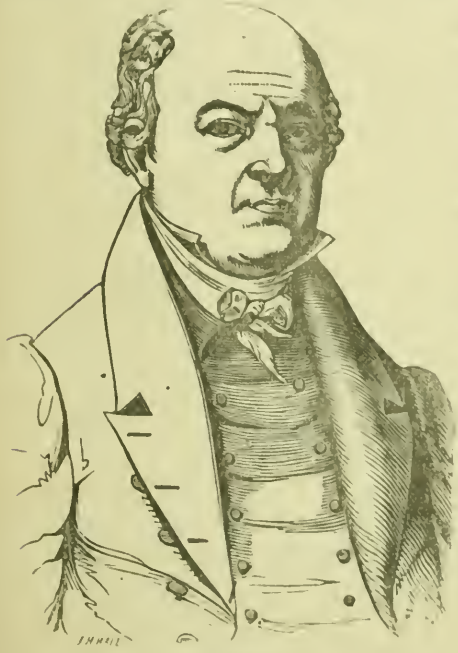
H. V. R. SCHERMERHORN.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensslaer, P. M., Albany.

Hon. WalterPatterson to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Washington, Jany. 20, 1822.

I send the enclosed to you, with the request that if the Judge is not in Albany, you will have the goodness to forward it to him. Mr. Dickinson has your letter and documents, which he will forthwith send to the Post Master General. The delegation are much irritated at Martin Van Buren and the Vice Pres. Cambrelling [Churchill C. Cambreling] has written a letter in defence of their conduct, which will be published if more is said on the subject. The Administration are satisfied with the decision of the Post Master General. The threats of Van Buren to the contrary notwithstanding. Southwick is here, but can do nothing. Mr. Calhoun rises in favor daily. If I can do any thing for you here, command me. I hope you will send the Patroon to us.



S. SOUTHWICK.

Yours truly &c.,

W. PATTERSON.

General Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

On January 21st, a public meeting was called at Albany, for the purpose of expressing much dissatisfaction with the proceedings of the general government at Washington, in relation to the appointment of the postmaster in that city. The officers of the government of the United States were condemned, and many virulent expressions used, while they assumed to be amazed at the extraordinary, unwarrantable, and unscrupulous acts of the administration. On this occasion the correspondence which took place at Washington, relative to the office, was laid before the meeting. Mr. Rufus King joined his colleague Martin Van Buren in the first note, and the vice president and Mr. Van Buren in the second. Here Mr. King's interference appears to have ceased.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GENERAL STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

Correspondence about Albany Post Office.

Sir, Washington, Jany 3, 1822.

We have been informed that it is in contemplation to vacate the office of Deputy Post Master for the City of Albany. The importance of the station not only to the citizens of Albany (but from the circumstance of its being the principal distributing office in the State) to our citizens generally, induced us to request that we may be informed of the determination of your department before the vacancy is supplied; our object is to secure a fit and full opportunity to all concerned, to make their representations to you, on the subject. Will there be any objection to a compliance with our request? Yours respectfully,

R. KING, M. VAN BUREN.

Hon. Return J. Meigs, Post Master General.

Gentlemen, General Post Office, Jany 4, 1822.

I had the honor to receive yours of yesterday. It has become necessary to appoint a new Post Master at Albany. An application made by the friends of General Van Rensselaer, is now before the President for his consideration.

It is desirable that an appointment shall be made without delay. I have the honor to be, With respect your obt. ser., R. J. MEIGS JR.

Hon. Rufus King, Hon. Martin Van Buren.

Sir, Washington, Jan. 4, 1822.

Having been informed by your note of this morning, that your present deputy Post Master of Albany is to be removed, we have to request that the appointment of his successor may be delayed long enough to enable the citizens of the place to express their wishes on the subject. We do this in consideration of the importance of the appointment, and under a conviction that they are not apprised that a new appointment is at this time to be made. Should you think proper to comply with our request, we propose two weeks as the requisite time, and in that event you will please inform us whether the consideration of the question is still with the president, in order that the citizens of Albany may be informed to whom their communications may be addressed. We request the favor of your answer in time to enable us to make the requisite communication by the next mail.

Yours Respectfully,

DANIEL D. TOMPKINS, RUFUS KING, MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Hon. Return J. Meigs, Post Master General.

Gentlemen, General Post Office, Jany. 4, 1822.

I have the honor to state, in reply to yours of this date, that the President has not decided or directed in the case of the expected vacancy of

the Post Master at Albany. It is desirable that a new Post Master should be appointed without much delay. If the President thinks proper to have the appointment delayed, it will be so. The president this day referred me to the Secretary of the Navy [Smith Thompson] upon whom I called, who informed me that he would communicate with me to morrow.

Very Respectfully yr Obt and humble Servt,

Hon. D. D. Tompkins, R. J. MEIGS, JR.

Hon. Rufus King, Hon. Martin Van Buren.

Sir, Washington Jan. 5, 1822.

The enclosed letters explain our wishes and the object of this application. If the delay we ask can be granted, we would be much obliged by being apprized in season to write home by tomorrows mail. Sensible of the deep interest which our citizens will, for a variety of reasons, take in the question, I would much regret a decision without affording them an opportunity to be further heard. With great respect. M. VAN BUREN.

P. S. If proper, I wish the letters may be returned to me.

To the President of the United States.

Sir,

We unite in the request which has been made for the postponement of the appointment of deputy Post Master for the City of Albany (in case the removal of Mr. Southwick is determined on) until an opportunity can be afforded to the citizens of that place to express their wishes on the subject, and earnestly solicit that the same be complied with.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully yr obt. Servants,

JAMES HAWKS, T. H. HUBBARD,
NATHANIEL PITCHER, E. LITCHFIELD,
W. B. ROCHESTER, W. W. VAN WYCK,
RICHARD M'CARTY, R. H. WALWORTH,
JER. H. PEIRSON, SAM. CAMPBELL.
D. WOODCOCK,

Sir, Washington, Jan. 7, 1822.

I have received your letter requesting a postponement of any appointment to the vacancy in the Post office at Albany for a specific time. As this case is connected with others, and involves a principle in the administration of the Post office department, I have on that account as well as my respect for you and the other gentlemen, who have united in making the request, bestowed on it all the consideration which it justly merited. By the law, establishing the Post Office department, the appointment of all the officers employed in it, under the Post Master General, is exclusively vested in him, without reference to the President. Had it been intended that the President should control the appointments in detail, or take any agency in them, the provisions of the law, and the powers granted by it, would have been different. Such also according to my experience and information on the subject, has been the uniform practice of the executive. For these reasons I deem it improper to interfere. I am Sir with great respect, Your very obt. Sevt., JAMES MONROE.

Sir, Washington, Jany. 6, 1822.

If an application for delay in regard to the appointment of deputy Post Master at Albany be denied, we have to request that you will indulge us

with an opportunity of making further communication to you on the subject before the ultimate decision be made.

We have the honor to be your obt. and very humble Servt's.

D. D. TOMPKINS, MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Hon. Return J. Meigs, Post Master General.

Gentlemen, General Post Office, Jan. 7, 1822.

I do not deem it expedient to delay the appointment of a Post Master at Albany. I can have certainly no objections to receive from you any communications which you may be pleased to make on that subject.

I have the honor to be respectfully your obt. servt.,

R. J. MEIGS.

Hon. D. D. Tompkins, Hon. M. Van Buren. (Received at Sun Rising, Jany. 7, 1822.)

These letters with those following were sent to Albany to the committee. "Immediately wrote him a note that as the delay solicited could not be granted, he would receive the communication contemplated by the note of Mr. Van Buren and myself of Saturday by 1 o'clock. Mr. Stevenson delivered the note personally, and Mr. Meigs was pleased to say he would wait accordingly. D. D. TOMPKINS."

A Letter to the Post Master General.

Sir, Washington, Jany. 7, 1822.

Having understood from you, that the P. M. at Albany, was at all events to be removed, and sensible that such an event was not so known or expected by the citizens of that place, as to afford them an opportunity to express their wishes as to his successor, we on Friday last handed in a request for a postponement on the subject until they could be apprized of the determination of your department. In reply to our note you was pleased to say, that the consideration of the subject was with the President, and that if he directed the postponement it might be granted. Under an impression that, that question was still open with the President, we applied to him, and it appears by note, which he this moment enclosed to us, and which we here transmit to you, that a great proportion also of the representatives of our State, most of whom had signed Mr. V. R.'s application, to you, addressed a note to the President earnestly soliciting the delay asked for by us. At an early hour this morning, we were informed by you, that you do not deem it expedient to delay the appointment, but declaring your readiness to receive the communication, we had requested an opportunity to make, before your ultimate decision on the question was made. Under these circumstances, we take the liberty of recommending to you for the appointment of deputy at Albany, John Lansing Jun. Esqr. Mr. L. is one of the few surviving patriots of the revolution; he was a member of the convention which formed the constitution of the U. S., and of that which adopted it in the State of N. Y.; has been chief justice of the Supreme Court, and Chancellor of the State, which latter place he held until arrived at the age of sixty, when, by the Constitution he was disqualified from continuing in it and reduced to the station of a private citizen. His integrity and capacity are unquestionable, and the appointment in a pecuniary point of view would perhaps be important to him, and to a numerous and amiable family. We feel Sir, that we speak correctly, when we say, that nothing would be more

grateful to the feelings of the people of our State, than to see an old patriot thus provided for in the evening of his days.

Of General Van Rensselaer we have no desire to say any thing which might excite personal prejudice; that his conduct has been that of a gallant man, we cheerfully admit. But we submit to your consideration, how far he has partaken of the justice of his country. It cannot be unknown to you, that the U. S. have granted him a liberal pension for life, which with becoming munificence was allowed to commence many years back; independent of which, he has for a long time held a lucrative office in the State of N. York, under several successive administrations of different and hostile political sentiments.

Mr. Lansing is now, and always has been, a firm and inflexible republican, zealously devoted to the maintenance of the great republican party of the Union.

Mr. Van R. has throughout been a warm, active and indefatigable opponent of that party.

We will not discriminate between the pretensions of the two gentlemen, on the score of capacity and integrity, but assume that we feel confident will not be denied by the friends of Mr. V. R. that Mr. Lansing's are at least equal to his. In this view of the subject we wish to submit to you, whether the preference ought not to be given to Mr. Lansing, because he belongs to the republican party, and to secure a decision upon that question by your department, we now propose, that if any objections are made to Mr. Lansing which have weight with you, we will suggest the name or names of other respectable republicans of the City of Albany, to whom the appointment will be acceptable.

Knowing as we do that the republicans of the State of New York, will regard it as a matter of great importance, that the Post Office at the seat of government should be in the hands of a gentleman of the same political character with themselves; and anxious that they should fully understand the principle which in this particular governs your department, we have felt it to be our duty and our right to present, on this occasion, that question respectfully but distinctly to your decision. We forbear discussion on the matter and therefore content ourselves with observing, that whatever might be the correct course as to removals from office, at this time when the feelings of party are in some degree relaxed, we had flattered ourselves, with the hope that for new appointments at least (all other matters equal) a preference would be given by every department of a republican administration to its republican supporters. There is one more point of view on which we wish to present the matter to your consideration. Gen. Van Rensselaer held the office of Adjutant General of our State for many years, and as we have before stated under different administrations. In the severe and trying contest in which the republicans of that State have for some years past been involved, he yielded his undivided exertions against them, and was a zealous and efficient partisan. Having succeeded in wresting the power from the hands of their adversaries, the government of that State only last winter thought proper to extend to him the rule which had with an unsparing hand, been applied to their friends, by removing him from office. The people of the State have at two successive elections by large and decisive majorities, approved the course of those whom they entrusted with the power of the state. You can very readily estimate the feelings with which they will learn, that a department of the general government has

so soon, and under such circumstances, conferred an office which will give him much more political influence and consideration among them, that the one of which they have deemed fit to deprive him; and will determine to what respect those feelings are entitled.

With respect: yr. obt. Servants,

DANL. D. TOMPKINS,
M. VAN BUREN.

To Hon. Return J. Meigs, Post Master General.

Post Master General to the Vice President and Martin Van Buren.

Gentlemen, Genl. P. Office, Jany 8, 1822.

Your communication of yesterday, I had the honor to receive, and to give it an attentive perusal, and a respectful consideration. I regret that on a view of the whole subject, I have not been able to accord with your views and opinions.

With high respect, I am your most obt. Servant.

The Hon. D. D. Tompkins. } R. J. MEIGS.
The Hon. M. Van Buren. }

Extract "January 22, 1822. It is not a little singular that Mr Rufus King [U. S. Senator] the last federal candidate for Governor in this State, and the man to whom his friends looked as the standard of orthodoxy, should object to the appointment of General Van Rensselaer because he is a federalist; and it is still more strange, that the Vice President and others, should claim the post office department as an appendage to their party. I was the most surprised at the monstrous attempt to pursuade the President and the Post Master General, that the dominant party in this state, had a right to the Post Office in Albany as a party engine, for I can make nothing less of their proceedings.

"No want of capacity or integrity is alleged against General Van Rensselaer — yet he stands denounced by the very men who declare that he has been sustained in office by them for many years, when he was at the same time their active and efficient opponent. This is the highest compliment they could pass upon him, and yet the same men have the effrontery to denounce this veteran at Washington, and not only this, but to demand the removal of the Post Master General or the appointment of a Post Master at Albany who will make his office subservient to the party views. The reason they assign for their efforts to defeat this appointment of the General's was, because he ever openly was adverse and opposed to the party which they represented. I had imagined and supposed the sentiment was general that post offices and mail routes were established for the benefit of the people at large without reference to political parties and I never before heard any party claim as a right the appointment of the agents employed to transact the business in which every party had an equal interest."

Hon. John D. Dickinson to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington 22d Jany, 1822.

I have received your two packets containing Letters and recommendation which had been sent back to you at Albany, and have personally delivered them to the Post Master General. You may rest entirely at ease as to any effort in the power of Southwick to make here. I have this morning had a conversation with the Post Master General on the subject;

he remains perfectly satisfied and gratified in the course he has taken. We are engaged in the discussion of the Bankrupt Law, Mr. Sergeant the last evening delivered a very able argument in favour. We are very much gratified with the information that the Patroon is to be your Successor, and should be much pleased if he should be disposed to join us at Strothers. Let me intreat you to write me often and keep me informed what is going forward. I am yours sincerely.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq. P. M. Albany. JNO. D. DICKINSON.

The Bankrupt Law was "An act to establish an uniform system of Bankruptcy throughout the United States." This act was not finally passed till the first session of the 27th congress in 1841. "At the moment the president (John Tyler) had signed the Bankrupt act, a stranger burst into his room, and entreated the president to give him the pen with which he had signed the bill. The request was readily granted, and the stranger took it away with him to preserve it as the instrument with which an act of glorious beneficence had been executed. It is a triumph of CIVILIZATION; of JUSTICE, and of TRUE LIBERTY."

Expression of Thanks from the Albany Delegation.

Albany January 23, 1822. It appearing by the proclamation of his Excellency the Governor, that General Solomon Van Rensselaer has resigned his seat in the House of Representatives of the Unitd States; therefore,

Resolved Unanimously that the thanks of the Delegates of the City and County of Albany be presented to GENERAL SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER for his faithful services as their Representative in Congress. And that while this Convention regret his resignation, they are gratified in knowing that the General Government, in the exercise of an enlightened and liberal policy have rewarded his valuable services to his country by conferring upon him a respectable office—the duties of which he is eminently qualified to discharge.

"On motion resolved unanimously: That the HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER be and is hereby recommended to the electors of the city and county of Albany as a suitable person to represent the said city and county in the house of the representatives of the United States.

By order of the Committee
WILLIAM D. HOUGHTALING, Chairman.

W. W. Dougherty, Sec.
To Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer Present.

GENERAL STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER was elected over Solomon Southwick, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, with a majority of 1759. S. Van Reunsselaer had 2258 votes and Southwick 499.

"It is mentioned as illustrative of the influence formerly exercised by the Dutch landed proprietors, that during the first forty years following the organization of the federal government under theConstitution (from 1789 to 1829) the district embracing Albany was represented for *twenty-two years* by gentlemen bearing the name of VAN RENSSELAER and connected with the family of the Patroon, that is to say, JEREMIAH VAN RENSSELAER, two years, KILLIAN K. ten years; SOLOMON and STEPHEN ten years in the aggregate."

Albany January 24th. "Our bucktail fellow citizens appear to be extremely offended at the post master general's *hardihood* in presuming to appoint Solomon Van Rensselaer, post master, in this city, without their approbation.. What Mr. Meigs can do to appease their wrath I do not know. It seems he was duly apprised of Mr. Van Rensselaer's sin of federalism and oppugnation to the present democratic party here, and that he, notwithstanding *knowingly* and *wilfully* made the appointment; but what is worse, the heads of departments at Washington gave it their unequivocal sanction. The inference is that the administration of the federal government do not consider the political creed of the bucktails to be perfectly orthodox, or else that it savors too much of intolerance to meet the liberal views and enlightened policy which prevails at Washington. In either case the appointment of Mr. Van Rensselaer furnishes a pledge that an honest difference of opinions on political questions is not an insuperable objection to preferment under the United States government." "Substantially the facts in the case are, that Mr. Southwick as post-master has fallen several thousand dollars in arrears to the department, that every opportunity, time and indulgence had been allowed him to make up the defalcation; that the patience of the department having literally became exhausted upon the subject, the post-master-general determined to remove him and to appoint a successor. The vacancy being known to the delegation in congress from New York, *twenty-two members from that state, a large majority of them republicans, recommended* GENERAL VAN RENSSELAER *to the post-master-general as a suitable person to fill it.* In addition to its being the expression of the will of the people, made on this occasion through the representatives in favor of Gen. Van Rensselaer, it was considered that his appointment was called for on the ground of the distinguished military services he has rendered to his country at different times."

"A REPUBLICAN MEETING was held January 25, 1822, at Skinner's mansion house at which the venerable JOHN TAYLER, lieut. governor was called to the chair, upon which he addressed the meeting to the following effect: My friends and fellow citizens, you have been pleased to call me to preside over this meeting. In a few months I shall count the age of four score, but notwithstanding, I am alive to the happiness and welfare of my country, it is with sincere regret that I have of late witnessed meetings in this city to censure certain officers of the general government for exercising their functions under the constitution. Meetings of this kind can have no other effect than to excite and keep alive the angry feelings in society, which have for sometime, to the honor of our country, been subsiding. Severe censures have been passed on the post master general for appointing a deputy in this city; and a correspondence with him and the president, on the subject, laid before the public, which, in my humble opinion, does not redound to the credit of those to whom the people have confided *other duties.* If appointments made by the government, are to pass in review before meetings called to approve or censure, then we shall be continually engaged in political contentions, and society will never be at rest. I would beseech you to beware of pretenders for the public good, who have continually *the people, the people* in their mouths, when *ambition* and self aggrandizement are the true motives for their action. In a republican government, it is the duty of its citizens to submit to, and obey the laws of their country, and the legitimate acts of the government; and if any of them are burdensome and

oppressive, they are to be redressed and removed by means amply provided for by the constitution of our country. When the late war was declared, I was opposed to the measure because I thought we were not properly prepared to contend with so powerful a nation, and that it might have been avoided by negotiation; but when it was determined by lawful authority, I gave it my warm and zealous support. Its result was glorious to our country, it gave us an eminent rank among the nations of Europe, and secured to us a military fame that will be lasting and beneficial."

General Peter Gansevoort was then appointed secretary. The objects of the meeting were then explained by Philip S. Parker, Esq., in a speech of some length, in which Mr. Parker stated the very extraordinary proceedings of a meeting held at Rockwell's Mansion House, on the 21st, in which the post master general was in direct terms denounced, and the heads of departments of general government unjustly denounced, on account of the recent appointment of a deputy post master for this city. That meeting had produced so much excitement in the public mind, that many of the republicans of the city had been induced to call a meeting of the citizens friendly to the general and state administrations. Mr. Parker remarked with great force on the impropriety of enlisting and engaging the general government in the petty party feuds in a state, county or town, and he could not believe that any man who would urge such a measure and endeavor to draw the heads of department into it, could be actuated by friendly motives for the government and its perpetuity; but on the contrary, must be governed by narrow, selfish and interested views. That the manifest inconsistency of the vice president and the senators from *this* state, in relation to the same appointment, was so great that he was astonished at their conduct. That Mr. King, a high toned federalist and ci-devant leader of the party, should object to the appointment of General Van Rensselaer as a deputy post master *because he was a federalist*, is truly remarkable. Mr. Parker stated as a fact very notorious, in this city and state, that the vice president and Mr. Van Buren were zealous and active supporters, and contributed much to the election of Mr. King to the senate of the United States, notwithstanding he *was a federalist!* And that very many of that party who during the late war, used every exertion to thwart the views and operations of the general, as well as the government of this state, while General Van Rensselaer was fighting the battles of his country and spilling his blood in its defense, having been taken by Mr. Van Buren into full confidence, and through his controlling influence over the council of appointment of this state, have been appointed to honorable and lucrative offices. That the inconsistency of the vice president was still more glaring. During the late war, the same General Van Rensselaer held the office of adjutant general; and at the most important crisis, and when his services were considered essential in military operations, and as soon as the wounds which he had then received, so recently in fighting the battles of his country, would enable him to act, he was taken into the vice president's military family (then commander-in-chief of this state) and placed at the head of his personal staff as adjutant general, and continued in that office during the vice president's administration of the government of this state, and when he accepted the office of vice president left the adjutant general in office. Mr. Parker observed, that there was one fact in relation to this transaction, which rendered the vice president still more inconsistent, and that was, his

signing a recommendation in favor of the Hon. John Lansing, Jr., as deputy post master, in which he declares that Mr. Lansing "is now and always has been a firm and inflexible republican"— the vice president must have forgotten that a few weeks since, he stated in public debate in the convention of this state, that Mr. Lansing was a *quid*, and that the quids acted in concert with the federalists in opposition to the republican party.

Mr. Parker alluded in a very handsome manner to the valuable services rendered by Gen. Van Rensselaer to his country, of his readiness at all times to risk his life in defense of its rights and honor; of the severe wounds he had received in the two wars in which he had served, and that the post master general was actuated by the most noble and honorable feelings in preferring such a companion in arms, a brother soldier with whom he had served, and one whom he knew to be honest, brave and skillful. Mr. Parker said he could not refrain from declaring his gratification that such a man, so deserving (by whatever political name he may be distinguished), *the hero of two wars*, had received from the government of his country an appointment, the income of which would enable him to support an amiable and numerous family, which in consequence of his wounds, at this period of his life, he is otherwise unable to furnish.

Of the resolutions, among others read to the meeting by the secretary and unanimously adopted: RESOLVED, that the obtrusive and persevering interference of the vice president of the United States and the Senators from this state in the appointment of a deputy post master for this city, were not warranted by any importance or influence, which the office conferred; and was incompatible with official decorum; and foreign from their legitimate duties; and that it received a merited rebuke in the promptness of the measures which were adopted by the general government; and that the subsequent transmission to this city of the communications which took place on that occasion by Daniel D. Tompkins and Martin Van Buren, for the purpose of exciting dissatisfaction with the national administration and producing an angry appeal to the people, was an act greatly to be deprecated, as well from its intrinsic demerits, as the pernicious example of insubordination and contumely which it exhibits to the community. JOHN TAYLER, Chairman.

Peter Gansevoort, Secretary.

Federal Meeting on January 29th.

"RESOLVED, That the appointment of the HON. SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, our late representative of this city, is highly gratifying to our feelings; that we view it as an evidence of honorable and patriotic sentiments on the part of the administration of the general government, and that in our opinion, the manifestation of the same spirit of independence in future appointments, will, in a great measure allay the unhappy dissensions which have heretofore prevailed in our country, will elevate the character of our government, and give stability to our republican institutions."

Henry B. Davis, Sec'ry. MATTHEW TROTTER, Ch'n.

The nomination of the HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER met their cordial approbation and he was so informed by the secretary.

Hon. John D. Dickinson to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington Jany. 29, 1822.

I am this evening favored with yours of 22d, including the Argus — and shall impatiently wait the arrival of the proceedings of the meeting of the Citizens you mention in Support of the Administration — nothing shall be omitted on my part — but I am very anxious to have it in my power to show the fallacy of the Statements of the Strength against you. I will see the Secretary at War and Col. Johnson in the morning. Van Buren has left us and gone with Mr. King to Georgetown to reside.

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq., Yours Sincerely.
Post Master, Albany, N. Y. JNO. D. DICKINSON.

Hon. Walter Patterson to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Washington Jany. 29, 1822.

Mr. Calhoun, this morning, requested me to urge your sending your resignation to the *Speaker*, to enable him to supply your place on the Military Committee. This gentleman told me that the administration cared nothing about the Albany resolutions of Messrs Savage and Co. And Gales said to me, that they were disgraceful to the parties concerned, you will please to consider this confidential for the present. The Ratio will probably be 40,000 — possibly under that number. Van Buren is determined, if possible, to remove the Post Master General, but he has not the *power*, though he possesses the *will*. Yours truly &c.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. W. PATTERSON.

John D. Dickinson to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington Feb., 4 1822.

We were the last evening favored with the proceedings of the last meeting in Albany the address of the venerable Chairman is much admired by all persons. I do not think from what I hear on the subject that you have any thing to apprehend from the effect of the resolutions and remonstrances of your opponents as yet presented — but I very much regret that anything should have induced you to delay so long your resignation and sending it to the Speaker. It has the appearance, on your part, of intentionally aiding the radicals on the military committee, to harrass the Secretary at War, and President, by maturing and bringing forward measures hostile to the army. This you will however explicitly understand I am perfectly certain would not have been your intention, but the circumstance is very generally regretted by your friends. The Military Committee have this morning reported a Bill similar to the one of the last session and are engaged in other measures of a similar import. I am asked, "*why* did Mr. V. R. take so irregular a course as to send his resignaion to the Gov. of New York when the regular and universal course is to send it to the Speaker, and for the house to give the information to the Governor." I give it to you as I very frequently receive it. Your memorial of Sundry Merchants and the petition of the inhabitants and Merchants of your City on the subject of the manufactory of Iron have been presented and referred. Let me ask you to write me often and keep me informed of the state of party feelings and proceedings in your city and command me freely if I can be of service to you here.

Yours Sincerely, JNO. D. DICKINSON.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer.

Hon. Joshua Cushman to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington Feb 14, 1822.

Though I sincerely regretted your retirement from our House, yet I was more than consoled by the reflection, that you were placed in the bosom of your family with an office, the emoluments of which would afford you an honorable subsistence. The sentiments which I felt and now express, were, I presume, responded by your numerous friends in both branches of the national Legislature. Every one thought your appointment well merited on your part, and judicious on the part of the Government. Judge then of our Surprise, when we learned that certain characters high in office, on the spot, had been conspiring against you, and that assemblages nearer home, were excited to an extraordinary procedure.

You know that I am a Republican, that I came into public life through republican auspices; and that I am most devoted to republican principles of Government— but never did I, for a moment, believe that true, genuine, substancial Republicanism consisted in depressing men of talents and virtue, in a spirit of dictation to the powers that be, or in restraining these powers in the regular exercises of their authority. Granting Sir, that you have not approved all the measures which have been adopted by all our Administrations — yet I have always conceived your mind deeply imbued with the sentiments and maxims of the Washington School, which being again reduced to practice, are restoring respectability and harmony to the nation. Allowing also that, with many patriots and Statesmen, you entertained the opinions that the late war might have been avoided— yet, when that war was declared, like a loyal citizen, you yielded your judgment to that of the constituted Authorities; and like a brave man, you fought and bled, and did all that was in your power to give it success and to carry it on with efficiency. Surely greater partriotism hath no man than to lay down his life for his country. In reflecting on the treatment, which you have received, or the excitement caused by your appointment, I know not what sensations to indulge, whether of grief or indignation.

I am overwhelmed with sorrow, and sunk under a weight of humiliation, to find men wearing the name of Republicans, and yet offering violence to every civil virtue, and assuming an air of importance which would ill become an absolute and perpetual Dictator.

In the midst of my griefs and painful emotions, I have a solace, arising from the belief that Republicans such as these, however they may prevail in some sections, are far from being the majority in our country, and that the good sense of the people will counteract their designs and defeat their machinations.

I do believe, notwithstanding the clamors of a few, the nation, in general, rejoices in your preferment, and also conceives this, and *more* than this, due to your patriotism and valor. You are no stranger to the aspect and the bearing of things in our country. Notwithstanding appearances of health and soundness, it is to be feared that there is something *rotten in Denmark.*

When the whole head is sick, the whole heart cannot but be faint; languor seizes on the limbs. At a crisis like the approaching, what could be more desirable than to place such a *character* [De Witt Clinton] as New York could furnish at the head of our Republic, to give it new life, spirit and vigor? It is with you to make the comment.

You are acquainted with my feelings — and I beg you to be assured of my most cordial wishes for the health and felicity of yourself and family.

JOSHUA CUSHMAN [of Maine]

Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, State of New York.

These congratulatory letters were not few or far between, another friend writes to him: "I know dear General, you will probably smile, when you get my letter that I should write to you, but I know you so well that I know wherever you are, you must be respected, and, of course possess that degree of influence which is your due. I also know your nobleness of nature will ever prompt you, with an unremitting perseverance, to assist your friends; nay, I have known you sacrifice your interests, and *almost yourself* to them, without hope of reward, or expectation of even a grateful return. I thank heaven you are now quietly seated in a prosperous situation and may live as you please. You are entitled to my gratitude as a friend not only, but you have just claims upon my *reverence*, as a Patriot also; of whom I feel proud. Our visit to you still furnishes many pleasing reflections, and elicits repeated acknowledgements of your gentlemanly attentions, and the kind hospitality of your interesting family. It affords me pleasure to say, that my house will ever be open to them all; and that I shall esteem a visit from yourself, or them, either long, or short, at all times, not only a pleasure, but an *honor*. With kindest regards, I must say farewell."

"We extremely regret to mention that on Saturday night, Feb. 16, 1822, the dwelling house, of General Van Rensselaer, one mile south of the city at Mount Hope, was consumed by fire, with much valuable property which was in it at the time. It was the work of incendiaries, who after having set fire to the house, broke into the room in which the general's son, Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, slept (the rest of the family residing in town) with intention no doubt to murder him, but who, being awakened by the noise, sprang from his bed, and seizing his musket, placed himself in a corner of the room, and with uncommon presence of mind, as the villains entered, called out, "*Fire my lads!*" and at the same time discharging his piece, and rushing upon them, so alarmed them with the idea that he had friends with him, that they fled with great precipitation, but in passing through a narrow hall he was knocked down by one of them, and lay for some minutes stunned on the floor, where he was found by his hired man, who slept in an adjacent apartment and who alarmed by the report of a musket, now flew to his aid. The flames were already bursting from the house in several directions, and their attention was called to saving the property instead of pursuing the villains who had disappeared, but whose track through the snow plainly pointed out the course they had taken. In addition to the reward of $500 offered in the proclamation of his excellency the governor [De Witt Clinton] on the occasion; General Van Rensselaer offers the like reward of $500 for the discovery of the person or persons who were concerned in this most nefarious transaction. Tracks of blood were discovered the next morning to the turnpike and three men were seen running down the hill by the hired men. The object of the attack was probably to gain possession of the sum $500 which he was to pay into the Bank."

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Georgetown Feb. 19, 1822.

I just received from Mr. Davis a letter announcing the concurrence of a Meeting of my fellow Citizens of Albany with the County Convention as their representative.

The letter was deposited in your Box and accidentally I discovered it. You will have the goodness to make this apology for me to Mr. Davis, the Secretary and my friends for my apparent neglect in not answering the communication, it is now too late. Van Buren told me Hammond of Cherry Valley had written to him, that the Governor would decline.

I conjecture he has forwarded to B— his adhesion.

Pray write to me the news and who will be the next Candidate for the Chair. How would the Secretary of the Navy [Smith Thompson] go down? V. Buren thinks and speaks of Judge Yates.

Offer my respects to all my friends. Your friend,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. S. V. RENSSELAER.

"In 1822 Governor De Witt Clinton declining a re-election, he was succeeded by Joseph C. Yates. During this year (1822), the constitution of the state having been revised by a convention at Albany the preceding year, was accepted by the people in January. During the summer of 1822 the *yellow fever* made great depredations in New York city. From the 13th day of July to the 2d of November, twelve hundred and thirty-six persons died. On the 24th of August, the city presented the appearance of a town beseiged. From day break till night, one line of carts, containing boxes, merchandise and effects, were seen moving towards Greenwich village or other country places."

Joseph Delaplaine to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Philadelphia, Feb. 28, 1822.

I take the liberty of soliciting the favour of you to furnish me within a few weeks, should you have leisure, a very brief account of such subjects, in relation to your Section of our country as you feel interested to see in the picture of the U. States, and for which I shall give you credit in the publication, unless you direct otherwise. Deriving no emolument from this work, I respectfully request you to have the goodness to favour me so much as to transmit whatever I may be honoured with, by such conveyance as will be attended with no expense. Should you decline giving attention to the Subject, I trust you will have the kindness to place it into the hands of some competent individual. Albany merits a very particular account in the work. It gives me pleasure to mention, that *your Portrait* in my Gallery is recognized by all who know you. With every Sentiment of respect, I am, dear Sir, Your obedt. Svt.

JOSEPH DELAPLAINE.

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Post Master, Albany.

The above mentioned portrait was the most strikingly correct likeness, ever taken of Gen. Van Rensselaer, and for many years was in Philadelphia, but subsequently purchased by P. T. Barnum, Esq. Different members of Gen. Van Rensselaer's family, when in New York, repeatedly tried to obtain possession of this valuable picture, but they were told by the proprietor that "money could not buy it."

A few years since, when "Barnum's Museum" was destroyed by fire, unfortunately this cherished portrait with the rest of his truly valuable collection was reduced to ashes.

"Washington, March 12, 1822. A new member, to wit: from the state of New York — STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, elected to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of SOLOMON VAN RENSSELAER, appeared, produced his credentials, and took his seat; the oath to support the constitution of the United States being first administered to him by the speaker."

"The venerable Stephen Van Rensselaer is a man whose head is now whitened by the frosts of many winters, who has held many important trusts, both in the general and state governments, with credit to himself and honor to the state, and a man whom, in the most bitter party times, the voice of disapprobation has never followed from any of the public stations, to which he had been elevated by the confidence of his fellow citizens: a man of the most unblemished character, whose purse strings have never been known to be drawn against the cries of want and distress: a man whose extreme liberality has long since become proverbial, and is universally known throughout the country as the most efficient protector and supporter of the arts and sciences, and whose name is identified with many of the most valuable seminaries of learning in our state: and is in fact the most unexceptionable man whom our state affords, whose judgment and discretion have never been called in question until a party of Anti-Masons sought to empty their vials of wrath upon his head and to immolate upon their altar because he announced his acceptance of the office of grand master." General Van Rensselaer was now fifty-eight years of age, and the Almanac of life, in the progressive stage of his existence, showed this to be, the month of September when the season of labor is nearly over. "The harvest of life is gathered in, and the days are considerably shortened, and his toil ended."

Reuben Tower to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Sangerfield, Oneida Co., March 25, 1822.

A week ago to-day a man came to my Distillery and offered to work for me. Wishing to employ help I set him to work at $10 a month to work for a year if he suited me. In the course of the week I found he would drink to excess, and at the end of the week I dismissed him. Since he went away, from what he told my workmen I am pretty well persuaded that he may have been wounded in setting fire to your house and other acts of violence on your son. He called his name George Edge; said he "lived when at home within ¼ of a mile of your house that was burnt," and that his "wife now kept a tavern," that he "had been from home about 5 weeks." That he had been on the Delaware river, and went to the great bend on the Susquehanna and from thence he came up the Chenango to this place. His having left home about the time your house was burnt and having straggled about in this manner raised the suspicion in my mind for he is a very *suspicious person.* He professes to be a miller by trade, is very well clad — indeed his clothes are better considerably than most of people who labor for a living. He is a stout built robust looking fellow about 5 ft. 10 inches in height of light complexion, said he was born in England. Although a stranger to you I am induced to give you this information, it may and it may not amount to much. You

probably may recollect who I am, when I relate to you that in 1812, when you went from Sackett's Harbor to Oswego in company with Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer in a clam-shell of a boat, that I then had the care of the guard of about ½ dozen men who went with you. We went ashore at the mouth of Salmon River late at night and your Hon. friend John Lovett slept in an Oven.

I am Dear Sir, yours Very Respectfully,

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq., P. M., Albany. REUBEN TOWER.

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, April 9, 1822.

The reason of my locating myself at Georgetown was the Company: Otis — Mills — Gorham — Mercer — Warfield — all very fine fellows and the exercise I should be obliged to take in consequence of the distance would contribute to my health. Van Buren, I understood, was at Strothers, but found him at Bradly's contrary to my expectations, and the mess would not consent to my removing.

I made your friendly regards to Cols. Williams and Johnson; they often speak of you and hope you will discover the incendiaries. Col. Williams is in favor of Crawford, he is the favourite at present being a Virginian; that State will be in his favor unless they see a prospect for Clay as President. V. Buren was, when he arrived here, a Calhoun man, but he is at present, I fancy, in Crawford's interest. Skinner is here, they are assailing him and suspect they will change him. Sterling tells me, that the Pennsylvania members are generally for Calhoun, but their Senators are for Crawford and I think Findley will bring them over; they talk of Lowrie for Governor. Governor Clinton I think is rising in public estimation the more they appreciate his character. I have endeavoured to remove their objections; they represent him as an intriguer and as dangerous a man as *Burr* was. If he retires a few years, his weight of Character will be acknowledged and hewill rise.

Let me hear from you the news as often as you have leisure.

Your friend,

S. V. RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany, N. Y.

Judge Conkling to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Canajoharie Sept. 27, 1822.

The friendly interest which you manifested when I last saw you in Albany in regard to my re-election to Congress, induces me to take this early occasion to apprise you of the nomination of Mr. John W. Cady as my successor, at a meeting of our delegates on yesterday in Johnstown. Considering what passed between you and Mr. Daniel Cady at the August term, you will, I think, notwithstanding your thorough acquaintance with the nature of mankind, be a little surprised at this result. These gentlemen are kinsmen and partners. There was a strong disposition among our friends to nominate Mr. Daniel Cady for Senator, but on being spoken to a week or two ago upon the subject, he declined the honor; and it may perhaps increase your surprise to learn, that the motive ascribed to him for so doing, was a desire to favor the views of my rival. In this however, great injustice may have been done him — for it is nothing less than the imputation of gross hypocrisy, practiced not toward you alone, but some of my friends in this county also.

What I have said of him therefore, I desire that you will, for the present, consider confidential. As it regards my own feelings in this matter, I am happy to have it in my power to say, that I am not mortified, nor much disappointed. I have known for some time that Mr. Cady was making great exertions in different parts of the county to ensure his success, and delegates have been selected with a special view to that object. For myself, I early determined to abstain altogether, from any such interference, even in my own town, and have insisted upon the same course of conduct on the part of my friends; and I have the satisfaction to be well assured, that public sentiment, could it have been brought to act spontaneously, would have produced a different result. Mr. Fish is nominated for Senator, and, what I am highly gratified with, Mr. Huntington for Lieutenant Governor. It is understood that he will not decline, and that his nomination will be promptly concurred in, in several other counties. With much esteem and respect, I remain

dear Sir, Your friend and humble Servt,

Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. A. CONKLING.

Secretary of State to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Department of State, Washington, 2d November 1822.

I have forwarded to you a Copy of the Additional Census of Alabama, in virtue of an Act of Congress of the 7th of March last; the receipt of which you will be pleased to acknowledge. I have the honour to be, very respectfully, Sir, Your obedient and very humble servant,

Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y. J. Q. ADAMS.

"Hon. John Quincy Adams is one of the intellectual prodigies whose character distinguishes ERAS of time. A hundred years hence the American annals will show only two names, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, brighter than that of the 'old man eloquent,' the illustrious statesman. The tender little prayer, 'NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP,' the first one taught John Quincy Adams by the mother whose memory was so dear to him to the last, was repeated by him every night when he went to bed; and he continued to do so till the day of his death."

Judge Van Ness to Gen. Van Rensselaer and Dr. Bay.

My dear friends, New York Monday Dec. 30th, 1822.

This year is about drawing to a close, and I wish to terminate it in peace with all mankind if I can. I wrote you a letter some time ago containing no doubt many expressions highly improper, cruel and unjust; the only atonement I can make is to ask your pardon and forgiveness.

My Wife, myself and servant (by the advice of Dr. Post) sail for Charleston on Thursday, Friday, Saturday or Sunday depending on wind and weather. If you should become reconciled to me let me hear from you both every once in a while. May God enable you, may God suffer you to enjoy many happy returns of the season. Your sincere friend.

W. W. VAN NESS.

Solomon Van Rensselaer and William Bay, Albany.

The above letter was the last epistolary record we find of this noble man. "William W. Van Ness was born at Claverack, in the county of Columbia, in 1776, and died at Charleston, South Carolina, on Thursday, 27th of February, 1823, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

"He studied law with John Bay, Esq., of Claverack. (His son, Dr. William Bay, married a sister of Judge Van Ness. There was a slight misunderstanding between the gentlemen.) Mr. Van Ness was licensed an attorney at the age of twenty-one years; was elected to the assembly in 1805 and in 1807 was appointed a judge of the supreme court, where he officiated about fifteen years. He possessed talents and acquirements fitted to adorn the most exalted stations. At the close of his judicial labors he opened a law-office in the city of New York, but his health soon declined, and he traveled south for the recovery of his health. Alas, it was in vain, the hand of death fixed upon his vitals, and he breathed his last sigh far from the scenes of his triumphs and delights, the endearments of home, and the sympathetic condolence of his weeping friends, in a land of strangers, yet soothed by the ministrations of his gentle wife.

"Only those that were intimately acquainted with his character, who knew the magnanimity of his soul, the dignity and purity of his public deportment, and the amiable virtues of his private life, can fully appreciate his worth. It is only those who have listened with admiration at his eloquence, who have been astonished at the vast comprehension of his mind on the bench, or have hung with rapture upon his words in the senate, can tell the extent and brilliancy of his talents. He was beloved and admired by Hamilton. That great and immortal man was heard to say, that he ever derived relief and pleasure from association with him in professional avocations. Commanding indeed, must have been that eloquence, great and comprehensive that intellect, which could insure to a youth a parallel rank with the eminent Hamilton. As an advocate, equally distinguished for the splendor of his genius and strength of judgment, he stood at an early age in the front rank of his profession. Discriminating in the elicitation of truth, no sophistry could withstand, no art elude his intuitive penetration. Careless of the acquisition of wealth, he left little of it to his bereaved family. But he has left to them and to posterity, a legacy more valuable than riches, more durable than marble.

"His remains were brought from Charleston and buried in the church yard at Claverack, a plain, simple stone marks the spot where his sacred relics sleep. The memory of his virtues will long be *fresh* and *green* in the midst of us."

Judge Alfred Conkling to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, Jany. 11, 1823.

The more I have reflected upon the subject of fixing my future residence in your city, the more unwilling I have become to abandon my project of doing so. But I entertain so many doubts about the expediency or rather safety of the measure, that I have become very anxious to learn from you the result of the inquiries you so obligingly offered to make in regard to it. I am particularly desirous of ascertaining whether a partnership would be agreeable to Mr. Parker. [Philip S. Parker.] As it respects Mr. Hammond, I have recently received a letter from him, in which he mentioned some circumstances relating to his views, that render it improbable that any such connexion will be formed between him and me. If therefore you have not already sounded him upon the subject, you need not give yourself the trouble of doing so. But let me hear from you my dear Sir, as soon as convenient. We are beginning to look with great interest for news from Albany. I hope we will receive the Governor's *Message* tomorrow. It was very much in character for General

Root to insist upon commencing the session on the first of January in opposition to the chief justice. The General, I suppose, will be for radical measures, and if his influence should be predominant in the Senate I think there is reason to apprehend much mischief from it.

Before this reaches you, you will probably have heard of the nomination of Mr. Clinton on the 24th of last month by the citizens of Cincinnati, at a meeting of which the Mayor of that city was chairman. They have given a very able and well written exposition of their reasons for prefering Mr. Clinton to the other candidates, which I have just read.

Cannon's favorite bill, providing for the encampment of the militia officer, after two days debate is laid upon the table, where I think its sleep will be eternal. Thus far things have gone on in our house smoothly and well. No calls for information for the purpose of implicating presidential candidates and less idle talk. You will be gratified to learn that our friend Mr. Colden [Cadwallader D. Colden], though still indiscreet, occupies much more advantageous ground than he did last session. Mr. Wood [Silas Wood] is as indefatigable as ever and talks as much about LaSale, Clavigero &c. Tracy [Albert H. Tracy] still insists that there is no honesty in the world, and nothing worthy of ambition. General Cook returned a few days since from a visit to the Rip-Raps and has become a convert. With perfect truth, I remain dear Sir,

Your friend and hum Servt.,

A. CONKLING.

Solomon Van Rensselaer Esqr., P. M. Albany, N. Y.

"Upon the expiration of his term (to the seventeenth congress in which his recognized talents gave him honorable rank) the Hon. Alfred Conkling removed to the city of Albany and engaged in the practice of his profession. It was while residing here in 1825 that President John Quincy Adams nominated and the senate unanimously confirmed him as judge of the United States district court for the northern district of New York. This office he held for more than a quarter of a century. His strong judicial faculties, his high sense of honor and ample culture well fitted him for it."

Hon. Henry Clay to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, Washington March 18, 1823.

I take the liberty of inclosing to your care a letter for Gen. Porter, not knowing whether he may not have left Albany, in which case I pray you to have the goodness to give it the proper destination to reach him.

I seize the occasion to assure you of my continued esteem and regard for you, and to say that I have derived great pleasure from learning that your friendly sentiments towards me, inspired during our mutual service in the H. of R. remain unabated.

Be pleased to say to the Patroon that I hope he found on his arrival at home, every thing as he would have it.

I am faithfy & Cordially yr. ob. Servt.

H. CLAY.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer P. M. Albany, New York.

It was during this session that the resolution, introduced by the Hon. Daniel Webster, was discussed, and urged by him in one of the ablest speeches ever pronounced in congress, providing for the recognition of the independence of Greece. It received the most cordial support of Mr.

Clay, but failed of success. "Although between Mr. Clay and President Monroe, upon many important questions, a serious difference of opinion existed, he had been offered a seat in the Cabinet and a *carte blanche* of all the foreign misssions. He declined all these proffered honors, from a settled conviction that he could be better employed for his country in congress. James Monroe was a kind man, and a safe one. He might possibly have been elected president for the third time had he suffered himself to be a candidate. His public ambition was gratified by seeing his countrymen prosperous, at peace, and happy, while as for private ambition he had none at all."

An interesting reminiscence of this time was the OPENING of the ERIE CANAL. "Governor De Witt Clinton is the only highly responsible politi. cal man who can justly lay claim to be the parent of the projeet. For many years he was persecuted as a visionary projector; he became a strong partizan in favor of the Erie canal, and it is owing to the bold stand which he took in favor of this great enterprise that his popularity in a measure was owing. In the summer of 1810, he went on a tour, with other commissioners, for exploring the route of this work. The great enterprise was commenced July 4, 1817 and finished October 26, 1825, a canal of 363 miles long, built in eight years, and so eminently successful, has it proved, that it has given rise to a multitude of similar works. To Gov. Clinton was assigned the compliment of removing the first earth of the excavation.

"When the eastern section of the canal was completed; the passage of the first boats, from the Genesee river at the west, and from Whitehall at the head of Lake Champlain on the north, into the tide water of the Hudson river, was celebrated at Albany October 8, 1823, with some ceremony. Large committees, from New York city and other places on the canal route, attended at Albany on this interesting and memorable occasion. The first boat which entered the lock was the De Witt Clinton; having on board, the governor [De Witt Clinton], the mayor [Charles E. Dudley], and corporation of Albany, canal commissioners with many other citizens. Another boat followed filled with ladies.

"The cap-stone of the lock was laid with masonic ceremonies, by the fraternity who appeared in great numbers, robed in very grand costume. The waters of the Genesee river, Lake Champlain and of the ocean were then mingled, after which the lock-gates were opened and the 'De Witt Clinton' majestically sunk upon the bosom of the Hudson.

"After the military and civic procession the day was concluded with a banquet at which there was 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' These festivities were concluded with a splendid ball on Thursday, October 9th; on which occasion the grand military band from West Point officiated to the manifest delight of the fair sex.

"The entire community are now fully satisfied that the funds subscribed, for the purpose of cutting a canal, have been a profitable investment. The difference of level and the face of the country were such as to justify a belief that the opening of this canal will not be less practicable than useful; and they now anxiously look forward to its entire completion, with a well founded hope, that this water communication for conveying produce to market will be a vast acquisition to the commerce of this state.

S. Thayer to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Sir, Military Academy, West Point Oct 3, 1823.

I have had the honor to receive your polite invitation to a Dinner and ball on the 8th of October in celebration of the passage of the first boats from the Erie and Champlain Canals into the Hudson, and regret that it will not be in my power to be present on this interesting and memorable occasion. The Military Band will proceed to Albany agreeably to your request on the evening of the 7th instant.

I am very respectfully, Your obed't Servt.

Major General Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. S. THAYER.

Governor Van Ness to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Burlington, Vermont, Nov. 12, 1823.

I have for some time past had it in view to write you on the delay of the letters between New York and this place, but owing to hurry of business and absence from home, it has hitherto been neglected. Letters sent from New York for Burlington, are generally from 6 to 8 days by the way, when, as it appears to me, they should in no instance be over 4 days. I have thought the delay was occasioned at your office, and in this way, that the letters which arrive from New York at your office on Tuesday evenings are not forwarded to this place by Wednesday morning's mail, but lay over till Friday morning; and the same with those that arrive Thursdays and Sundays, that is, that the former lay over till Monday morning, and the latter till Wednesday morning. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I have not been able to account for the delay in any other way. Being perfectly satisfied however, that if it is in your power to remedy the difficulty, it will be cheerfully and promptly done, I have taken the liberty to address you on the subject.

I have lately been informed that your General — Stephen Van Rensselaer not long since stated to a Gentleman from this State that the Vermonters did not know the Dutchman they had elected, or were about to elect their Governor, but that they would find him out. As I have never injured the General in thought, word or deed, and have not even the honour of a personal acquaintance with him, I am bound to suppose that, in making these insinuations, he was governed by other than *personal* motives, and if he thinks he can support any *fact* giving a different complexion to my character from what it now bears to the people of this State, I have no objections to his making the attempt. I shrink from no investigation of my public or private character.

I am with respect and esteem,

Your Obt. Servt.

The Hon. Sol. Van Rensselaer. C. P. VAN NESS.

Cornelius P. Van Ness was a younger brother of Hon. W. P. Van Ness. "In 1806 he emigrated to the state of Vermont and fixed his residence at St. Albans, about twenty miles from the Canada frontier; he there commenced the study of law. In 1809 he removed to Burlington, the largest and most important town in the state of Vermont, for the purpose of pursuing his profession. In 1818, he was elected a member of the general assembly of the state for the town of Burlington, and was re-elected the three following years. During the last year of his legislative service (1821,) he was appointed justice of the supreme court of the state of Vermont; this office he held for two years, when he was elected

governor; he filled the executive chair three years, having been twice reëlected. In 1826, he declined a reëlection and returned to the practice of his profession. In the year 1829, he was appointed, by President Jackson, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Spain. After an absence of ten years from his native country, he returned to Vermont. Mr. Van Ness possessed talents of a high order, and he occupied for a long time a large space in the public mind; he had a celebrated and glorious career."

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, Dec. 1, 1823.

We assembled this morning and expected a contested Election for Speaker's chair. Taylor behaved like a man, and when the Clerk called for the Ballots for Speaker he made a Speech and declined, he would have been elected on the second Ballot but chose to disgrace Barbour *I presume.* I have had no conversation with him on his declining. Poor Barbour had only 42 Votes. Pennsylvania agreed unanimously to vote on the Second Ballot for Taylor. Our State generally for Clay, the former officer elected unanimously. Pray inform the Governor of Vermont, with whom I have no personal acquaintance that his informant is mistaken. I never heard any imputation on his Character, and rather thought well of the Vermonters for their liberality in electing a Dutchman, of which I was proud. I have no recollection of ever conversing on the subject.

Many enquiries are made with respects &c., for you. Love to your family and be assured of my esteem.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany. S. V. RENSSELAER.

"In the summer of 1823 Hon. Henry Clay was reelected to congress, without opposition; and on taking his seat, upon the first ballot he was chosen speaker — receiving 139 votes, while Hon. P. P. Barbour, his opponent, received but 42. It was at this session that the recognition of South American independence and the revision of the tariff, in the passage of which Mr. Clay had taken a prominent and most efficient part, were effected and with it the establishment of the protective system."

Governor Van Ness to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Burlington December 16th, 1823.

Your letter of the 27th of November was duly received, and would have been sooner noticed, but for the hurry of some particular business. The Hon^ble^ W. C. Bradly a member of Congress from this State, and now at Washington, gave me the information of what Gen^l^ Stephen V. R. has said of me, though the remarks were not made to Mr. Bradly but to a Gentleman who repeated them to him. The Gen^l^ may therefore be referred to Mr. Bradly.

You may rest assured, my dear Sir — that the circumstances of former days to which you allude in your letter, have never been forgotten by me, and that the feelings which you express are fully reciprocated. I have always taken an interest in your welfare, though we have had but little personal intercourse; and I felt a peculiar anxiety for your success pending the contest for the office you now hold. And if it should ever be my fortune to be placed in a situation in which I can render you any service, you will not find me backward in proving the Sincerity of these professions. Yours very cordially.

The Hon. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany. C. P. VAN NESS.

"There is no wound so deadly as that which calumny inflicts: there is no curse more bitter than that which rests upon the defamer of innocence. They who can invent or repeat a lie to injure another's fame, are the basest and most execrable of human beings, because you never can cope with it."

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Washington Dec. 27, 1823.

I enclose the letter from your friend and shall give myself no further trouble on the subject. I have had an unpleasant interview with the Post Mast. Genl., he regrets the occurrence and has promised me not to report without giving us notice. You will recollect that I wrote to you last winter that Crawford would be the Democratic Candidate and would succeed. I think so still. I have taken no part and have mentioned the reason to Calhoun and Clay. I am in the confidence of all the Candidates. I took an active part for Clay at the opening of the Session and we succeeded, for which he has manifested his good will on several occasions. I am too old to engage in any active Electioneering business. I have worked against the Stream till I am exhausted and am now disposed to glide with the stream. I should advocate Mr. Clinton if I saw any prospect of success, but as he is out of the question here, I am satisfied with either of the Candidates. Crawford is still ill, and it is doubtful if he is ever a well man again; he is confined to his room and often to his bed; his eyes are inflamed. His Physicians have changed his treatment and if that fails, his friends will despond. I saw him last week, he looks wretched and emaciated but speaks strong. New England it is supposed will support Calhoun if Adams is out of the question. Pennsylvania will go for Jackson, efforts are making for Crawford by the Governor and Gallatin to induce the Members to attend a Caucus to nominate Crawford. A nomination will be made next month or the beginning of February: it is reported here that Gov. Yates will be offered the Vice President's chair if he does not recommend an election by the people. Let me hear from you often. Conkling requested me to mention him with his respects. J. Williams also; he speaks frequently of having written to you and received no answer. I am in great favor with all your friends.

Ever yours Sincerely

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany. S. V. RENSSELAER.

J. B. Mower to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Washington, Jany. 5, 1824.

Will you give me a letter of introduction, to your friend Richard M. Johnson, Senator from Kentucky? I want one from you, because you and I, are New Yorkers. I shall have one from J. C. Calhoun also. I want to be *well acquainted* with Colonel Johnson. The talk here yesterday was, that Crawford was going to die (he is better to day), that should he die, then Mr. Adams would receive the benefit of Mr. Crawford's death. The Caucus is dead, and you may say so as strong as you please. If the Legislature passes the law (electoral) De Witt Clinton is a strong man, you may depend. Look out for Combinations. Your friend,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. J. B. MOWER.

Lewis Williams to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, Jany. 13, 1824.

I thank you sincerely for your letter with its inclosure received on yesterday by the mail. New York and Virginia ought to resist the com-

bination among the small States to throw the election into the House of Representatives. If the small States determine to bring things to that issue, the larger States owe it to themselves to prevent it if possible. From all the indications received I think Mr. Crawford's election as sure as any event of the kind can be. In Congress he has twice as many friends as any other candidate. But it is the object of his opponents to distract and divide the Electoral vote, so as to defeat him if possibly they can. But I trust they will be disappointed in this calculation. Every man acquainted with Crawford knows his worth, and as you are among the number of his acquaintances you will be able to correct many of the falsehoods and misrepresentations which have gone abroad. I am glad to be able to say to you that Crawford is getting well fast. He will be able to go abroad shortly. Your friend truly and Sincerely,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. LEWIS WILLIAMS.

J. B. Mower to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington City, Feb. 6, 1824.

I am favored with your polite letter to Col. Johnson and I thank you for it. That part of the President's Message respecting 'Postmasters,' will not even get into the new bill, give yourself no trouble my friend, *you* are safe. Do inform me about the law, my letters and those of others, are very opposite. For instance, Root, Peter B. Porter, and Gen. McClure all write here, that the Electoral law will not pass; mine say it will. *I have my fears.* It is confidently asserted here, Sir, that General Jackson will be the strongest man at the Convention at Harrisburgh on the 4th of March. Your friend J. B. MOWER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

"The presidential election was now near at hand, and very early, preferences had been avowed for particular candidates in various parts of the country. The legislatures of several states had brought forward their favored ones as competitors."

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington Feb. 15, 1824.

I give the result of the miserable Caucus which was held last night in the Hall of the Rep. Chamber; the Gallery was crowded and overflowing. When the Ballot was declared there were heavy groans in the Gallery I was told. What effect it will have in our State among the legislature write to me. Jackson gains ground daily. Your friend Cocke did not attend although in favor of Crawford, he is denounced already. Judge Ruggles in the Chair. E. Calling, Sec. 16 of *our* delegation attended.

President — Crawford 62 votes: Adams 2: Macon 1: Jackson 1.

Vice-President — Gallatin 57: Root 2: Adams 2: Rush 1: Lowrie 1.

Your friend, S. V. RENSSELAER.

Dear Sir, Washington Feb. 19, 1824.

I am sorry to hear that you are suffering from your exertions at the Fire, and am glad you succeeded, and hope you will soon be convalescent. I forwarded to you through the Post Office the Post Office Bill and will advise you of its progress, it is committed to a Com'tee of the whole. The new Tariff Bill, will occupy the house for a week or two longer. I believe there is no disposition to remove you by your old opponent. We are all waiting anxiously to hear what effect the Caucus will have in the

N. York Legislature. It is expected Crawford will be nominated by them. Mr. Clay's friends expect the same; poor Calhoun it is thought will have to with-draw if Pennsylvania goes for Jackson, who it is said has a majority of the nominatory com'tee to meet the 4th of March at Harrisburgh. Write to me the news — if any occurs. Your friend.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. S. V. RENSSELAER.

CHAPTER XIX.

VISIT OF GENERAL THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

General Orders.

"Navy Department, 17th August, 1824.

"The President of the United States directs that General La Fayette when he arrives in this country, be received at all the United States' Naval Stations, and by all the United States' ships in commission, with honors due to the highest rank in our service."

In the year 1824 great preparations were making for some important event, and the cry — "*La Fayette's coming — La Fayette's coming*" — was echoed far and wide, and I — a little girl not yet seven years old — was as much interested as any one to see the revolutionary hero, the valorous champion for our liberty. General the Marquis de La Fayette had been invited to visit the United States as the guest of the nation, and a fine ship of war placed at his disposal. The invitation was accepted, but he had selected an ordinary sailing vessel — the ship Cadmus, Captain Allyn, with commendable respect had given up his freight and passengers for the better accommodation of La Fayette. After a pleasant passage of 31 days the vessel arrived at the quarantine ground, New York, on Saturday evening August 14th, and arrangements were made for a grand public entry into that city on Monday; when he was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of affection, by a grateful people who remembered, that 48 years before he had fought by the side of Gen. Washington. The corporation had chartered the Chancellor Livingston steamboat to receive the general, together with three other steamboats dressed elegantly with flags and streamers; they were all filled with ladies and gentlemen, and each boat had a fine band of music. On board the Chancellor was the superior band from West Point, which Capt. Center brought down. The general was accompanied by his son, George Washington La Fayette — a very fine looking man somewhat advanced in years — and his secretary.

The most interesting sight was the reception of the welcome visitor by his old companions in arms. Col. Marinus Willett, now in his eighth-fifth year — General Pierre Van Cortlandt, Gen. Clarkson, Col. Richard Varick, Col. Platt, Col. Trumbull, and several members of the society of Cincin-

nati. He embraced them all affectionately and remembered all with wonderful precision; it was a re-union of a long separated family. A splendid ball was given in the theatre and every honor heaped upon the nobleman, who was particularly gratified with his visit at the navy yard and other engaging local sites. He called on the widow of General Hamilton; with her to dwell upon the recollections of his public services and condole upon the loss sustained in his death by his country. There is a tender delicacy and character in such marks of attention, which render them truly valuable, also most credible to heart and mind. "On Friday 20th, the general left New York about nine o'clock in the morning for Boston, in a coach drawn by four beautiful white horses. In the coach was his son and suite; he was accompanied by four other carriages and a military escort. He announced his intention of returning to New York during the early part of September, and in a few days after he will proceed to Philadelphia, extending his tour south and to the far west. John H. Wendell and Matthew Gregory, two revolutionary patriots, have been appointed by the corporation of Albany, to repair to New York, and deliver to La Fayette, a letter of invitation from the common council to visit Albany."

Colonel Elliott to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Albany Augt., 24, 1824.

The Marquis De La Fayette is expected here early next week. Mr. John Townsend one of the Committee of the Corporation, desired me to say to you, that you were much wanted in making the Arrangements — the Citizens are to meet for this purpose to-morrow Evening.

Yours Sincerely,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer. ROBT. ELLIOTT.

The mayor, Ambrose Spencer, received a letter from Gen. La Fayette, accepting the invitation of the common council to visit Albany and stated that "in a few days after September 5th he will have the gratification of offering to the citizens of this place his high respects and affectionate gratitude." Great preparations were accordingly made to do him proper honor.

"*Albany September* 13, 1824. Major Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, having been requested to act as marshal of the day, appointed for rendering honors to Gen. La Fayette, the illustrious guest of the nation, and the uniform friend of liberty, cordially accepts of the office, and appoints Majors C. Humphrey and John O. Cole, his assistants on this occasion."

General La Fayette in company with a large party of friends left New York on Tuesday September 14th and had a most enjoyable entertainment throughout his entire trip coming up the Hudson river. At West Point he was received by the commandant of the post, Col. Thayer, and remained during the entire day. The passage up the river from New York to Newburgh was interesting beyond all description; every mile of it was consecrated by some revolutionary event. General La Fayette pointed out the house occupied by Arnold and related all the circumstances of his detestable treason and escape.

"After leaving Poughkeepsie the boat proceeded a few miles, and at ten A. M., the party from it, landed and rode to the mansion of General Morgan Lewis, where refreshments were received. At twelve o'clock, on returning to the boat, they found baskets of choice grapes and peaches which the ladies of Governor Lewis's household had sent. At Kingston

Colonel Harry Livingston came on board to greet his old friend. At Rhinebeck, a bouquet of beautiful flowers and a basket of delicious La Fayette peaches were sent on board for the General by Mrs. Thompson, attentions were constantly received. At Clermont a splendid reception awaited General La Fayette. Robert L. Livingston, Esq., had been several weeks preparing to give the general a most munificent entertainment, and as the steamer approached, Mr. Livingston stood upon his wharf to receive the hero, who fared sumptuously. He also attended a very brilliant ball which was graced by the presence of Mrs. Richard Montgomery and many of his oldest friends. At Catskill and Hudson the general landed amid a roar of cannon and the heartiest cheers of assembled thousands. Extensive preparations had been made at Albany for the welcome of the visitor by daylight, but owing to the low state of the tide the steamboat could make but slow advance. Accordingly leaving the company of cavalry at the bar, the little "Fire Fly" was called into requisition and, having on board Major General Solomon Van Rensselaer with his suite and several other gentlemen, met the expected party at New Baltimore.

"Three hearty cheers were exchanged when these gentlemen came on board the Kent. General La Fayette landed about six o'clock in the afternoon on the east side of the river, three miles below Albany, where he was met by an escort of carriages and mounted dragoons from this city under the direction of General Van Rensselaer, marshal of the day. The honored guest entered a stylish vehicle, and with Gen. Van Rensselaer seated by his side they proceeded up the bank of the river to the village of Greenbush, where from an elevated staff waved a large national flag, and a splendid arch of thirty feet span was thrown over the street resting on two columns at each end. The space upon each side of the street was filled with large trees of evergreen. The arch was surmounted with flags and tastefully decorated with evergreens, and festooned with garlands of bright flowers. In the rear of the arch was pitched a general's marquee, decorated with flags, carpeted and hung round with fine national paintings; it was also furnished with side-board, tables, &c. Upon a table was set a handsome large pyramid of cake, furnished by Mrs. Nanning I. Visscher, and decorated with boughs of mountain ash, filled with red clusters. In Albany we saw the procession, marshaled by General Solomon Van Rensselaer and assisted by Majors Humphrey and Cole, coming up South Market street, and a more beautiful one was never witnessed. The darkness of the night rather increased than diminished the effect. The escort consisted of three companies of cavalry and eight companies of infantry.

"The band of Colonel Jenkins's regiment played most delightfully they discoursed in eloquent strains and in a style but rarely surpassed. After this came the Military Association and next a very beautiful chariot, the top thrown back, drawn by four milk white horses, containing the venerated, much loved hero, and Stephen Lush Esq., a revolutionary soldier, who had received, at the south ferry, and welcomed him in behalf of the corporation, on his landing in the city. On arriving at the park — in front of the Capitol, the general left his carriage; he was then conducted to the Capitol and introduced to the mayor in the Senate Chamber, by General Solomon Van Rensselaer the chief marshal of the day. The mayor then addressed his guest, after which the mayor conducted him to the governor's room who welcomed him with another address. They then proceeded to Cruttenden's and sat down to a sumptuous and bountiful repast

"The following day the general was invited to take a trip on the canal, and after an interesting visit at the United States' arsenal the party proceeded to Troy, where they were most cordially received and addressed by George Tibbits, Esq. The Capitol was, for this momentous event, superbly decorated with greens and flowers, the pillars of the porch were entwined, and the hall was elegantly embellished with flags while the national standard was displayed from the cupola. On Saturday Evening, at 8 o'clock, General La Fayette, escorted by the horse, commanded by Colonel Cooper, and accompanied by the mayor and other citizens, visited DeWitt Clinton, and remained at his house nearly an hour. He then proceeded to the residence of General Solomon Van Rensselaer for the purpose of paying his respects to his family, and particularly to the mother of Mrs. Solomon Van Rensselaer, the venerable widow of Colonel Philip Van Rensselaer of Cherry Hill. In the course of the conversation the general facetiously reminded her of a certain time during the revolutionary war, when, as a dashing young officer, he arrived in the city on his way to Schenectady, on a cold winter's day, clad in his regimental small clothes, with white silk stockings and shoes, when she remonstrated against his venturing out thus and prevailed on him to wear, over both shoe and stocking, a coarse but thick, comfortable pair of woolen hose that came above the knee, and in that style he gaily pursued his journey. We mention such things merely as the reminiscences of days long gone by, and as interesting to those who lived in those perilous times." [I have a vivid recollection of this interesting incident. The marquis selected out our venerated maternal grandmother for a friendly chat; and with me, a child of seven summers on his knee, reminded the old lady, in his genial way of "*the warm woolen koussen*," and acknowledged the great comfort they gave him, that they were invaluable, and his indebtedness for her thoughtful consideration in those truly hazardous days. The solution of this grateful emotion was this: When Lafayette accompanied James Duane to the Indian council at Johnstown in 1778, he visited Colonel Philip Van Rensselaer at Cherry Hill. There was still much snow on the ground, and being intensely cold, my grandmother feared he would freeze before reaching Schenectady. She therefore, with a mother's love, insisted upon his accepting a pair of thick woolen long stockings, the work of her own hands, to draw over his silk hose, that his feet might be better protected from the biting frost. The mind of the noble man seemed deeply retentive to such little acts of kindness.]

"General La Fayette also called at the mansion of the venerable Lt. Governor Tayler, another patriot of the revolution. He then returned to Cruttenden's and received a deputation from Temple Royal Arch Chapter, with an address delivered by Dr. Eights, high priest of said Chapter.

"Having made arrangements for his departure, the escort moved to Governor Yates's house, where the general also paid a visit. When the procession returned from the Governor Yates, South Market street was illumined from one end to the other; while whole barrels of tar blazed along the streets in honor of the noble and loved visitor. He was escorted to the steam boat landing when he departed. General La Fayette reached Clermont, where he intended to pass the Sabbath, very early on Sunday morning. It was also his design to dine with the widow of General Montgomery before he returned to New York city.

It was a proud day for Albany, long to be remembered. The mayor —

the corporation — General Van Rensselaer — Colonel Cooper — the cavalry and the foot — all vied in showing respectful kindness and attention to the great chief.

"*Albany, September* 18, 1824. Major General Solomon Van Rensselaer, is charged by the illustrious La Fayette, the guest of the nation, to express his grateful feelings for the kind and distinguished reception which he experienced from all quarters on his recent visit, and at the same time to state his regret for the unexpected delay in the time of his arrival.

"General Van Rensselaer prays leave to add, the expression of his respectful approbation for the good conduct of the military and all other classes of citizens on this auspicious occasion. The demonstrations of gratitude and respect, so cordially and universally evinced for the hero of liberty and the friend of the human race, reflect honor on the American people, and elevate the character of man."

The Patroon to Sol. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Washington, Jany. 22, 1825.

Your recommendation I presented to the Post-Master General, I sent to him the letter, his answer I enclosed to H. Bleecker, Esq., if a vacancy occur our friend will receive the appointment. McLean told me he had received no complaints yet. Our Presidential question is drawing to a close. Mr. Clay has taken his ground in favor of Adams, this will ensure his election without doubt it is said on the first ballot; but I doubt this, the second or third certainly. The Western people — Ohio and Kentucky at their head — are for Adams. We may be divided in our delegation at first, but Taylor, Storrs and Tracy think not. I feel inclined for "Old Hickory" myself. Our Winter has been very mild — no ice, and but one flight of snow. I enjoy good health, and wish you and yours many happy returns of New Year. Ever yours,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. S. V. Rensselaer.

"At the presidential election the most intense political excitement prevailed throughout the country. The candidates were Messrs. Adams, Crawford, Jackson and Clay. Neither of these candidates having received a majority, the house of representatives was called upon to decide the question. Mr. Clay, as speaker of the house, was placed in a delicate and responsible position. He was required to designate which of the three, who had been his rivals, should be elected. To his personal friends his preference had long been known. But obvious propriety prevented his proclaiming it in public; and he accordingly maintained a decorous silence about it."

J. B. Stuart to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington City, 8th March, 1825.

I am authorized to say to you, in confidence, that the mission to London will be kept open 3 weeks to enable Mr. Clinton to reverse his first decision on this subject. It is, I believe, the unanimous wish of Mr. Clintons friends here, that he should accept it. Mr. Adams made it in good faith, and neither he nor Mr. Clay have any political object in view in sending Mr. Clinton out of the country.

But the free navigation of the St. Lawrence — the recognition of South America by the British — and the suspicion of Piracy require an able man to represent this country, at the Court of St. James, in London. Mr. Clinton in the estimation of both Adams and Clay is that man. Will he not accept?

Mr. Clay and Genl. Harrison send their best regards to you; and Harrison in true soldier style says, while he is in the Senate, if he has the power you shall continue to be Post Master, or any thing else you may want.

Yours truly,

Gen. S. Van Rensselaer, Post Master, Albany. J. B. STUART.

Mr. Clinton did not accept the mission to London, and it was at this time the enemies of Mr. Clay were very active in their attacks. "On the 8th of March a letter was published, written by a Mr. Beverly, purporting to state the substance of a conversation held by the writer with Gen. Jackson, at his own house, in which the latter distinctly said, that the friends of Mr. Clay had made to him, explicitly, the offer of their support, on condition, that he should not continue Mr. Adams as secretary of state."

That Mr. Clay would vote for Gen. Jackson, notwithstanding the attempt to dragoon him into his support, no one who remembered the manner in which he had arraigned his conduct in the Seminole campaign, and the grounds on which he had then based his violent censure, could for one moment anticipate. He had repeatedly declared, that in no case, short of absolute necessity, would he do it. General Jackson himself did not expect it. Mr. Crawford he did not choose to support, for the simple reason, that, as he had satisfied himself, by a personal visit, his health and physical abilities were not competent to the discharge of the arduous duties of the office. He had been a paralytic for more than two years, and therefore seemed out of the question to Mr. Clay. Accordingly he decided to vote for Mr. Adams. He had long known him as a statesman of rare ability and of undoubted integrity. He knew him also, as the unwavering friend of the system of protection and of Internal Improvements, and he had no objections to him. John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts was elected president of the United States; and John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, vice president. The president immediately offered Mr. Clay a seat in the cabinet and Henry Clay became the secretary of the state, though many attempts were made to terrify him from accepting the office. Immediately after the inaugurating of President Adams, the canvass for the next presidential contest of 1828 was commenced by the friends of General Jackson and it was foreseen at an early day that Mr. Adams could not be reëlected. He would have been if he could, but all the signs were against him, and consequently he drew out of the race. James Monroe having been for fifty years in public life, found the quiet of his home in Virginia peculiarly acceptable. Mr. Monroe came in as a sort of compromise candidate, after MADISON'S retirement, and his administration was conducted during a long era of "peace and good will." He went into the office a poor man, and came out of it a poor man.

Dr. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, New York March 19, 1825.

I intended to have written to you yesterday, but was so hurried that I had not time. I requested Adeline to tell you of it. You are, as we all know, a Member of the "*Military Philosophical Society*," which for years has been defunct. This Society had a fund arising from the initiation fee of Members — and which has for many years laid idle. The Lyceum of Natural History, being much in want of a Library, appointed a Committee to gain the consent of the Members of the "Military Philosophical Society" to have that fund delivered to the Lyceum for that purpose. The indi-

viduals of your Society have mostly given their consent, on the express condition, that the fund be appropriated to purchase of books merely. The original number of the Society was about 200; of which 40 remain to be heard from, and the Committee have reserved yourself and some few Members, who were near to New York, to apply to for the final Sanction. But one Gentleman has declined the request. Let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Remember me to the family and believe me — Yours very Truly JER: VAN RENSSELAER.

My Dear Sir, New York Tuesday April 5, 1825.

Your several letters have been received and the contents duly forwarded. The "Lyceum of Natural History" have returned you a *Vote of Thanks* for your ready acquiescence in their wishes. The fund allude d to has laid idle for many years — and the Military Philosophical Society has not met in nine or ten years. Should you see any of the folks from the Greenbush bank, say that we are well. Yours Truly. JER: VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany.

"General La Fayette, accompanied by his son and secretary, travele d through every state and was welcomed with the strongest exhibitions of appreciation and respect, his journey among us was a continued ovation to the old hero who was now sixty-seven years of age. He was every where received with honor as the nation's guest, and he found that forty years had made great changes in every thing but the hearts of the people, they still loved him even as their fathers had done for the interest he had ever felt. At Mount Vernon he had wept over the dust of his beloved Washington and now he was approaching Albany *en route* to Boston that he might lay the corner-stone of the great monument, at Bunker-Hill, on the 17th of June, 1825. As a token of their regard, congress had also presented him the sum of $200,000 and a township of land, being a slight return for his self-denial and loss of his own fortune in our behalf. Even when he finally left our shores, so far from the warmth and cordiality of his reception having in the least abated, he was just as much the object of affectionate and sincere attention as he was the hour he landed for the third time on our coast. On the arrival at Albany in June 1825 of the distinguished traveling party from the West, they were again received with repeated cheers, and with patriotic airs from the Albany band."

The long and short La Fayette kid gloves, waist-ribbons, *badges*, &c. (ornamented with an elegant *portrait* of the general, an excellent likeness, which were worn at the grand ball that was given at the Capitol on the arrival of the *guest of the nation* on the previous visit), were now again called in requisition. The line of troops and processions of citizens as an escort was as brilliant a cortege as any person could desire.

Escort of Gen. La Fayette — General Orders.

Head Quarters, June 11th, 1825.

On the Departure of General La Fayette from this City, He will be escorted to the line of the State by Captain Spencer's company of Albany Light Dragoons, accompanied by the Staff of the Commander in Chief.

Major General Solomon Van Rensselaer is assigned to the command of this escort and his orders will be respected accordingly.

By order of the Commander in Chief,

CHARLES A. CLINTON, Actg. Adjt. Genl.

Departure of Lafayette — On Monday, June 13, at early dawn our citizens were roused from their slumbers by the thunder of cannon, a national salute in honor of the guest of the nation — the bells gave a merry peal to call forth old and young to take leave of the hero who came from a foreign land and spent his treasures and periled his life to redeem our country from thraldom to tyrants. In a short time our streets were all bustle and animation ; the proud charger with military trappings dashed over the pavement with his gallant rider clad in all the panoply of war, while the nodding plumes of the foot soldiery spake that each man was eager to honor the brave. At 8 o'clock the procession was formed along the park and in front of Cruttenden's, when the general entered his carriage supported by General Solomon Van Rensselaer, marshal of the day, and preceded by the military. The Albany Military Association, under their president, Colonel John T. Cooper, escorted the general to the ferry with drawn swords, an honor never before paid by them to any other individual.

The mayor (Ambrose Spencer) and board of corporation followed in carriages and a long line of citizens on foot conducted through many streets to the south ferry under a discharge of cannon and ringing of bells, where he received the affectionate farewell of thousands. On leaving the shore at Albany, the ferry boat which contained the escort was saluted with music and the roar of artillery. The general and suite, *en route* for Boston, escorted by a detachment of cavalry — and accompanied by the acting adjutant general (Charles A. Clinton), one of the governor's aids, and the Military Association of the city went as far as the Massachusetts line. The escort proceeded to Schodack and Nassau. At Brainard's Bridge a collation had been provided and a committee from Lebanon also waited upon him. As the escort approached Lebanon Springs, crowds of horsemen and footmen followed. At the state line an escort from Pittsfield received the general and suite and the escort from Albany took leave. He was taken by the Massachusetts committee to a carriage adorned with wreaths of beautiful flowers. The elegant carriage, in which the honored hero had journeyed from Albany to the state line, was the same one that had been used on his first arrival at the bar below Greenbush. It was a very stylish barouche of English manufacture; the property of the late lamented Colonel Nanning I. Visscher purchased in London, while on his visit to Great Britain, and brought by him to this country. It was kindly loaned by the widow of Colonel Visscher to General Van Rensselaer for these occasions.

The *Hudson Register* says an object of curiosity and interest as historical is presented to the visitors at Colombia Hall, Lebanon Springs, in an old and time worn Hotel Register, the first volume dating back to 1820.

During the summer of 1825 Gen. La Fayette, in his tour through the states whose independence he had materially assisted to achieve, tarried for a brief period at the springs, accompanied thither by a lot of dignitaries.

The following is a verbatim transcript from the register aforesaid under date of June 13, 1825 : " Marquis De La Fayette and Son; General Solomon Van Rensselaer; Col. Clinton ; Capt. Spencer, Lady and two children ; Mr. Norton, A. D. C. to his Excellency ; Col. Bloodgood ; Major J. B. Van Schaack ; Col. John T. Cooper; Major P. Seaton Henry ; Major R. V. De Witt ; Lieut Col. Knowlton ; Maj. T. A. Bridgen, Surrogate ; Capt. S. V. R. Bleecker ; Capt. Osborn ; Capt. Hendrickson ; Lieut. Webster ; Lieut. P. H. Van Valkenburg Kirkland ; Adjutant Hazard; Adjutant Brush ; Dr. James Eights, Surgeon 89th Infantry."

Out of all this number only two or three are still living. " The sorrow

for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we ever gladly turn."

The Last Visit.—"General La Fayette returned to Albany from his visit to the eastern states on Friday July 1, 1825, *en route* to New York, at which place he had engaged to spend the national holiday of July 4th. The 'Nation's Guest' sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the hall of the Capitol; it was a well spread board, 'wit walked the round, songs filled the air.' The military escort from Troy and a committee of our citizens who went to bring him in, sat down with him. The general's arrival at the city bounds was announced by a discharge of cannon. In various parts of the city, bright flags were flying through the day in honor of the pleasant occasion. At the dinner, Rev. Dr. Chester asked a blessing from the Throne of Grace. The toast of General La Fayette was: 'Albany as I have known it, and Albany as it is now — a comparative standard between royal guardianship, and the self government of the people — may this difference be more and more illustrated at home, and understood abroad.' After dinner, at eight o'clock, the general and suite, together with the Military Association visited the theatre. After the play was over, the honored party in carriages preceded by a fine band of music, were escorted to the steamboat Bolivar; he embarked on board and proceeded down the river as far as West Point. This was his last visit. The marquis was much gratified with the exhibition of regard and the attention shown him throughout the entire land whose cause he had adopted in its darkest hours, and whose liberties he had assisted so much in establishing."

It was a matter of deep regret that the governor of the state — De Witt Clinton — was necessarily absent on the occasion of both visits, but Gen. La Fayette was received by the acting adjutant general, Charles A. Clinton, private secretary.

"Preparatory measures were on foot leading to the Ohio canals, of opening and rendering permanent a navigable water communication between Lake Erie and the Ohio river. The completion of the Erie or Grand canal in New York state had dispelled all doubts about the practicability of the one in Ohio. Governor Clinton had favored the admission of Ohio into the Union, and had always been friendly to its advancement. The commissioners, early in the year 1825, determined on the route commencing at Cleveland and ending at Portsmouth on the Ohio river. Every preparation being made, the constituted authorities invited DE WITT CLINTON, governor of New York, to be present at the commencement of making the canal. Accordingly Governor Clinton attended by his aids, Colonels Jones and Reed; General Solomon Van Rensselaer of Albany, who had traversed the state when a wilderness, as an officer under General Wayne; Judge Conkling, United States district judge, and a few others, started from Albany, New York, and landed at Cleveland, Ohio, in June 1825. They arrived at Newark near the Licking summit, on the third day of July on a beautiful afternoon. Here were assembled to meet, welcome and receive these distinguished friends of Ohio, the governor of Ohio, JEREMIAH MORROW, with the other state functionaries and military, dressed in their best attire with all their arms. As soon as Governor Clinton's carriage appeared on the public square, the many thousands of persons present rent the air with their loud huzzas of welcome to DE WITT CLINTON, 'the father of internal improvements.' Four companies of artillery fired one hundred guns in honor of the state's guest. Of this great assemblage, many of them were his personal friends, with many of whom

he had all along corresponded on the subject which had brought them together. The meeting of so many old friends on an occasion so dear to all their hearts, was deeply affecting to all present.

"On the 4th day of July, 1825, forty-nine years after the declaration of independence, this great work of connecting Lake Erie with the Ohio river, by a navigable canal, was commenced, by the sons of those who achieved the independence of their country. The day was as fair as heart could desire, and the summit where the first shovel full of earth was to be excavated, was three miles or more westwardly of Newark. The underbrush was cleared off from an acre or more in the woods, near the summit, where, under many wide spreading beech trees, tables and seats were placed for the assemblage to dine. At an early hour in the morning of the 4th, the whole company moved from Newark, on to the ground which had been prepared for them. Governor Clinton, Governor Morrow, and the state officers went to the ground on the summit, and excavated each a few shovelfulls of earth. After this ceremony was performed, these officers retired to a rude platform, under a shade, where being seated, Thomas Ewing, Esq., delivered an address. This address was replied to by Governor Clinton, who was repeatedly interrupted by the loud huzzas of the thousands there assembled. As soon as his address was finished, one burst of universal applause from all present, followed it. One hundred guns told the world that the canal was begun. The addresses having been delivered, the company sat down to dine in the shade of wide spreading beeches. The governors of Ohio and New York occupied the highest places at the table, and the state officers of both states sat next to them. Toasts were drank, in honor of the day, and of the particular occasion. One of these was as follows: By Mr. M. Seley — 'General Solomon Van Rensselaer. He this day reaps a rich reward for his toils in the wilderness in 1796.'

"On the 5th of July, Governor Clinton was escorted to Lancaster where he tarried over night. On the next day, he and a great concourse who followed and accompanied him, went to Columbus the seat of the state government. Here, on the next day, in the Capitol, in the presence of all the state officers and of a large assemblage of both sexes, Governor Morrow delivered an address to Governor Clinton, which the latter answered in an appropriate and eloquent manner. A public dinner ended the proceedings of the day. Escorted from Columbus, to Springfield, by a large number of gentlemen, either in carriages or on horse-back, Governor Clinton was received by the people of the town last named as he had been, by those of Columbus. The governor of New York was addressed by Charles Anthony, Esquire, in behalf of the citizens of Springfield. On the next day, after partaking of a public dinner, the two governors and their escort, moved forward. At Cincinnati a dinner had been gotten up for the Hon. Henry Clay of Kentucky. This the governors of Ohio and New York attended as invited guests. At this period there was no canal around the falls of the Ohio, and there were two chartered companies, one by Kentucky and the other by Indiana, each disputing about which side of the river was best adapted to a canal. These companies invited Governor Clinton to visit the falls and settle the dispute. The two governors assented to visit Louisville and after a patient and careful examination of the ground on both sides of the river, Clinton gave his decided preference to the Louisville side of the Ohio. To this decision all parties assented, and on that side, since then, a canal has been made. At

Pittsburg a large and beautiful steamer was launched in his presence named DE WITT CLINTON. He then passed through Pennsylvania and New Jersey to New York city. Throughout the entire trip he and his escort were guests of the state."

Dinner to Gen. Van Rensselaer at Detroit, Michigan.

Detroit Herald, July 19, 1825. The arrival of General Solomon Van Rensselaer in this city [Detroit] was an event which could not be suffered to pass in silence by its patriotic and enlightened citizens. The tide of time which is rapidly sweeping the busy actors in this drama of life to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," has left but few of the distinguished officers, who, under the command of Gen. Wayne, contributed to wrest this territory from the British power. This event was effected by the victory of Miami of the lake, near our own borders; and here was the earliest theatre of Genl. Van Rensselaer's military fame. There are among us, at this day, many to whom the chivalrous daring of the young officer of cavalry, and the desperate wounds he received in a successful charge upon the enemy, on the 20th of August, 1794, is remembered as a nursery tale. This same individual, however, has more recently been presented to our view, in the memorable and sanguinary contest on the Heights of Queenston. We could not fail to recognize the identity of character, which has marked his life, and the same chivalrous contempt of danger, the same indifference to the reward which usually follows successful valor. Hence the citizens of Detroit, could not but be delighted with the opportunity of expressing their high regard for the character of one, whose life, may truly be said to have been "without fear and without reproach."

Tribute to Merit.— Proceedings relating to a public dinner, given to Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer at Detroit on Tuesday July 12th.

Sir. Monday, July 11, 1825.

The citizens of Detroit desirous of offering a small tribute to your patriotism and gallant services, and as an expression of the high respect which they entertain for your estimable character, solicit the favour of your company at a public dinner, at Woodworth's Hotel, tomorrow at 2 o'clock P. M.

I have the honor to be Sir, with great respect; your obd't Serv't.

To Major Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer. JNO. R. WILLIAMS, Mayor.

Reply.

Sir, Detroit July 11, 1825.

I have just had the honor of receiving your polite invitation to a public dinner, to be given by the Citizens of Detroit, to morrow at 2 o'clock. Under the impression that I cannot better evince the high sense which I entertain of this distinguished, but most unexpected mark of respect than by its prompt and cheerful acceptance, I cannot permit myself to decline it. Permit me to express, through you, to the worthy citizens of Detroit the deep obligation under which they have thus laid me, and for the very flattering expressions contained in your note, I entreat you to accept my most cordial thanks.

I have the honor to be Sir, your obt. humble Servant,

SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Hon. John R. Williams, Mayor of the City of Detroit.

Col. John E. Wool, Col. J. Snelling, the Hon. A. Conkling, and Capt. J. Sherman jun., were also invited as guests to the dinner.

To Col. John E. Wool, Monday July 11, 1825.

Sir — The citizens of Detroit having concluded to give a public dinner to Maj. Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, on his first visit to Detroit, as a mark of the high respect entertained for his character, patriotism and public services, considering Sir, the gallant part which you acted in conjunction with him, in the affair of Queenston Heights, one of the scenes of his military career, the favor of your company is solicited at a public dinner, at Woodworth's Hotel at 2 P. M. I have the honor to be, with great respect Sir, your obt Servt. J. R. WILLIAMS, Mayor.

Reply.

My Dear Sir, Detroit, July 12, 1825.

Your favor of yesterday was received last evening. Under any circumstances it would afford me peculiar pleasure to dine with the Citizens of Detroit, but on the present occasion, an additional inducement is offered to accept of the proffered honor; in the circumstance that a distinguished mark of respect, is intended for one, who was once a companion in arms, when his civil and military command was as conspicuous as his blood flowed copiously in the cause of his country. With the most respectful consideration I have the honor to be, Sir, your obt. servant.

To Col. J. R. Williams, Major. JOHN E. WOOL.

Hon. Alfred Conkling's Reply.

Sir, Monday, July 11, 1825.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of invitation of the citizens of Detroit, to a public dinner to be given to-morrow to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer. As a citizen of the State of New York, I cannot but feel flattered by this distinguished tribute of respect, to one of her most gallant and favorite sons, with great pleasure accept the invitation. With the highest respect, I have the honor to be Sir, yr. obt. humble servant.

A. CONKLING.

Hon. John R. Williams, Mayor of the City of Detroit.

Tuesday July 12. At two o'clock, agreeably to arrangements made with Capt. Woodworth, the worthy proprietor of the Steam Boat Hotel, a large number of the respectable citizens of Detroit, after having been introduced by the mayor to General Van Rensselaer and to the Hon. A. Conkling, sat down to an elegant and plentiful dinner. J. R. Williams, mayor of the city, presided, and the Hon. Solomon Sibley, one of the judges of the supreme court, assisted as vice president. After the cloth had been removed, the mayor rose and after soliciting the attention of the company, delivered the following address: Major General Solomon Van Rensselaer, sir, connected as your military career is with the introduction of liberty to this land, we hail your first visit with sentiments of heartfelt pleasure. In the darkest period of the western settlements of the Union, after the defeat of Harmar and St. Clair in their attempt to give protection and security to those frontiers; when the ruthless and merciless savage with the tomahawk and scalping knife reeking with the blood of thousands of defenceless victims, then it was that the discriminating judgment of the illustrious Washington selected the gallant General Wayne, the companion of his toils in the great struggle for independence, to the command of an army, destined in its victorious career to achieve to the western states peace and permanent security, and to the brave and heroic officers and soldiers who composed it, unfading laurels — and trophies still more lasting, perpetuated in the national glory and gratitude.

The signal victory gained by the American arms, over the combined Indian nations, and their British Canadian auxiliaries on the 20th August, 1794, at the Miami rapids, opens to our view one of the scenes of your gallant deeds. Impelled by the force of that patriotic fire, which you justly inherited from your gallant and revolutionary sire, you was a soldier before you became a man. The nineteenth year of your life exhibited your brave conduct at the head of a company of legionary calvary, which signalized itself by one of the most brilliant and effectual charges ever made against the savage nations of this hemisphere. Here your first blood was shed for your country, and although your wounds were believed to be mortal, you tenaciously refused to be dismounted from your charger, grasping still tighter the steel that had been so gloriously and successfully wielded against the enemies of your country. From the victorious campaign, we now follow you to the walks of private life, everywhere and uniformly meriting by your virtues, your generous hospitality, and your gentlemanly and unassuming deportment, the love and admiration of all who have come within the range of your acquaintance. Yet, notwithstanding these amiable qualities, and your just claims on the affections of your fellow citizens, there was a time when the system of proscription, which unhappily reigned in your native state, marked you, among other distinguished men, as one of its victims. But the truly sovereign people, in the majesty of their might, have prostrated in the dust, and blotted out from political sway, those men and those principles, which, while they prevailed, could only be viewed as monuments of discredit and disgrace to the first state of the Union.

Ever ready at your country's call, we see you next on the great monumental Niagara. The stain which our national glory sustained by the disgraceful surrender of Gen. Hull and the army under his command, to the inferior forces under Gen. Brock, had its effect upon the moral and physical energies of the nation. Some act of noble daring was requisite to raise the drooping spirits of the nation, and to wipe away the foul blot which had been cast upon our land forces. The battle of Queenston Heights may be considered as a lesson to an exulting foe: the daring of the enterprize — the boldness in which it was planned — the undaunted gallantry displayed in the attack, the majestic scenery which enveloped the noble warriors, when performing their various parts, will ever remain as one of the imperishable monuments of our national glory. Here again, Sir, we behold you, leading your younger and less experienced companions in arms on to glory, to death or to victory — until you fall covered with honorable wounds. For such services your country owes to you honor and admiration; and for the blood which you have thus generously shed, there is due to you the lasting gratitude of a nation. With our best wishes for the preservation of a life rendered thus dear to your country, we sincerely hope that the evening of your days be attended with health and happiness." Then the following sentiment was offered by the president of the table and drank — "the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of our country. May the national gratitude towards them, be coëval with the glory and splendor of their actions."

Gen. Van Rensselaer's Reply.

"Sir — I should do violence to my feelings, were I to refrain from giving utterance to the deep emotions of gratitude which it is impossible that I should not most sensibly feel upon this occasion. If in an honest

endeavor to discharge the duty of a citizen to his country, it has been my good fortune to render some service to the republic, the approbation of my fellow citizens, of which I am this day receiving so signal and so flattering a proof, is an ample reward for any sufferings which I may have endured in the service of my country. Be assured that I shall retain, as long as I live, a grateful and lively recollection of this distinguished and unexpected honor, and shall never cease to regard this, as one of the happiest and proudest days of my life."

Gen. Van Rensselaer then gave the following highly complimentary toast: "The City of Detroit — the headquarters of hospitality and patriotism." By Judge Sibley the vice president at the table — "The President of the United States." By Col. John E. Wool — "The People and the Army of the United States, united in the support of principles which saved America and will save the world." The following are a few among the many toasts: — By Maj. D. Baker, Com't of the United States forces at Detroit — "The Heroes of '94, who first taught the savages the immutability of American valor." By Alderman T. Rowland — "Gen. Van Rensselaer our esteemed guest: On the banks of the Miami and the Heights of Queenston, his blood flowed with no stinted tide, may the gratitude of his country flow as freely." By Major Biddle — "The 13th Oct. 1812; its events conferred honor upon more than one of our guests." After Col. Wool had retired.

By Lieut. J. W. Webb — "Col. John E. Wool, while the events of Queenston Heights have a place upon the page of history his gallantry will be remembered." By Judge Sibley — "The Governor of the State of New York, the patriot and the statesman, may his country duly appreciate his worth." After the dinner was over, Gen. Van Rensselaer, Col. Wool, and the Hon. A. Conkling took an affectionate leave of the company, who accompanied them on board the steam brig Superior with emotions which may be better conceived than expressed.

CHAPTER XX.

ERIE CANAL CELEBRATION.

The *completion* of the Erie canal and the celebration of the joyful event in New York city was a splendid exhibition in honor of the entireness, the perfect state of the longest canal in the world. The Erie canal, commenced July 4, 1817, was finished on October 26, 1825. It connects the great lakes of North America with the Atlantic Ocean, passing through the state of New York, a state which seventy years before was a wilderness, thinly peopled by a little more than 100,000 souls. The work has been completed in the short space of eight years, by this single state, and now as a sequence: The CANAL CELEBRATION took place on Friday November 4, 1825. For several days previous, strangers from every part of

the surrounding country had been crowding into the city to witness the interesting event and join in the anticipated festival.

On Wednesday (October 26), at ten o'clock, A.M., the waters of Lake Erie were admitted at Buffalo, and the first boat (Seneca Chief) from the lake commenced its voyage to New York, an object of very great interest.

This joyful event was announced to the citizens of the state by the roar of cannon planted in a continued line along the banks of the canal and of the Hudson, at intervals of about eight miles, and extending from Buffalo to Sandy Hook, a distance of about 544 miles. The cannon were fired in succession, commencing at Buffalo at the moment of the entrance of the boat into the canal, and the intelligence thus communicated, reached this city (New York) precisely at twenty minutes past eleven o'clock, at which time a national salute was fired from the battery, and this acknowledgment that we had received the intelligence was then immediately returned by the same line of cannon to Buffalo as telegraphic movements. A sub-committee had been appointed, who had proceeded to Buffalo for the purpose of tendering and receiving congratulations in behalf of the common council of the city of New York on the completion of the grand Erie canal; and to invite a committee from each of the towns and villages on the route to unite with the citizens of New York in celebrating that happy event.

On Thursday, November 3d, at Albany, six steamboats dressed with the flags of different nations were put under the direction of a committee, at whose invitation the numerous guests of the corporation repaired on board, at about ten o'clock; among whom were, besides the committee of the west; the governor [De Witt Clinton] and lieutenant governor [James Tallmadge] of the state.

Generals Stephen, Solomon, and Jacob R. Van Rensselaer — Simeon De Witt, surveyor general; Colonel Schuyler; Judge Spencer, Judges Geddes and Conklin, together with a most respectable delegation from Albany, were among the invited guests. When the guests reached a point between Weehawken and state prison, the committee from New York met — hailed the leading boat of the flotilla, and inquired the place from where she was and her destination, to which the cheering answer was returned by the acting admiral she was "from Lake Erie and bound for Sandy Hook." The newly arrived friends were greeted at New York with the peal of bells, martial music and the roar of cannon. At nine o'clock A. M., Friday, November 4, 1825, all arrangements being completed, the grand aquatic procession commenced and proceeded down the bay. The fleet consisted of thirty-seven boats. The safety barges, Lady Clinton and Lady Van Rensselaer, attached to the steamboat Commerce, were superbly decorated and most tastefully festooned with evergreens and flowers, and were exclusively appropriated to and crowded with ladies elegantly attired, presented a most beautiful spectacle.

The barge with the ladies, among whom was Mrs. De Witt Clinton, proceeded to the ocean in the line of the fleet and returned in its order. The aquatic display transcended all anticipations, such a sight was never before beheld.

Twenty-nine steamboats so gorgeously dressed, with barges, ships, pilot boats, canal boats, conveying thousands of ladies and gentlemen, presented a scene which cannot be described, the movement of the whole flotilla appeared to move as by magic.

The steamboat Washington took the lead, on board of which the honorable the corporation, with the society of Cincinnati, the reverend clergy, of all denominations, the army and naval officers, all the consuls of foreign nations, the judges of all our courts, and very many other citizens and strangers were guests.

As the fleet passed the battery they were saluted by the military, the revenue cutter, and the castle on Governor's island.

As they proceeded, they were joined by the ship Hamlet which had previously been dressed for the occasion with the flags of all nations, and on board of which were the marine and nautical societies. As the fleet passed the narrows, they were saluted by Forts Lafayette and Tompkins. They then proceeded to the United States schooner Dolphin, moored within Sandy Hook at a point in the Atlantic south of Long Island. Governor Clinton now went through the interesting ceremony of uniting the waters, by pouring that of Lake Erie into the Atlantic. Two barrels of Lake Erie water had been brought from Buffalo on the canal-boat Seneca Chief, which was towed down with the fleet. Dr. Mitchill also performed some ceremonies and delivered an address. After which, the bugle then announced to the ladies that dinner was ready, and they found a sumptuous repast was prepared.

Two British packets, at anchor in port, saluted and cheered the line of steamboats as they passed for which our band in return played "God save the King."

The procession on land was formed of all the different societies, fire departments, hook and ladder companies, bands of musicians in dresses of scarlet and gold; the elegant engine of the eagle fire company, was mounted on a car carpeted and beautifully decorated with festoons, and drawn by four horses led by four colored grooms, dressed in Turkish costume; on the top of the engine was the American flag upon the engine-pipe as a flag staff. Standing upon the car was a fireman flanked on either side by a link boy. This was only *one* of an innumerable specimen of cars all handsomely decorated. There were also a great number of military officers, soldiers and Free Masons.

The festivities of the great day of consummation, of the connecting link between the Atlantic ocean and Lake Erie, were very appropriately closed by a most brilliant pyrotechnic display exhibited upon the roof of the City Hall, which building was illuminated with wax candles and lamps total 2, 306.

On Monday, November seventh, the festivities of New York were appropriately concluded by a Canal Celebration Ball, which was a very splendid affair, it was given in the Lafayette amphitheatre by the militia officers and citizens of New York.

Medals of very beautiful design and workmanship were given to all the invited guests of the corporation, both ladies and gentlemen. On one side is Pan and Neptune in loving embrace with the cornucopia, showing fruits of the land, the sea, and shore with light-house, etc., and the inscription "Union of Erie with the Atlantic."

The reverse showed the coat of arms of the state, with a section of the canal, with its locks and tunnel, the bay of New York, ship in full sail, and the city, with an inscription, "Erie canal commenced 4th July, 1817. Completed 26th October, 1825. Presented by the city of New York." There were fifty-one gold medals struck and sent to the different crowned heads of the world and eminent men; one was sent to Gen. LaFayette.

There were also several hundreds of silver, but the largest number were of block tin or white metal. The boxes containing the silver medals were made from logs of cedar brought from an island of Lake Erie, in the vicinity of Buffalo. The gold medals were inclosed in elegant square red morocco cases. The citizens from Buffalo were furnished with a keg of water taken from the "briny deep" for the purpose of being mingled with the waters of Lake Erie. The keg was handsomely ornamented with the arms of the city of New York, over which were the words in letters of gold "*Neptune's return to Pan*," and under the same, the words "*New York 4th Nov.*, 1825." Upon the other side of the keg were the words "*Water of the Atlantic.*" The manner in which the *Seneca Chief* was fitted up by the committee does them great credit; nor can we omit a more particular mention of two paintings which were executed in Buffalo and sent down on board. One was a view of Buffalo harbor, a section of Lake Erie, Buffalo creek and its junction with the canal, &c., the whole representing the scene exhibited at the moment of starting the Seneca Chief. The other is purely a classic emblematical production of the pencil and is an excellent design for such an occasion. The piece on the extreme left exhibits a frame of Hercules in a sitting posture leaning upon his favorite club, and resting from the severe labor just completed. The centre shows a section of the canal, with a lock, and in the foreground is a full length figure of Gov. DEWITT CLINTON, clad, like a Roman, in the toga and sandals, with head uncovered and hair cut short. He is supposed to have just flung open the lock-gate, and with the right hand extended (the arm being bare) seems in the act of inviting Neptune, who appears upon the water, to pass through the lock and take possession of the watery regions which the canal has attached to his dominions. The God of the sea is upon the right of the piece, and stands erect in his chariot of shell, which is drawn by sea-horses, holding his trident, and is in the act of recoiling with his body as if confounded by the fact disclosed at the opening of the lock. Naiades are sporting around the sea horses, in the water, who, as well as the horses themselves, seem hesitating as if half afraid they were about to invade forbidden regions not their own.

Besides the paintings, the boat carried two elegant kegs, each with an eagle upon it; above and below which, were the words, 'Water of Lake Erie.' These were filled from the lake and on the arrival at Sandy Hook were emptied into the ocean. The cedar logs used for the medal boxes were brought on this boat. But there was another and perhaps the most novel of all the boats, which started about two hours later, and overtook the party at Lockport. This was "Noah's ark" literally stored with creeping things; she had on board a bear, two eagles, two fawns with a great variety of other animals and birds, together with several fish, not forgetting two Indian boys, in the dress of their nation, *all being products of the great West.*

Mrs. Sol. Van Rensselaer to her Daughters.

My Dear Girls, New York Monday Eve, Nov. 7, 1825.

Your dear Father and Sisters with the Doctor and his Wife [Dr. Jeremiah V. R.] together with Case [Cornelicus G. V. R.] have gone to the Canal Celebration Ball, given by the Officers and Citizens. Mary Bay, too was one of the party. I was proof against all persuasion or would not be so well employed as I am now, and surely not less gratified. If descriptive powers were mine, I should soon fill my paper with incidents of the Grand Canal Celebration; but it would be a hopeless task, so I refer

you to the news-papers — will only say, I think it almost impossible to convey an idea of such an impressive splendid scene. The representations are all very tame when recalling the actual existence of the complete view. I was present at the impressive ceremony of uniting the fresh water of Lake Erie with the briny, blue Atlantic Ocean; it was effected by the Governor who made a short address. Dr. Mitchill emptied small bottles filled with water from some rivers in Europe. Mr. Colden too, gave to the Mayor a written document, the history of the canal from its commencement. But like the Cat that went to Holland, I saw so much, can say *no more.* We dined on board — it was a sumptuous entertainment, here we were met and welcomed by Dr. Jeremiah V. R. and on our return to the city accompanied him to his house, receiving a very kind reception from Charlotte. The brilliant fireworks in the evening at Vauxhall Garden and City Hall were greatly enjoyed. Last Saturday morning, your Papa, Elizabeth and Margaretta called at Mr. Jerard Beekmans and promised to make their house our temporary home after the return from Belville. At 3 oclock the same day we started from the Dr's, arriving at Belville just at candle-light and were most cordially receeived by every inmate of the family. Mr. John Van Rensselaer had been on the lookout for us the day before in New York, but in that multitudinous sea, it was a vain search. Angelica, Henrietta and our girls were in high glee, and General Van Cortland *the* Beau among all others. Sunday our party attended church.

The neighbors joined our friends and kindly urged us to prolong our stay, which we would gladly have done, to enjoy the amenities of their cheerful home, but for the attractions of the Canal Ball. Tomorrow we spend here at Dr. V. Rs; the day after are engaged at Cousin Caty Beekmans, and how long, or shortly, you may expect our return, the one who writes next will tell. Your Aunt Maria promised if my dear old mother continued well to spend much of her time with you; it is a great comfort to know it can be so. Tell your Grandmama that the *thirty-one years*, since I was here, has made great and sad havoc among my acquaintances, and as her old friends are mine, I am anxious she should particularize, that I do not neglect them — ascertain their names. Take good care of my little ones, be particularly careful of them, and of every thing in case of another illumination. I will leave this open for them to add a line on their return. May God bless and preserve you all my dear children is the fervent prayer of your affectionate Mother, A. VAN RENSSELAER.

After Midnight. We are all home from the Ball except Cornelieus, and no accident of consequence, though Charlotte says she has some ribs cracked in the press. We met the world and his wife: military heroes, noble statesmen, artificial and natural characters, the audacious, the clownish or vulgarized, the polished and refined, Mantua-makers, Milliners, Tailors and Tailoress's, stylish ladies and courtly gentlemen and a few seemed my ideal of perfection. But we were squeezed to death, are sleepy and heartily tired. The Dr. says "Uncle Solomon has had a good Supper and I have had none." We enjoy ourselves much in this great and splendid City. Good Night, ELIZABETH V. R.

Miss Adeline Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Grand Canal Ball.

"The celebration of the completion of the great western canal was closed on Monday evening, November 7th — by a fête, equalled only in magnificence by that given in honor of La Fayette. The ceiling of the

spacious amphitheatre was elegantly decorated with festoons of evergreens, flags and buntings, while the sides were hung with the silk banners and emblematical paintings exhibited in the procession on Friday last. An immense mirror, consisting of thirty pier glasses without frames and accurately fitted together, was elevated on the wall at the west end, while the farther end was occupied by boxes filled with ladies. Notwithstanding the immense size of the room, the largest in the United States, it was filled to excess, there being, as is supposed not less than three thousand persons present, including one hundred and fifty guests, among whom were Governor Clinton and lady. At twelve o'clock, a large curtain which was suspended between the rooms was withdrawn and disclosed an elegantly decorated supper table, fully covered with the greatest variety of delicacies, as well as more substantial fare. In the middle of the table fancifully floated in a large vase, a canal boat most beautifully ornamented. In one of the rooms a collation was spread for the invited guests. Everything was conducted with the greatest regularity and attention; the ladies were dressed with great splendor; the music was excellent and plenty of it; and every one seemed to participate in the joy of the occasion, where beauty vieing conspicuously with elegance and wit, contributed to the enlivening and genial enjoyment of the scene. As a gratified participator in this festal scene was DeWitt Clinton, the principal supporter of internal improvements. He, the earliest advocate, whose successful career drew all eyes towards him, was spared to see the completion of his cherished scheme."

Mrs. Van Rensselaer to her Children.

My dear Children, Buffalo, June 26, 1826.

* * * We spent a pleasant day at General Wadsworth's charming home in Geneso, our reception was truly cordial and the two old heroes lived over by gone days. My whole trip so full of incidents has kept me in a whirl of tumult. I have gone over many noted places, and seen many persons both at, and since leaving the Falls, adapted to excite thrilling emotion in my heart.

I was in the house of one of the boatmen who rowed your Father across the Niagara, the morning of the notable battle; it was an interesting meeting for both parties. We rode over the ground where he was encampt in 1812 and halted at the very spot, on the ridge road, to which he was taken after he was wounded. I was much agitated but *he* was perfectly calm *then;* but once as we lingered on the battle ground, the sudden outbreak of, "Oh if I only had not been wounded, the victory gained would have been *triumphant*" — showed the deep workings of the soldier's heart, as he turned away with a groan and his hand pressed on his forehead. We remained all night at Lewiston, visited the old Fort at the mouth of the river; then crossed the Niagara and went to the British Fort George. I could almost see that body of Indians sally forth to join in the battle. After dining at Queenstown, we went to the memorable "landing place," and stood in deep thought on the very *stone*, at the foot of the rapids, on which he jumped from the boat to ascend those almost perpendicular rocks to the Heights. The evening before, I had walked in company with your Father to the spot where he embarked from the American side. We strolled along leisurely and your Father staid sufficiently long at all these celebrated places to refresh his memory with every circumstance that had occurred on that memorable day; and as we retraced our steps, you can

imagine how my feelings were moved with pleasurable excitement, and how well satisfied I was with the hours spent at these wonderful sites. We made a solemn halt for sometime at Brock's Monument which is still unfinished; every thing was so forcibly suggestive of past stirring scenes, and I could not help seeing how vividly all seemed to come across the noble man's remembrance. The extensive view from this summit is very grand, having a sight of country for at least fifty miles. Our next turn was about half a mile west to the battle ground at Lundy's Lane, which left us just time enough to go below the Falls on the Canada side. We had a good view of the Horse-shoe Fall with its mass of deep emerald water, it was indeed magnificent; but the spray was not so pleasant to us or good for our clothes. The following morning we left to visit the Burning Spring; stopped to see the battle ground at Chippewa about two miles from the falls. We crossed the Niagara river in the same ferry boat, to Black Rock, with General Peter B. Porter, who was particularly civil. I was very happy to witness such a cordial meeting between the two Generals; old grievances were laid aside, and seemed entirely forgotten by both; it was the rare triumph of magnanimous minds, which gave me pleasure. In a day or two we leave this for Ohio. I feel well repaid for all the fatigue of our journey; and we felt very glad to meet and receive much kindness from another old friend, Dr. Cyrenius Chapin, of this pleasant place. * * * Good Night. Your affectionate Mother.

A. VAN RENSSELAER.

Miss Adeline Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Post Master General to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, July 13, 1826.

In your late tour you have probably had a good opportunity to learn something of the public sentiments on various interesting topics. Will not Mr. Clinton be elected without much opposition? If the State should refuse to do this, its loss of character would be greater than his. I am sure that the Bucktails are not hostile to him, at least they like him much better than some of the members of the family at Washington. The Clay bubble in New York, in making a government is not to be feared. *The power only is wanting.* How does the administration stand in New York? Would Mr. Adams take the vote of the State if the election were at hand? What is his prospect of taking it when the proper time shall arrive? Will the mode of your election be changed to a general ticket? If no change should be made, will not the vote be divided? Who stands in the way of Mr. Adams? What is the standing and prospects of the Secretary of State in New York [John Van Ness Yates Secretary of State]. Has Mr. Calhoun suffered much from the events of the last session? Your friend,

JOHN MCLEAN.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany, N. Y.

"Our principles are those of REPUBLICAN AMERICANS, we love our country, we venerate its institutions, and our whole hope and wish and thought of glory, is centered in their success. In our dreams have we seen our NATIONAL STANDARD, 'flag of the free-hearts only home,' waving aloft in the azure sky, flaunting its stripes and its stars above the wreathed clouds and floating proudly o'er their silvery folds, the beacon light to guide the world to liberty and independence?"

Post Master General to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, Sept. 11, 1826.

To your private note I should be at a loss to reply, had not a gentleman told me the other day, that this same *Caleb Atwater*, who is the most profligate creature in regard to truth, within my knowledge, was giving currency to a report, which he originated, that I was exerting myself in behalf of Gen. Jackson and was circulating the Telegraph paper, to aid his election, throughout the State of Ohio! A more infamous falsehood was never uttered. To Atwater I have never written one word on this subject, or to any one else in Ohio, or out of it, which I would not be willing to have published to the world. I have sent the Telegraph occasionally to my two brothers in Ohio, one of whom was on Adams' electoral ticket, and the other voted for him in the house of representatives. I have sent this paper to no other persons. No man in Ohio has heard me express a wish on the presidential election, in favor of any one candidate. In fact, I have been specially guarded on this subject, knowing that Mr. Clay and some of his friends are very hostile to me, and would willingly assail me with effect; they denounce all, who do not support the Secretary of State [Henry Clay] for President next term.

Long before the late election, I broke off all correspondence with Atwater, except once or twice to make a general reply to several long letters he wrote me. He is a man, who pays not the slightest regard to truth. You may recollect, that a few days before the late election, he had hand bills printed and circulated through many parts of Ohio, charging Mr. Adams with being a gambler, and that he played cards constantly on the Sabbath, and was addicted to many of the most abominable vices. I think his name was signed to the hand bill. Where he is known, nobody believes him. He has no influence, and so far as his conduct may have an effect on the next election, it must be unfavorable to the candidate whose election he espouses. I have said more about this foolish report than I intended. Perhaps, I may be mistaken, and he has assailed me as prostituting my office to advance the election of Mr. Adams. Here he would be equally at fault. I have a higher object, than to become the tool of any man, a sense of duty, I trust, will ever influence me.

Your friend,

JOHN McLEAN.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Esqr., Albany, New York.

P. Master General to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Washington, 28 November, 1826.

I find a letter writer in New York, agrees with you, that Mr. Adams will take the Vote of your State — the letter is published in the enclosed paper.

Your friend,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Esq., Albany, N. Y. JOHN McLEAN.

Hon. Caleb Atwater was a member of the house of representatives from Ohio. He was one of the committee on schools and school lands. In May, 1822, he was appointed by Alden Trimble, Esquire, the then governor of Ohio, one of seven commissioners in regard to schools, he was appointed for congress lands. The seven commissioners accepted and five of them entered on their duties, and assembled at Columbus, the seat of government, in June, 1822. They organized their board, with Caleb Atwater as their chairman. The board proceeded in their labors, day

after day; their room became the centre of attraction for all the lovers of learning, who visited the seat of government, during that session of the state legislature, and a system of education for common schools was established for the new state of Ohio.

Horrible Assassination.

"One of the most horrible instances of deliberate assassination that we have ever been called upon to record was committed in this vicinity on Monday evening May 7th, 1827. The particulars of this transaction are as follows. Mr. John Whipple, of this city, whilst writing at a table, about nine feet from the window, in a back room in the second story of the dwelling house on Cherry Hill, a mile below the city, between nine and ten o'clock at night, was fired at through the sash with a pistol. The ball passed through and shattered a pane of glass, entered the body of Mr. Whipple through the blade bone of his left shoulder, cut one of the principal arteries of the heart, and lodged in the right lobe of the lungs; he barely exclaimed, "My God!" rose and walked a few steps to the head of the stairs, and there fell and immediately expired. The murderer approached his victim by clambering on the roof of a back stoop, and firing from it diagonally at the short distance. A young gentlemen — Mr. Abraham L. Van Rensselaer — was sitting in the room with the deceased; but in the confusion of the moment no pursuit could be made, nor were any measures taken until information was conveyed to the police of the city. The steps of the villain are plainly visible on the roof of the porch, as is also the flash of the powder on the frame of the sash.

Mr. Whipple was in the prime of life, industrious, enterprising, and fair in all his transactions. He was respected as a valuable and intelligent citizen. He has been cut off in the midst of his usefulness, leaving a bereaved widow and an interesting young son to lament his untimely fate.

Mr. Whipple returned from New York on Sunday night, where he had completed an advantageous contract, connected with the Hudson and Delaware canal, in the construction of which he had participated largely; and was at the moment of his death arranging his papers for a departure from the city yesterday morning (Tuesday). He was often from home for weeks engaged in his business transactions. As it may well be conceived an affair so atrocious and so unusual amongst us, has excited great feeling and indignation.

A person by the assumed name of Joseph Orton, arrested on suspicion of being the murderer of Mr. Whipple, was fully committed for trial. The trial commenced on the 26th of July and concluded on the 27th, when the jury rendered a verdict of guilty. On the 4th of August he was brought in and sentenced to be hung on the 24th of the same month between the hours of twelve M. and three P. M. Joseph Orton confessed his real name of Strang to John V. N. Yates whom he desired for his counsel. Mr. Yates, however, declined. He then employed Mr. Calvin Pepper, an eminent and able lawyer, to whom he made a confession, whom he requested to go and remove the rifle, lest it should be found. He confessed to the jailer, Mr. Becker, that he had committed the murder and that Mrs. Whipple was the *whole cause and projector of it.*

Jesse Strang, the son of a respectable farmer of Westchester county, N. Y., deserted his wife and two children the latter end of June, 1826, and arrived at Albany under the assumed name of Joseph Orton. In the latter part of August he hired himself to Mr. Philip P. Van Rensselaer —

whose family consisted of ten or eleven persons and he resided at Cherry Hill, the house where the murder was committed. In this house boarded John Whipple and his wife. Strang made a full confession to the grand jury, giving the horrid recital with much minuteness accompanied by such circumstances, as left no doubt of his guilt. In his disclosures, Strang implicated his paramour, Mrs. Elsie D. Whipple, and charged her with having instigated the murder, also as having acted with him in all its stages, by furnishing the means of purchasing the rifle, the glass for trial of the effect of the ball, &c. He got on a shed and saw the curtain had been rolled up as Mrs. Whipple had promised to do. He put the muzzle of the rifle close to the lowest pane of glass in the sash, took *very deliberate aim* at the upper part of Whipple's left breast and fired. He then jumped off the shed, ran to where he left his bundle, threw it, the gun and boots over the fence, went to a ravine and hid the rifle in the sandy mud — stamped it down and covered it with leaves. After which, crossing the fence he joined the crowd of people on their way to the scene of murder. Strang went for the coroner, was one of the coroner's jury and carried down a cot from the garret on which he assisted to place the corpse. The pane of glass when broken by the ball was a most correct profile resemblance of himself. He was taken by the police officers to the ravine, to whom he pointed out the spot where to find his socks used on the occasion and the rifle. Mrs. Whipple [1] was arrested in June and held in custody in the prison, having been indicted as accessory; but however criminal her conduct may have been in other respects, no proof exists of any participation on her part in the murder and she was accordingly acquitted. Potential influence was exerted in behalf of the unhappy woman and she was sent forth to bear her life's burden.

The old double, spacious mansion at Cherry Hill, having separate entrances, was well calculated for two families who could live entirely distinct from each other. The *north* half, at this time was still occupied by the widow of the revolutionary quarter-master general, Philip Van Rensselaer (deceased March 9, 1798), with her son Kilian and daughter Maria M., subsequently wife of Jacob S. Glen. The *south* half was the residence of another son of the widow, Philip P. Van Rensselaer and family. The wife of the latter gentleman being an aunt of Mrs. Whipple. Mr. Van Rensselaer had died very suddenly a short time previous to the murder of Mr. Whipple. The general opinion now was that, by means of arsenic, he had been deprived of life that the way might be clear for other operations.

Among my "Scraps of Experience" is a panoramic view of those harrowing scenes. I, a little girl of not ten years, had been staying for two or three days with my grandmother at the north side of Cherry Hill, and being rather homesick, was not a little rejoiced when one sunny morning I saw my father, in his gig, drive up to the door with the Hon. Herman Knickerbacker of Schaghticoke, seated by his side. When their visit to the venerable lady was made, I begged to be allowed to return with them, but my father rather put me off, saying they were "not immediately going home." The kind reply of Prince Knickerbacker is still affectionately remembered. "Never mind, general, that is easily managed; let the child go with us, it will do her no harm." A ready acquiescence having

[1] In 1829 Mrs. Whipple was married at New Brunswick to Mr. Freeman.

been given, I was soon prepared, and seated on the prince's knee we were in the little chaise wending our way to the city, no one happier than myself. Soon to my dismay we drove up to the jail and alighted. I felt no fear as we ascended the stairs, for clasping my father's protecting hand, I could have gone to the muzzle of the cannon if *he* was to light the fuse; the very novelty of my surroundings only caused a little flutter. At the request of the gentlemen the barriers were removed; the ponderous door being unlocked slowly moved back on its hinges, and we were in the presence of the unhappy criminal, Strang, who was chained to a strong iron staple. There was a momentary gleam from his defiant eyes, and then his unquiet gaze turned again to the Bible he was reading when we entered the room. My heart thrilled with horror at the remembrance of the atrocious deed that had placed him in this grated cell. It was a terrible scene to see the imprisoned one whose manhood and moral nature had been so fearfully corrupted and wrecked; who was stimulated to proceed in the current of evil with an irresistible drift, by a very fair, beautiful but frail woman, till he murdered without compunction at least one human being possessing many noble traits, pouring out his life blood to satiate lust. After a time we went to Mrs. Whipple who had been assigned by the jailor, rooms on the same floor; she occupied an apartment adjoining Strang's. Mrs. Whipple was in a recumbent posture on her cot; dressed in an elaborately trimmed white cambric, her soft, glossy hair of extraordinary length floated over her shoulders. There was something indescribably attractive in her fair face, and indeed she looked lovely, and really seemed much distressed when she recognized her visitors. With breathless stillness I took in the whole scene, and forcibly realized the isolation and helplessness of one, who was born a lady, but had by frivolousness and vanity sold her birthright. The poor captive exerted herself to regain her self-command, and resolutely checked the hysteric sobs. I remember how, while struggling even to agony, she lifted her streaming eyes, and poured out her heart, conversing with an enthusiasm and personal power that kindled pity and heartfelt sympathy in the breasts of the gentlemen. "There is nothing that touches feeling like feeling itself," and it was honorable to humanity that her peril should have stirred these large-hearted gentlemen to vigorous exertions to save this woman from the fearful jeopardy that then seemed inevitable.

The execution of Jesse Strang, a wretched victim of his own passions, for the murder of John Whipple took place August 24, 1827 A multitude of at least thirty thousand witnessed the execution; the site was Beaver Street hollow, a short distance south of the Capitol. The valley where the execution took place was surrounded by a number of hills, capable of affording to each spectator a perfect view of the gallows. At one o'clock, precisely, the wretched criminal was seen to issue from the jail escorted by the Albany Artillery companies, and attended by the sheriff, Conrad Ten Eyck, the jailor, sheriff's officers and the Rev. Mr. Lacey. Strang appeared dressed in a long white robe, trimmed with black, black gloves and shoes, and wearing on his head a white cap, also trimmed with black; preceding him, in a wagon drawn by two black horses, was placed his coffin, which was enclosed within a pine box. He followed on foot between the clergyman and the sheriff, with firm and undaunted steps; and on arriving at the gallows, he immediately, unassisted, ascended to the platform, where Mr. Lacey read to him the church of England's burial service, Strang joining him fervently in prayer for God's

mercy and grace. Strang made a brief address to the spectators, expressing his contrition. Strang himself drew the cap over his face. The knot slipped to the back of his neck, his neck did not break, and his sufferings were apparently long and painful. The body was taken from the jail and put on board the steamboat and conveyed to the residence of his father and family in Dutchess county. His brothers and sisters waited on him the day before the execution to bid him a last and eternal farewell. The poor and afflicted father could not bring himself to bear such a mode of separation, he left Albany three days previous. Strang left a wife and two children.

The trial of Jesse Strang after he was indicted, at a special Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in the Capitol, Circuit Judge William A Duer, presiding, was a time of intense excitement. Many of the surging multitude came in the wantonness of mere curiosity, to see one whose career was brought to this untimely end by crimes that could admit of no denial; others came to see that neither force nor fraud should frustrate the supremacy of abiding law and that one who could not restrain his hands from needless bloodshed should pay the penalty. By taking the life of a human being when not required by God, a man forfeits his own, and ought, in obedience to the divine requirement, to be put to death. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." This was designed to be another safeguard of human life. Meanwhile there were others present whose hearth was desolate, whose hearts were crushed with anguish beneath this terrible ordeal, they were bowed down by sorrow and there could be no relief. Yet in the midst of all their trouble they ever can hear those gracious words "My grace is sufficient for thee."

"GOVERNOR DE WITT CLINTON expired on the evening of Monday, February 11, 1828, aged 59 years. He was born in the village of New Windsor, March 2d, 1769. His father, General James Clinton, was a brave and useful officer in the French and Indian wars, and in the revolutionary struggle. His uncle, George Clinton, was governor of New York state when De Witt commenced the study of law with Samuel Jones, Esq., and was elevated to the vice-presidency of the United States. In 1798 De Witt Clinton was elected a member of assembly from the city of New York, and in 1800 was chosen a senator and then by a joint ballot of both branches of the legislature, he was elected to a seat in the senate of the United States, where he took an active interest in the concerns of the country. Clinton early became a strong partisan in favor of the Erie canal, and it is owing to the bold stand he took in this great enterprise that his popularity in a measure was owing. In the summer of 1810, he went on a tour with other commissioners for exploring the route of this work. This country was then comparatively a wilderness, and there was not a house where the city of Rochester now stands. De Witt Clinton's person, in his youth and early manhood, was remarkable for its masculine beauty, and as years advanced assumed a majestic character. His stature was upwards of six feet, straight, large, robust and finely proportioned; taking him all in all, he was the best looking man, that this nation ever produced. He was devoted to literary and scientific pursuits, and was an efficient patron of learning. His writings place him high in the ranks of science. He was an eminent statesman, an elegant and profound scholar, and a practical citizen. The news of Governor Clinton's death caused great sorrow to his numerous friends. The summons came without scarcely a moment's warning, whilst he was

sitting in his chair, in his study, in the midst of his family, conversing with his sons. The first indication of the approach of the attack being the falling back of his head upon the chair, and life instantly left him; the lapse between that moment and the arrival of Dr. Bay was not more than ten minutes. Gov. Clinton's fame will live after him. The cause of his sudden death was the rupture of a blood vessel at the heart; a painless, and speedy extinction of life.

"The funeral took place on Thursday, February 14th. The day was ushered in at sunrise by the discharge of cannon, which was repeated every half hour until sunset. The two houses of the legislature proceeded in a body to the mansion of the deceased. The hearse was covered by a superb canopy, and drawn by four white horses, their heads decorated with black plumes and their harness trimmed with crape. The horses were led by grooms properly habited, with white turbans on their head.

"At the vault military honors were paid them in the presence of an immense multitude of spectators. The side walks, windows and roofs were thronged with people, many of whom wore badges, of white satin ribbon, bearing a miniature likeness of Clinton. Colors of vessels at the wharf were displayed at half mast. A solemn knell which announced the moving of the procession fell with sorrow on many hearts; the clergy and physicians with scarfs, the minute-guns, masonic honors, military, all tended to render the scene solemn and impressive." Rev. Dr. Ludlow, in the absence of Rev. Dr. Chester, prayed. The shock, when told of the death of that noble man, and the funeral spectacle comes up forcibly to my mind; my childish love for the great, majestically tall, handsome and good governor, my father's true friend, was very strong, for he mingled playfulness and mirth in his familiar conversation with the little ones. Valuable mementoes given by Mrs. Clinton, after the governor's death, are still preserved and cherished in our family.

The charter for the Hudson and Mohawk railroad, the first in America, from Albany to Schenectady was passed by our legislature at the session of 1826.

CHAPTER XXI.

INTERESTING LETTERS FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

Gen. Harrison to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, New York, 8th Nov., 1828.

I am extremely glad to hear that you have determined to commit your Son to my care. It will be his own fault if the trip does not prove beneficial to him. He will acquire an accurate knowledge of the French and Spanish Languages. See a great deal of the world, by the necessary intercourse with the Diplomatic Agents with which he will associate, become intimately acquainted with a most interesting country, whose relations with us are becoming more and more important to his country, and should

W. H. Harrison.

he choose to devote himself to that pursuit, lay the foundation of future employment in the Diplomacy of the nation. Indeed he will acquire knowledge which will be useful to him, in any avocation he may afterwards engage in. A fine young man of the name of Bunker, a friend of the Mr. Henry Ogden, whom I mentioned to you, will leave this for Bogota in about two months, he has been there before, speaks the Spanish language and is well acquainted with the route, I would advise you to send your son with him. By the time they arrive, I shall have commenced housekeeping, being in the meantime (until my furniture arrives) obliged to live in the house of a gentleman who has invited me, for there are neither taverns nor boarding houses in Bogota. You must fit him out, and *frank him* to me, after his arrival I will pay all his expenses and return him to you. A plain blue coat with the Diplomatic button, which can only be got in Philadelphia, is all the uniform he will require. If that button cannot be got (it has an Eagle with an olive branch, in one talon, and a thunderbolt in the other) the button of the marine corps will answer. Mrs. Van Rensselaer need not fear the climate of Bogota, it is as healthy there as in New York. Nor can any political commotion in the country affect us. In haste. Your friend, W. H. HARRISON.

Genl. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Post Master, Albany, N. Y.

In 1828 General William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe, was appointed by President John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the republic of Colombia, comprising the vice-royalty of new Grenada and the late captain generalship of Venezuela. He accepted this appointment and repaired without delay to the scene of his duties, where he was received with every demonstration of respect. He found this unhappy country in a deplorable condition; the people ignorant of their rights, and almost in a state of anarchy, and General Simon Bolivar apparently about to assume the despotic power of a military dictator. Shocked at this state of things, with the frankness of an old soldier, he wrote his celebrated letter to General Bolivar after he was superseded. To every sentiment traced in that letter each republican heart could respond and could not fail to appreciate the philanthropic motives of the writer in its dictation. It is a well known fact that prior to the late revolution in Colombia, every North American estimated Bolivar as a pure patriot, and all who visited this country carried with them a strong predilection in his favor, but this confidence in the republicanism of the chief was not well founded. Gen. Harrison observed for himself and did properly estimate the different tales he heard in favor of, and to the prejudice of Bolivar. A soldier himself, he (in his own words), "could possess no feelings but those of the kindest characters towards one, who had shed so much lustre on the profession of arms" though he regretted the ill advised policy which led him to aspire at a sceptre. Before leaving America Gen. Harrison requested that the son of his old friend should join the mission.

My brother, Rensselaer Van Rensselaer, left Albany on November 30, 1828, in the steam boat Constellation, Capt. R. G. Cruttenden, and sailed from New York city, on December 4th, in the brig "Tampico," Capt. Fish, "under a hopeful flag and a promise of a happy voyage." His object being to join William H. Harrison, the United States minister plenipotentiary at Bogota the capital of Colombia, South America. The following descriptive, private letters, penned by the thoughtful and observ-

ant traveler, for the home circle of "loved ones," in his own graphic, bold, off handed style, without hesitation as to choice of words or language, were written in that southern peninsula forty-five years ago. They will be found interesting and instructive as making us better acquainted with the natural features of the country, its productions, ceremonies, government and religion, as delineated in scenes and occurrences which fell under his immediate observation. His connection with the diplomatic body, also, gave him ample opportunities to become well informed regarding this country ruled by the rod of Spanish despotism. A region so varied in aspect and exquisite in beauty, of which but little was known at that early period, that the human mind, even now, is "successively surprised with the sublime and astonishing works of nature where rivers of amazing breadth flow through beautiful and widely extended plains, and where lofty mountains, whose summits are covered with eternal snow, intercept the course of the clouds and hide their heads from the view of mortals." Yet despite the conflicts and hardships of travel, with its perils both in the valleys and mountains, beautiful spectacles were seen on every side, all of which added their quota to that enjoyment which his capacity for description traced as he observed Nature in all her various garbs." It is also a very highly favored part of the globe, compared with the other great divisions, as it respects the salubrity of its climate, the fertility of soil, and the value of its natural productions.

"The surface is greatly diversified. The western part consists chiefly of elevated table land, crowned by chains of majestic mountains; it is traversed by the *Andes*, at a distance varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles from the western coast; the most celebrated summits of which are within Colombia, and they have been seen at sea, at the distance of one hundred and eighty miles from the shore. A number of these elevations are volcanic, and a great many of them clothed with snow. They abound in natural wonders, as stupendous precipices, impetuous torrents, picturesque cataracts, and frightful chasms. The torrents and chasms are often crossed by rope bridges. The highest summits have an aspect of unrivalled sublimity, their elevation carrying them above the region of the clouds; and below their snowy tops, the storm is seen to burst: and the exploring traveler hears the thunder roll, and sees the lightning dart beneath his feet. Between the different ridges there are extensive plains of great fertility and beauty, well cultivated and populous.

"The Andes are said to derive their name from the Peruvian word *anti*, which signifies copper. They are composed in great part of porphyry, and abound in precious metals. The Andes, too, are a great nursery for birds. Among these the *condor* is the most remarkable, and is the largest bird that has the faculty of flying in the air. Its wings, when extended, measure from twelve to sixteen feet; and it soars to the height of more than 20,000 feet; it is of the genus *vulture*. Many parts of South America are extremely subject to *earthquakes*, and for the sake of greater security, the houses are commonly built of only one story."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to Gen. Harrison.

My Dear Sir, Albany Dec. 1st, 1828.

My Son — Major Rensselaer Van Rensselaer of the Militia of this State, sails on Monday next to join you in South America. I do not wish to say any thing in his favor, lest you should be disappointed in your expectations of him. He goes from here fully equipped and must do as you and

I did — provide for himself. We had not when poor boys, of about the same age, dear friends to take us by the hand. He has already learnt from me to love you; and thus much I may venture to say, that you will find him to possess a considerable share of talents, integrity and firmness. Any difficult business you put him upon, he will if *possible* execute. To my God and to you, my old friend, I commit him with my blessing, the only legacy I can leave him. He takes with him a negro boy, raised in my family, as his body servant; they did not wish to be separated. The boy — named Cato — says he will be of no expense to *Master Rensselaer;* he probably may be of service in your family, he is a pretty good waiter, hostler and gardener. My Son will stay a short time at Baranquilla with the Messrs Glen of this quarter — early friends — to learn the Spanish language. That your Mission may prove honorable and profitable to our dear Country and yourself, I do most sincerely pray.

I am dear Sir, your old friend,
Sol. Van Rensselaer.

His Excellency, Major Genl. William H. Harrison,
Minister Plenipotentiary, Colombia, South America.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Dear Father, New York 2nd December 1828.

My plans so far have succeeded, and Dr Van Rensselaer's arrangements will enable me to effect the rest without difficulty. The ship will sail to day — Tuesday, but precisely at what hour, I cannot tell, until I hear from John Glen who has gone to see the owner about it, she will probably leave about one o'clock. Glen does not go with us — but remains a little longer in this country before he returns to his Southern home. This ship does not touch at St. Martha, on her way to or from Carthagena at all. We will travel on mules from the latter place to Baranquilla, which will give us an opportunity of seeing some of the country bordering on the sea coast. Glen gives me letters to his friends in Carthagena, but I shall not remain there longer than is necessary, nor any where else until I get home. Cato's first attempt at acting the lackey and as *valet de chambre* augurs well for the future. I preserve an inflexible gravity as he *tries* to make himself generally useful; he is always good natured and cheerful, and is really more expert in his new calling than I anticipated he would be. He is as anxious as myself to commence our new career in South America. I feel very sanguine of success there, and do really hope that you will always think the same for I will use the utmost diligence in the path of duty. I know your fondest hopes and affections are centred in me (they are reciprocated) and a determination to think me doing well, will make you all happier. 1 *o'clock* — Passage paid, and about going aboard the Ship. I shall write you again by the Pilot when aboard the packet. My best, my tenderest love to my dear considerate and affectionate Mother, Sisters and all. Believe me gratefully and sincerely yours.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. Renss. Van Rensselaer.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Brig "Tampico" New York Bay,

Dear Father, Off Staten Island, 4th December, 1828.

Owing to the difficulty of getting the crew on board, we did not leave New York until 9 o'clock this morning, but we are now under fine headway and will soon be outside with this favorable wind. The bustle of

departure and the noisy preparations of the crew overhead, which although attractive to me for its novelty, does not permit my ideas to flow copiously. I therefore consider it peculiarly fortunate that I have not a great deal to say now. The Doctor and John Glen have been very attentive and kind to me. The *Diplomatic buttons* were given me yesterday, they are very different from those of the Marine Corps. Of course I'll have *them* put on instead of those I had ordered in New York. Don Glen has given me a host of letters for persons in Colombia, which will make for me plenty of acquaintances in my travels. We have but one passenger besides myself, a French gentleman from Panama who speaks the Spanish language very fluently, he will be quite an acquisition as company and useful to me in my studies aboard.

10 o'clock A.M. Off Fort Lafayette.

The Captain says, there will be no stop now until Carthagena picks us up, and suggests the propriety of my closing letters. I coincide with him in it, not only on account of the shortness of the Pilots stay aboard, but there is a sort of an indigenous sensation within, (caused perhaps by the motion of the vessel) that bids me finish soon, or it will raise a tumult that will prevent all letter writing, but I will anticipate it. We have a prospect of a fine run, the wind is fair and off the coast. All this good brig wants in case of a gale is plenty of sea room, which we will soon have, as we are sailing triumphantly onward. You need not apprehend any danger, I do not; the sea sickness I would rather court than shun, so cheer up each one keep a good heart, and all will yet turn out well.

¾ *past* 10 *o'clock.* Sandy-Hook Light-house just by, the Pilot leaves us soon. My qualmishness has already left me. I must now close. Cato does stand it well, and is delighted with all he sees in the sea route. God bless you all — all; bushel baskets full of love to all inquiring friends, don't forget Rykeman. Yours ever sincerely,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. R. VAN RENSSELAER.

"It was regretted that South America so beautifully formed and enriched by the hand of nature had, by Spanish oppressiveness, so long been prevented in their abject depression from all improvement or the population of a country which might have supported millions of beings in affluence. A set of avaricious men have successively drenched with innocent blood those widely extended plains on this vast peninsula." Colombia, the temporary home of our travelers, is a very extensive country, comprising all the northwestern part of South America, and is composed of the Old Spanish vice royalty of *New Grenada* and *Carracas* or *Venezuela*, which were united and formed into a republic in 1819. The former, extending along the Pacific ocean from the isthmus of Darien to Peru, is bounded on the east by the latter which comprises a triangular territory, lying between the Amazon river and the Caribbean sea nearly, if not quite equal to that of the United States. The two regions are subdivided into departments, and into provinces or states which represented in a congress assembled at Rosario de Cucuta, in 1821, according to an act of confederation and to a constitution modeled in many respects after our own. After confirming the election of Gen. Simon Bolivar to the presidency it established the seat of general government at Santa Fe De Bogota.

For a time every appearance indicated the speedy establishment of a happy result to the tremendous struggles of this brave and chivalrous people for independence; but in the practical test of some of the provisions

of their new Constitution many incongruities and inconveniences were manifested. The difficulties and expenses of traveling through such a very mountainous country, for the high court resident at the capital, it appeared so formidable to applicants for claims or for justice, as to be deemed equivalent to a denial. A spirit of discontent was thus early engendered in several portions of the republic, and the host of military officers (who for near a dozen years had enjoyed the fascinating pomp and circumstance of war, either cloyed with the monotonous duties of the peace establishment, or piqued at the fancied slights evinced towards themselves in the distribution of the lucrative offices), did all in their power to encourage it, in order, as they hoped, to promote their own ambitious views. Consequently, instead of being at leisure to remedy their defects, the government were harassed by a succession of conspiracies, for the suppression of which nearly all their time and resources were requisite. In the intervals, however, conventions, for the purpose of compromising the causes of collision between the different states, or between state and government, were called. Owing, however, to the extreme diversity of sectional interests, and to invincible jealousy, it was apparent that nothing effectvie could be done and that the integrity of the confederacy could not last. Venezuela first seceded and formed a government by itself. The south western states of New Grenada next promulgated their act of separation, and designated as the "government of the Ecuador," under their President General Flores, are now waging a ruinous war against Colombia.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

My Dear Father, Carthagena S. A. December 28, 1828.

My last dated the 4th sent ashore by the pilot, left our staunch little brig scudding away finely past Sandy Hook at the rate of 9 knots per hour. We lost sight of the noted Highlands of Navesink at twilight; the wind continuing fair we reached the Gulf Stream on the 8th and 9th. There we had a touch of what the sailors call "dirty weather," and were tost about handsomely; the few sails we had set, gave a rapid headway. The pitching and rolling motion of the vessel, increased the sea-sickness which had first grappled with me at Sandy-Hook, and held on for several days. I was not well during the whole voyage, and at times was truly most exquisitely sick. But as I took the Captain's advice, in "taking aboard all the provisions I could stow away," as soon as the taste arising from the discharge of the old stock was forgotten, I did not loose so very much strength or flesh as might have been expected. And now a residence in the harbor in still water, or on shore, has awakened a most voracious appetite, an indulgence of which has made me feel as strong as I ever did. Cato was sick but once, and that was, during the height of the gale. After the 9th we had passed the Gulf Stream and found smoother water, with light winds. Indeed we were often becalmed for a short time, but made head-way every day; the highest day's work was 45 miles. On the 14th we had the gatification of speaking a brig, in Lat. 25° 50′, Lon. 68° 30′, a pleasure it was indeed to see others, besides ourselves on the wild trackless ocean. Dec. 17th and 18th found us nearing the dreaded Mona passage; all hands were now earnestly employed in putting our armory in condition to give any Pirates, that might be there, a suitable reception in case of any attempt to molest us. We had *two* six pounders aboard, but I owned most of the small arms; however, we passed close by the shore of St. Domingo on the 18th without interruption.

The beach is very similar to that of Long Island, flat land of a light sandy soil; on the side we passed, was hilly, covered with a growth of low verdant bushes, they looked well to us. After reaching the Mona, we were favored by the trade winds, which wafted us gaily on our course. While in the neighborhood of the West Indies we had frequent rain storms accompanied with dangerous gusts, sudden and violent tempests of wind, rain, thunder and lightning, but a sharp lookout enabled the experienced captain to foresee their approach, in time to avoid the effect of the furious swelling of the sea. On the 22nd we reached the port of Carthagena, of which, the town, vicinity &c. I will write from Barranquilla. Edward Glen was in town, but just in the act of leaving, with a lot of goods, when the Captain and Custom House officers went ashore with the letter-bag; but as part of his horses had already started, and being anxious to overtake them, he was obliged to leave without seeing me. He yesterday sent back horses for me, with which I start to day, immediately after dinner which is now coming on the table. I intended to have deferred writing to you till after reaching Glen's residence, as the Tampico does not leave here till the 10th proximo; but as a letter might miscarry, I thought best to have two "white winged messengers" on the way for your satisfaction. This one I'll leave with the Captain and send the other by mail express. They are loading the horses so I must hurry. The Climate within the tropics is hot enough here in all conscience, a continual and scorching heat, but just now the weather is as moderate as with us the last of June. The general character of the people is as described by John Glen; as far as I now see they have a mixture of pride and laziness combined with avarice; but I feel as sanguine as ever of doing well here. My love to all. Yours as ever, RENS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

My Dear Father, Barranquilla S. A. Jany 1, 1829.

I little thought two months since that the last day of 1828 would leave me at *Barrankelia*, but so it is, and now having told you where I am, after wishing you my honored Father, my own dear Mother, Sisters and kind friends a great many happy returns of this day, will (as my letter from Carthagena was written in such haste) waft you back again to Lat. 25°.50'. Lon. 68°.30', where we were Sunday Dec. 14th ult. speaking the brig "Louisa of St. Johns," from Trinidad bound home; the wind was fresh, we barely had time to exchange the usual inquiries of "What's your name?" "What's your Longitude?" "Where from?" "Where bound?" we passed each other so rapidly. Our hailing first, gave John Bull the last word and though he improved his time, I could not understand a word of the long yarn he was spinning when leaving us, but our Captain thought he said something about the Mona passage, and supposed he might have warned us against pirates. The next day the sea was too rough to allow us to overhaul our armory, but the day after, the cartridges were made for the 2 six pounders, for my fire arms &c. The only sword on board was put in my hands; in Cato's a Spanish knife about two feet long, which with another knife and pistol, comprised our means of defence, under the management of ten men, and a *Frenchman*. The night before we reached the passage, the Mate came below, and told us of a black looking schooner on our lee quarter. He had seen her some time, but did not

call the Captain until he was sure of its being a vessel; we all watched her closely but the Frenchman who was *sick* in his berth.

Says the Captain to his Mate, "Does she gain on you?" — "Yes sir." Capt. "Well then Sir, we'll try her speed, out with the studding sails." Mate, "Aye, aye sir" — "Out with the studding sails boys, be lively now." "Aye, aye, Sir," the crew respond, and the additional sails were soon spread.

Our brig, which *en passant*, is a good sailor, yielding to the impulse left the stranger, merchant or piratical craft, in a short time and just then the trade wind struck and was fair for us till we reached Colombia. We passed so close to the Island of Hispaniola or St. Domingo that we could see nothing of Porto Rico or the Mona Islands. The squalls of wind, accompanied by heavy showers of rain, are very frequent and dangerous in the West Indies at all seasons, the duration is short but if not guarded against in time the effect is fatal. On the 18th we lost sight of St. Domingo, and on Sunday 21st the high peaks of the Nahuange mountains in South America appeared bearing south of us (our course being South West). There are visible an immense distance at sea, rising above the mist or fog that hides its base from the sight; their sombre shade contrasted with the beautiful azure sky, and the white mist spreading below till it reaches the dark blue ocean, gives it a very singular appearance, to persons accustomed to the monotonous view on only the boundless main. As we proceeded on our course, the Sierra or mountains of St. Martha, (from the sight of which we had been excluded by the intervening Nahuange) meets our view. They are 14,229 feet high, their tops covered with perpetual ice and snow; upon which the sun shines, in all his splendor, long after he has buried himself from our gaze in the deep, giving them a resemblance to immense bodies of crystals suspended in the air. Those glaciers reflecting back the prismatic colors caused by the rays of the sun at twilight, from high above the clouds which clothe its base and rests upon the deep blue ocean, has a magical effect upon the eye of the seasick wanderer. 22*nd*. Our course after first making land is parallel with the coast, but we did not keep near enough to distinguish any thing save the mountains, until we approached Carthagena, where La Papa the only hill of consequence in the vicinity, shows itself about a mile North East from the City crowned with the remains of a dilapidated Nunnery.

We passed the City about 4 o'clock, on our way to Boca Chica, or the small entrance to the harbor, nine miles South West of it. Boca-Grande or the large entrance three miles from the Town, was closed by the Spaniards during the revolution as the width of the passage rendered its defence very difficult.

Carthagena looks extremely well in passing by, its appearance from sea is better than from any other quarter, it is the principal seaport town. The wind was very light when approaching the land, which was a fortunate thing for us; although there is a good anchorage for vessels in the bay, which is seven miles wide, yet there are many shallows and hazardous spots. In consequence of the darkness of the night we struck on a reef, about 9 o'clock, near Boca Chica, and the vessel heaving and sinking with the light swells of the sea would have soon beat to pieces if those waves had been heavier. As it was the Captain, although alarmed for the safety of his vessel, displayed the same equanimity of mind that he did "when floods of water poured from the clouds with a prodigious impetuosity," and the same composure exhibited during the whole passage. At the same time his orders were obeyed with a right good will by the

entire crew. I had never seen even our Frenchman display so much alacrity, he was out of cabin in an instant after the first thump; and when the boat was let down, to carry out an anchor by which to warp the brig out, he was the first man in it; and in spite of the assurance of the Mate that he should not be left behind, in case we went to pieces, he remained there till the heavy anchor was dropped in deep water, and did not come aboard again till the last of the men had left the boat. The poor fellow was in real trouble, but for my life, I could not but laugh at him whilst he was in the boat.

Cato had tried the pumps as directed, and they soon sucked and the vessel was proved stanch. Monsieur Bosquet was standing by the pumps and shortly after hearing the noise caused by the air rushing in to fill up the vacüum caused by the receding water, he made a spring towards me, and getting hold of my arm, exclaimed with tears in his eyes, "*O mon Dieu! Mr. Valencia, Monsieur Valencia, nous serous perdu!*" i. e., "O my God! Monsieur Valencia (as he called me) we will be lost."

I explained the cause of the noise he had heard and pointing out the short distance we were from land said we would be saved. The rising moon enabled us *now* to distinguish the shore, but that would not pacify him, he could not swim, and we were on a sharp rocky bottom, that some of the shaggy points could certainly go through the vessel and sink us he was quite sure. Just then I found by the lead, which I was holding, that the heaving on the anchor started the brig and passed the word to the Captain "*she moves.*" "She moves boys, heave away," says the captain from one end of the capstan; "She moves, my bullies," says the Mate from the other. All hands now appeared to have received new vigor from the news I had imparted and exerted themselves accordingly. The Captain who had taken the lead corroborated my report, and a new hand at the pumps pronounced her a "sound ship." The cry was echoed aloud, and all hands on board, but the Frenchman, manning the windlass brought the vessel up to the second anchor, when a favoring blast filling our sails we soon left our dangerous berth. At eleven o'clock we came to anchor under the guns of the forts at the mouth of Boco-Chica. The Forts are about half a mile apart, strongly built, well garrisoned and stored, of a circular shape, mounted with two tiers of heavy guns. The Spaniards have confined in them a number of persons supposed to have been concerned in the disturbances at Bogotá, among whom is General Santander, Vice President.

Having for eighteen days been accustomed to hear the roaring of the elements, and hum of the seamen about me only, on that night the periodical cry of the Sentries on the walls of the castles, the tolling of the bells, the twittering of the pelican and other birds, the barking of dogs, together with the melodious tones of the jackass on shore, formed such "a combination of sweet sounds," that I being naturally fond of music, could not think of sleeping five minutes at a time during the night, although I felt fatigued not only from my exertions the evening before, but from the operation of a heavy dose of salts, of which *I* had taken a good one, (not by any means forgetting to give the same to Cato.) On December 23rd at 7 P. M. a Pilot came on board and conducted us into the harbor as the assistance of a good pilot, amid all the many shoals, is quite necessary. We passed the 64 gun ship "Columbia" fitting out for the coast of Peru, (since gone), another national vessel of the same size, together with three other smaller ones lie in the harbor dismantled and going to decay. The

water here is so smooth that ships feel no more motion than they would in a river, while a great variety of good fish abound in the bay. Near one of the forts on Island Tierra Bomba (or Round Land) which forms one side of the fortress, is a small hamlet, three miles off is another containing a Lazaretto and a Monastery. Back of the first, the ruins of an old castle tends to diversify the scene; near the last, the first indication we have seen of cultivation is manifested in a field or two of maize and yams. To give you Cato's description of the village houses, they look like "so many straw thatched barns." The port is nine miles long, varying from one to three miles wide, is a good harbor for shipping with plenty of water and land locked. The land surrounding it, though uneven, does not in any point attain a great elevation.

At eleven o'clock we dropped anchor one mile from the town, a nearer approach being impracticable for large vessels from the shallowness of the water. A boat of revenue officers soon came aboard; after examining the Captain's papers, and sealing up the hatches, departed leaving one of the number on board to prevent smuggling, also directing passengers not to land without a *boleta* or permit from the police. That day I sent a letter of introduction from John Glen to an Irish *jontlemon* by the name of Kinsella, as Mr. Glen had led me to suppose that he would do any thing for a friend of his, but being engaged on a courting expedition is too much of a soldier to forsake his post, to procure boleta's for strangers. I therefore after sealing up a second letter to McPherson the American Consul, sent that ashore, *who* having had some difficulty with the civil authorities there (He had been imprisoned by them, the correspondence arising from that circumstance with General Montillo, President Bolivar and Mr. Clay, he afterwards showed me and is preparing a statement for me to take on to Gen. Harrison), could not attend personally to it, but gave the business in the hands of a New Yorker by name of Kelly, who took all the steps for getting me ashore. Whilst waiting for my *boleta*, I observed the manner of discharging a vessels cargo. The freight is taken to the Custom House (where everything landed is examined) in large canoes or *bungos* — *bunglers* would be a more appropriate name for they are such clumsy looking things; are manned by a *patron* or captain with three or four men, will carry from 1 to 8 tons. The natives when at work wear pantaloons only, frequently they substitute for the "fig leaf" a handkerchief their whole dress — many of these strong limbed fellows would serve as good models to the sculptor for his chisel to form from stone.

On Christmas morning I first landed in Colombia, and had the honor of a presentation to all the police magistrates, and to the Commandant Gen. Montillo. After having passed through with that ceremony, my own personal access to the shore was secured, but the grand difficulty was to procure the same privilege for my baggage. An order, for that, was necessary from the Custom House, and a passport for my departure from the City into the interior. All of which was accomplished by aid of Mr. Kelly, together with M. Juliet (formerly of the Troy Seminary) and a Monsieur La Batte (entire strangers to me), after waiting in vain for the promises of Kinsella to procure them for me to be fullfilled. During the time I was employed in getting my papers, I heard of a gentleman's — called Burke, intention of going on to Barranquilla, and sent him word that I would be happy to accompany him. He returned as answer, that he designed to start on Saturday evening the 27th, and would be extremely glad of my

company. In consequence of which I detained the horses and guide, that Edward Glen had procured for me, at a heavy expense; however, when the day arrived Mr. Burke, who had neither thought proper to call upon, or send me word about it, was not yet ready; and as I did not know when he would be, I left Carthagena the next day alone. I was advised to wait for him, but I told McPherson and others that Mr. Burke's company was as little desirable to me as mine appeared to be to him, and that I could travel without putting myself under any obligations to him, that if our situations had been reversed, my conduct under the same circumstances would have been different. The grand difficulty in procuring my certificates was in consequence of the holidays, a gala season in every sense of the word, when the entire community engage in feasting and masquerading to the exclusion of attention to business. My papers were given as a matter of very great favor.

Carthagenia is situated on what was formerly a Peninsula, but the Spaniards in fortifying it dug a ditch, 35 or 40 feet wide across the Isthmus, to prevent sapping quite deep, inside of which the walls of stone arise 30 feet high and from 10 to 15 feet in thickness. The suburbs as called though larger than the city, are secured in the same manner well fortified with wall and ditch. One bridge across each ditch serves to connect it with the mainland, these are of wood and can be destroyed with ease when necessary. The whole line of fortification is ornamented with 24 pounders of copper, elegant workmanship, besides mortars &c. Half a mile from the City walls, is the Castle of St. Philippe, it is situated on an eminence 150 feet high, it is also strongly fortified and commands the town, it presents a grand appearance. Half a mile further in the same direction from the City, the hill of La Papa, rears its coronated head upwards of 500 feet above the sea. With a singular oversight the Spaniards. in their wisdom, when erecting works for the defence of the City did not think of fortifying it, in consequence the troops of Gen. Bolivar became its masters without much trouble during the revolution. From whence they securely cannonaded San Philippe, till battered walls on the land side affording no protection to the famished garrison, they were compelled to strike to the Colombian flag; after which its guns in conjunction with those on La Papa were directed upon the City. Whilst those land operations were going on, General Padilla (since shot in Bogota) taking advantage of a favorable breeze, run by the Forts at Boca Chica, in a small sloop of war, at night, anchored in the harbor and thereby cut off the inhabitants from the only remaining source of procuring supplies. Shortly after the City yielded to its assailants; but with provisions plenty the place is impregnable.

After reporting myself to the civil authorities, being at liberty to follow the dictates of my fancy, I yielded to its impulse and followed the crowd to the public square in the heart of the City. Here the Magistrates had assembled to dispense Liberty, the greatest blessing of man, as a Christmas present to about thirty slaves of both sex and all ages. It was a most interesting sight; when the Cap of Freedom was presented to them, the poor mortals could not restrain their tears and the cry of *Viva él Librator* and *Viva la Republica*, burst from the crowd at the conclusion of the ceremony. The delighted freed-men doffed their ordinary hats and having mounted their tri-colored caps, paraded the streets with the most grotesque demonstrations of joy. It was laughable to witness the ludicrous expression with a broad grin on their comical faces and the spring halt sort of

step with which they skipped along receiving the congratulations of friends. The sight gave a favorable impression of the Colombian people, particularly of the Manumission Society, with whose funds the freedom of those slaves had been procured. At the conclusion, my friend conducted me to his house where I remained till the sea breeze set in, this wind comes only from two points of the compass and is almost as regular as the sun. This sea breeze sets in about 11 A. M., and continues till near sun set, when it is succeeded by the land breeze, which blows till 8 or 9 A. M. Between the changes the air is calm, while the sun sends down his almost perpendicular rays with such vehement heat, that the majority of the inhabitants seek the shelter of their houses, the thermometer at such times will rise in the sun to 150°, in the shade to 80° or 90°. Though I have been exceedingly careful of self, still in traveling have been at times necessarily exposed to the heat, at all hours of the day, but have not subsequently, so far, experienced any injurious effects from the exposure; on the contrary, I feel stronger and more rugged than I have for the five or six last years. The pain in my breast which was often troublesome to me at home for that period, has not effected me in the least. I know not whether to attribute this to my severe sea sickness or to the climate, but imagine both have a "hand's share" in the good result. Cato, too, is as hearty as a buck goat.

The houses of Carthagena are built of stone, and covered with tile roofs; those of the wealthy class are two stories high with balconies, hanging over the street, with lattices of wood. The one story houses generally have two apartments, one of which is used as a parlor, eating and working room; the other as a general sleeping apartment for the family. The hammocks for strangers are suspended either in the parlor, or in a shed at the back of the house; every house has a yard attached to it, in the rear of which is a room for cooking and for servants. There are no ceilings and no floors except brick or cement and frequently only ground floors in the lower story. These houses are very singular and antique: the latticed or barred windows without lights, the immense thick walls and heavy doors give each one the appearance of a castle or dungeon, but when you enter, they are airy, cool and clean. The public edifices have the same heavy aspect; the Cathedrals are very richly embellished with furniture of the most costly description. The streets are in regular squares, but not very wide; not paved and of course, as the soil is sand, they are very dusty in the dry season. The Population is about 25 or 30,000 of every shade from the pure white to the real Guinea negro, the Creoles or contaminated class predominate over the unmixed, though the aborigines form the largest numbers; there is a commingling of a few Europeans with Negroes, Indians and Creoles. The latter are the business class and generally thrifty. Color does not seem to deteriorate from, or augment the respectability of any person, all as far as I have had an opportunity to observe are equal, provided they have the necessary *shiners* here as with us "money makes the mare go."

The Festivities of the holidays, *Las fiesta*, commence just before Christmas and continue ten or twelve days, during which there is almost an entire cessation from labor, indeed for certain periods the law prohibits the transaction of business. Dancing and masquerading are kept up every night till dawn during the holidays on the public square, private balls are not then allowed. On the Square under the canopy of a large awning, stretched on poles, spread for their accommodation, such a commingling

of the "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray," in their fanciful disguises is most astonishing. There surrounded by the mob who have free access, you see hundreds "trip it on the light fantastic toe," engaged in the giddy waltz, and at intervals breaking off to witness the explosion of some splendid pyrotechnical exhibitions. The richest class alone assume the mask, and probably the greater proportion attend without being able to bear the expense. Most of the ordinary dresses for the ladies are very costly and elegant; the prevailing head-gear is a large figured tortoise shell comb covered with a rich black lace veil; gold neck ornaments, white gowns, figured silk stockings and satin slippers constitute the dress for all kinds of weather; bonnets are never worn because the climate here is extremely hot, and sultry during the whole year. The gentlemen's dress is a complete suit of white material with pumps. The young of the poorer classes run about the streets, with all the clothes that Nature gave them and no more. The ladies, in masquerading, appear more desirous to remain incog than to support any character as they do in Europe. For that reason I was not as well pleased as I had thought I would be; some few of the Masks, however did sustain a character tolerably well. Among those was a North American Indian with his tomahawk, wampum-belt, knife and rifle, a very demure looking Nun; a gouty Sexagenarian with two pretty daughters, both of the Señoras evidently were watching an opportunity of running away with some handsome lover. When they were dancing, the poor old man, scarcely able to see across his nose, would hunt for them till his cough compelled him to be seated. There was also a Monkey with his two keepers. The best of the whole company was a Bashaw with his Sultana; they were richly dressed in Oriental robes and supported their characters to a nicety. I remarked to Capt. Fish as they passed by us, what I thought of them, and added, I did not wonder at *his* taste in confining himself to the society of one Señora, who could move and act the Sultana so well. In the next turn the Mask addressed me in Spanish with "How do you do Señor Inglés," from which I inferred that he had understood my remark. I could not find out who it was, but from the height and figure supposed him to be a Mr. Bunch, the richest Englishman in the place, to whom I had been introduced. The masks seldom hail a stranger, or a person unknown to them, but always return a salutation. Sunday is *the* grand gala day for the amusements at which time a more general muster is made with much smoking of cigars. A corner of the same square is appropriated to the slaves for their use during the "Fiestas," who imitating the example of their betters, have their own fun in dancing the monotonous "fandangos" while the festivities last.

There is one custom in Colombia that does not suit my Yankee stomach at all! at all, and that is to be content with two meals per day. It is a universal practice to swallow a cup of coffee at first rising in the morning; the regular breakfast is taken at 10 o'clock it generally consists of coffee, bollos, fish, a mixed dish (made of salt meat, yams, plantains, potatoes and other roots called *San Cocho*), poultry &c. At 6 o'clock P. M. you are called to dinner of innumerable dishes of soup, fish, turtle, poultry, pork, and other meats which are served up in succession with a change of plates for each variety. Instead of bread and potatoes, we have fine yams and the "bollos," which is the substitute for bread where flour cannot be obtained, (it is a preparation from maize and is quite palatable, though not equal to our "staff of life.") The meal is finished with oranges, papaws, plantains

and other kinds of fruit, wines and a cup of chocolate, which is served up in a small quantity and is perfectly delicious. There is scarcely any twilight owing to the vertical position of the sun, therefore our dinner is never finished till after dark, which sets in *almost* immediately at sunset, but at the conclusion of the meal we are furnished with cigars, which are here used by men, women and children of every rank, even in the ball-room, without regard to time or place from the cradle to the senile crutch. The road for a mile or two from the suburbs is well enough for carriages in use, and indeed the only one kind that can traverse these highways. Even these are used only by the most wealthy; they are very clumsy sort of gigs, drawn by one horse, on which the driver is mounted; the gig is calculated to carry three persons on its only seat, and it is well for the poor horses that the route extends no farther, as the weight of the machine is load enough without a passenger. But poor as the conveyance is, the bare headed ladies seem to enjoy the drive very much.

And now having for some days enjoyed the pleasant breeze from the Caribean Sea we will return to the starting point. On Sunday 28th at 4 P. M. I left the strongly fortified Carthagena, Lat. 10° 26′, W. Lon. 75° 26′, accompanied to the outer gates by six or seven young Americans, where we found that the guards had stopped the guide with Cato and my baggage; also had demanded a search (an operation it had undergone in passing through the Custom House,) but after producing my Passport we were allowed to proceed without any further detention. After hearty *adios* from my Countrymen, who had kindly given every instruction they supposed my guide might require I soon lost sight of the dusty streets, lofty domes, the splendid Cathedral, the unfinished decaying Inquisition, handsome turrets and very thick walls of the principal seaport town in Terra Firma. ["This country was called Terra Firma, by Columbus, on account of its being the first part of the continent which was discovered, all the lands discovered previous to this being islands."]

The road past San Phillipe and La Papa (with its dilapidated Nunnery, whose sanctity was not regarded by the Patriots), is very fine, but after that, this public road is worse and worse. Two miles from the walls it contracts until it becomes no better than a sheep-path through the woods, than like the great source of communication between a large seaport and the grand interior. In many places the pools of water standing in the main road compel us to leave it, in doing so, we meander about among the stumps and trees before we regain the forsaken path, till we eke out the distance to four times the length it otherwise would have been. Of course our progress was slow, well! so much the better, for now we can look at ourselves and our animals. First in line is the Patron or guide, he sits "in all his pride of place," between my two trunks with his legs crossed over the neck of his horse, looking more fit to carry the horse than the horse him, the tawny dog! Next in rank is my noble self in corduroy pantaloons and short jacket, boots and spurs with holsters and pistols, before me; not forgetting the indispensable *fan* in my pocket, with a small portmanteau behind my borrowed saddle from Kelly. I was rigged out in style, for American saddles are as scarce as good horses. Cato brings up the rear; his poney is of the same tough, ambling breed as mine and the guides. On each side of his native saddle, which is nothing more than a saw buck placed on mats, are my two bags. He does not like the way of riding these horses, but has his legs straddling without the cross; under

him is my hammock and his mat, on his shoulders the gun. Our guns are all loaded. Cato has had his lesson, and being fully prepared in case of trouble we shall be able to show a pretty good fight. Now that you know how we look, we must tell you how we feel, strangers in a strange land, very much like cats in a strange garret.

As I had never been in the country since landing in South America, every object was novel to me ; nothing at all that meets our view is like what we have seen before. The houses are built of reeds, thatched with palm leaves ; goats are substituted for cows, jacks for horses ; (horses are as rare here as jacks are with us). Dogs look like wolves and cats like skeletons of things that have been. Birds, insects, trees, foliage, manners, language, all, all is new, but then being so strange and I of such a contemplative genius, the whole assemblage serves as food for amusement and *pour passer le temps*. The guide laughs and swears by turns because I do not understand his Spanish lingo, but then I laugh when it pleases me because the stupid jacknapes knows nothing of pure English ; my revery is frequently broken in upon by his guarding me against some projecting branch whilst dodging among the trees. Our ponies are going on while I am moralizing, and ten o'clock at night finds us five leagues [15 miles] from Carthagena at the village of Turbacco, but the evening was too far advanced to be able to distinguish what kind of a place it was. I was both hungry and fatigued ; at first there was some difficulty in making my wants known, but what with my Spanish, signs, the landlord's broken French and the ditto English of a young gentleman, whose direction is Señor Buenaventura De Aleazer, (Phœbus ! what a name !) I finally succeeded very well. Señor De Aleazer was very polite ; after inspecting my Passport he informed me he was going to the United States as Secretary of the Colombian Legation. He gave me a letter of introduction to his brother who was a Secretary at Bogota, expressing a wish for a letter from Barranquilla to my parents, which I agreed to give. His instructions to my guide had the effect of making my journey much more pleasant than it would otherwise have been.

At 3 oclock A. M. when I arose to pursue my journey, my stranger friend also got up and over a glass of his anise cordial bade me a kind "adios" and away I started by moonlight with grateful feelings that persons seldom experience after so short an acquaintance. About daylight we passed through the hamlet of Rebollera, one league from Turbacco as the road runs, but owing to the damage it had sustained from previous rains, we were obliged to take so many circuitous turns, that we trebled the distance. Two leagues further on we stopped to breakfast at Cañaveral, another pretty little hamlet. The road was better but still compelled to deviate from the direct path so frequently that it was ten oclock before we reached the little village of Sipacoa distant about two leagues. There are no intermediate houses between these hamlets or villages, the space is covered with impenetrable forests, without water, which undoubtedly is the grand cause of its uncultivated state for the soil appears to be good. Wherever water can be obtained you find as many inhabitants settled round, as it will supply through the dry season, and the whole stock of the little hamlet will consist of Jacks, goats, fowls and occasionally a hog. On leaving a village my guide always procured a good supply of the Cocoanuts for the sake of the water with which they are filled ; we found it a very necessary precaution for without the liquor of the nuts we might have wished in vain for a cooling nutritious beverage to quench our thirst

while crossing this savanna or extensive plain. The road improves as we advance through forests of immensely large trees of which Mahogany claims pre-eminence, it drops its leaves twice a year, is bare *now;* the bark is smooth, of a brown color; the majority of these trees are larger in circumference than a hogshead, running up without much tapering to the height of from 80 to 100 feet before it throws out a branch.

I was much interested at observing quite a cavalcade of jacks pass us loaded with planks of mahogany about twenty feet long, three inches thick; two of those planks constituted a load for a pair of jacks. The patient brutes, with the ends lashed on either side of their respective pack saddles were jogging along in their sober pace, eight or ten in number, the driver on the last one bringing up the rear. It is surprising the weight and magnitude these poor animals carry for so great a distance without stopping — fourteen leagues without food or water!!! The Palm-tree bears off the crown of beauty from the other forest trees; it does not often attain to a great height, but its elegant leaves emerging from the very top of a straight, smooth and tapering body, assuming an oval shape of evergreen contrasts well with the naked branches of some of the lordly trees around. The leaves of the palm tree are used here for thatching houses, but at home as fans for the ladies. The perpetual verdure of the woods with its bright green foliage always adorn these grounds and is a most refreshing sight. At Sipacoa, the first Cocoa-trees are seen after leaving Carthagena, but now we meet with them in every village. The body of the Cocoa resembles at a distance the palm, entirely without branches; it rises from the ground with a smooth and slightly tapering trunk from 30 to 50 feet. They exactly resemble the feather of a fowl — but rather larger you will suppose — as they measure from the point to the end of the stem from ten to fourteen feet; they are also three feet broad and winged. Between these feathery leaves on the top of the tree the fruit is seen in a cluster of about a dozen, in every stage of vegetation from the bud to the falling cocoanuts.

Black cattle and horses are rarely met till near Barranquilla, their only fodder is corn-stalks and a species of rush, but the provision for man is scarcely better.

The plumage of the Birds in these dense forests is superb, of very many varieties; the macaw or "guayamayo" is the most elegant of all others, but its hideous scream is such a disagreeable noise as counterbalances its beauty. The many different species of the parrot kind are found in perfection with all their gaudy plumes. A small kind of black monkey is constantly seen. A small species of the wild turkey (*guacheraca*) is also very common and is fine eating. I procured a number with my fowling piece — which by the way is an excellent article for travelers in this country. At 7 oclock we dismounted at San-Estanislado, on the night of the 29th a large village regularly laid out in squares, on one of the mouths of the River Magdalena, containing about 6 or 8000 souls. This place is five leagues from Sipacoa; here we swung our hammocks for the night after supping. Dec. 30 at 4 oclock were on the road again, and though it was night could not but be struck with the beautiful appearance of the coco tree with its conical figure when contrasted with the white washed cottages with thatched roofs. At Agua Pablo six leagues further on we halted for breakfast. It is a place of considerable size, the houses of a uniform size and plastered over. It would amuse you to see me taking my meal in this village, the shed in which I am eating is detached from the house, in one corner of an

enclosure ; my landlord is one of the richest men in the village. His stock of all kinds is half starved, and all have free access to my table, which is a large bowl or flat bottomed "calaboza" turned upside down to suit the present exigency, next comes a calaboza pitcher of water, a calaboza plate, a calaboza spoon (but no knives or forks ; they recollect that fingers were made before them, and do not think it worth while to atttempt any improvement on Nature), calabozas for cups and calabozas for dishes — now we've set the table, we'll show the "bill of fare."

The first thing the guide did after swinging my hammock — which is always done at stopping places — was to procure a fowl, the neck was twisted, and before the poor thing was defunct it had lost its feathers; in two minutes it was in the pot, and in ten more on my table! I was too hungry to stop to consider the chances of its coming to life again, but ate away *sans cérémonie*, my hands performing the duties of knife and fork ; a calaboza spoon was used to convey the contents of a bowl (it was a very fashionable dish called "San-cocho — being a compound of salt meat, plantains, yams, sweet potatoes, onions, rice and juca) to the mouth. While the operation of mastication progressed, was very much annoyed by the group of naked children, famished dogs, cats and goats which were jostling and crowding to approach as near as possible to what they considered my sumptuous banquet. The intrusion at last became so unbearable, that to rid myself of the nuisance, I threw a single drumstick to be divided among the curs according to the most approved rules of canine justice. The *ruse du guerre* to rid myself of such a heterogeneous mass of foes as beset me, (now increased by ducks, turkeys, hogs, men and women) was indeed the occasion of a general fight, "Oh! what a row, what a rumpus and a rioting" — the "din of war" was long and loud. The contending hosts went pell-mell out of one end of the hut whilst the "bone of contention" was removed through the kindness of a pig. At the commencement of the battle, much to my relief men, women, children, goats and cats had scampered off in delectable confusion leaving me the sole possessor of the premises and the undisturbed partaker of my meal.

At 2 oclock we left this memorable spot and at 5 drew up at Sabana Larga five leagues from Aqua Pabelo. This is a beautiful large place and like all the other Colombian villages is tastefully laid out at right angles, it is of an oblong shape; the houses of a uniform size and equidistant from each other, covered with a cement and whitewashed; a fine large yard is attached to each dwelling, in which are a number of elegant coco's groaning with fruit in clusters between the leaves. My want of the Spanish here, was the cause of my making quite a mistake in directing the guide, when I wished to start on our route again. I meant to have said *we will go at two oclock*, but adding a word more than was necessary to express my meaning, he came to me *two hours* after turning in, with word that he was all ready for a start, and away we went at eleven oclock at night, but as the road was good, I neither regretted our short rest or speedy start. We passed through the Arrogo-Grande which is now nothing but a dry bed, but in the rainy season a turbid dangerous stream, a barrier to all travelers on this road. We met a large body of Militia going to the parade ground, at Malambo, all mounted on jackasses. At Soladad, two leagues further on, we saw a large battalion of the same kind of troops, under review and drill. It is two leagues from here to Barranquilla, where we arrived about half past eight o'clock, A. M., fatigued, hungry

and sleepy, having traveled thirty-nine miles without stoppage. The same ride by day would have been impracticable from the heat of the sun.

The guide took us up to the most elegant house I have seen in South America with its many trees for use and ornament as Cocoa, and Tamarind; after dismounting the baggage he was off, which gave me an opportunity of examining the premises.

The dwelling is built of stone, with a terraced roof from which there is a fine view of the river Magdalena, of the distant snow-capped mountains of San Martha with its white peak 19000 feet above the sea, the village and surrounding country. The front of the building is of a chaste construction covered with white cement, the rooms five in number are twelve or fourteen feet high with stone floors — cool and airy — there is no second story. I was asking three or four slaves who had come out to get a sight of me, where Señor Glen lived, when the guide returned and Edward Glen with him, who cordially welcomed me to his house. "You are home now," says my old friend, "I will have your things put away and then for breakfast." After which he showed me to my apartments, where I found a bath ready and my hammock swung, I soon passed *through* the first, and then *into* the second where a comfortable snooze carried off all the effects of my fatigue.

The Glens live in grand style, with three or four blacks to wait on the table and two or three in the kitchen. Edward has engaged a young man to give me lessons in Spanish, to commence tomorrow and in all probability I will remain here till John Glen comes over. I am anxious to see him again, as he undoubtedly will bring home letters. Barranquilla is a large village containing about 6000 inhabitants. The houses are not as compact, nor are the streets as regularly laid out as most of the Colombian villages are, yet the place looks well, a number of tasty mansions, belonging to foreigners, built of stone cemented over and white-washed, of which Glen's is the most conspicuous, adds together with its ornamental trees to the beauty of the place.

A branch of the Magdalena running past here empties in the sea at Sanvanilla seven leagues off; the water is sufficiently deep to bear away loaded vessels of 60 tons, a number of which belonging to the Glens are constantly employed by them in transporting goods up the river and along the sea coast. The larger boats are built of various kinds of timber in the strongest manner; the knees are stout and the seams are well caulked. The smaller sizes are from 20 to 80 feet long and from 2 to 8 feet wide; they are all flat bottomed. These boats are propelled in absence of a fair wind by the Boga or boatmen's long setting pole, with a fork at the end to prevent its sinking too deep in the mud. I need not ask you to write by every packet, for you must be aware of the loneliness of my situation here till the language becomes familiar, and can judge of my anxiety to hear of every little circumstance connected with home, every letter will be a treasure to me.

I leave this with Edward Glen in a week's time on a visit to St. Martha, distance 30 leagues, for a day or two, and then after reaching Bogota, will have sailed all of the navigable Magdalena River. I shall write you again before leaving this to join General Harrison, which will go over in the packet that brings John Glen; this leaves by the vessel that I came in. Your letters after the receipt of this, should be directed to Bogota. I wrote to Gen. Harrison from Carthagena of my wish to remain here

sometime, expressing, however, my readiness to join him sooner than I had contemplated if he required it, and now I hold myself prepared to "pack up my tatters," at a moment's warning. I am careful of my health, but fear no difficulties nor the climate. The only news that I could glean here and at Carthagena is, that there are more persons concerned in the late disturbances at Bogota than was at first supposed, the arrests are still going on; a person was committed to prison the day before yesterday in Carthagena. Popayan is in a state of commotion, the Capital in the hands of the rebels, Bolivar with the Southern division of the Army is marching down to defeat them, while the Peruvians in large force are hastening to their assistance. 500 men left Carthagena, a few days since, to join the Liberator. All this makes the timely arrival of General Harrison at Bogota, a very desirable thing to the Americans in this unsettled Country.

In traveling through this new, wild and comparatively unknown country, I keep a Journal of which my letters home are, in all important points a copy; if they are preserved, they may be amusing hereafter and perhaps useful in case, that by accident, the original should be lost. Perhaps you will think it a meagre journal, but it is a task never before attempted by me, and I think or at least hope the numbers will improve. I will endeavor at all events to be more systematical and connected. Long letters will keep up my acquaintance with my mother tongue, otherwise I might stand a chance of losing all knowledge of it, since the Spanish language now engrosses all my attention; by the way, it is quite as easy for me to acquire as I anticipated, the pronounciation is the most difficult part. I must now close, having — as I hope you will in writing to me — filled my paper. I can only get letters from across the ocean once a month, then *all* write. Edward Glen is a fine, noble fellow; he says and also does Cato that I must not forget them in writing to those at home.

Remember me to all. Wishing each one a very Happy New Year and many of them.

Most truly and sincerely yours,

Rens Van Rensselaer

General Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M.
Albany, New York. Estado Unidos del Norte.

Engraved by E. [illegible] & Sons of Fulton, N.Y.

Reuben Van Rensselaer

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.

My dear Rensselaer, Albany January 18, 1829.

Glen sails in a few days by whom I send this, I have procured your Commission and inclose it. I have also a tin box containing your masonic diplomas from the encampment at Hudson, this I will send down to New York if I find a chance.

Charles E. Dudley is appointed a Senator to Congress.

Governor Van Buren's trouble is commencing; he is very friendly to me. He was at the Jackson dinner and, although my seat was some distance from him, he asked me to drink wine with him and the same evening at the ball was very sociable with me.

Chauncey Humphry, Stillwell, Dr. Staats and Mahar are candidates for my office, poor fellows they are ridiculed and laughed at; their leaders, as I am told, do not wish for a change, but I shall not trust to appearances. About the last of February I intend to visit Washington and trust to my own strength and influence with the old Hero. I may also be of service to my good friend Gen. Harrison. I shall at least know what he has to expect, oppose any measure that may be hostile to him and write the result to him, from that place. As they all write I have little more to say than to remind you that you are now thrown, as I was, upon the world; you have powerful friends to push you along by their influence, but all must now depend upon yourself. To high Heaven I commit you, and trust that you may be a credit to your name and Country is the prayer of your affectionate father, Sol. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Rensselaer, my heart says Amen to the prayer of your beloved Father, so I will only add, my greatest desire is that you will be guided by the dictates of the Third Chapter of Proverbs. Take good care of Cato. May God bless and preserve you prays your Mother.

Arriet Van Rensselaer.

Col. Rens. Van Rensselaer, Bogota, S. A.

CHAPTER XXII.

South American Letters Continued.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Dear Father, Barranquilla, Feb. 6, 1829.

You see that I have given this letter a number 3, which will be done to all the regular ones I write home, it is a hint taken from Carter Harrison, by it you will know if any miscarry. I have sent you one from Carthagena, one from here and one from Santa Martha, the last is considered a kind of supplement to the others and not counted a regular one. I have been waiting the last fortnight with much anxiety to hear

from home, as the January Packet from the U. S. should have been here then, it has not yet arrived and hardly knew how to account for its long passage. We have had some tempestuous weather here lately; a schooner's wreck with sailor's hats, &c., was driven ashore on the coast near this three weeks since. The frigate Colombia, which had taken to harbor in Santa Martha, was obliged to cut loose her four heavy anchors and stand out to sea, to avoid going to pieces on the breakers towards which she was driving in spite of all. She has since made the port of Carthagena good again. I hope that John Glen's vessel has waited for the December packet from this, if she has, a dangerous gale has been avoided; but if she left at the regular time I should hardly think she would reach her place of destination. I shall remain here eight or ten days more, and then go on at all events. Edward Glen does every thing to make my residence here pleasant, the fact of my staying so long is evidence of it, but still I want to be at Bogota as soon as possible. Since my arrival have been chiefly employed in studying the language, my proficiency is so great that I have but little difficulty in reading it, however my Yankee and French brogue in a measure prevent my understanding and being understood when speaking, yet I am well satisfied with my progress.

On the morning of the 6th ult. I went with Señor Diego De Castro, a fine young man — the chief clerk of Mr. Glen, to Santa Martha. We left this in one of Glen's bungo about 3 o'clock A. M. Our bogador was a good one, he sent us along at the rate of four miles an hour; our passage, a north east course, was through the chain of caños or creeks and lakes (between the Island Salamanca and the mainland) one of the latter is 21 miles long and is called Cienega De Santa Marta. The land on the banks was generally too low and flat to admit of cultivation; but within 8 or 10 miles of Barranquilla we would occasionally pass a rosa or plantation of plantains, paw-paws and sugar cane, but excepting these, the ground is covered with large trees of which the Mangrove is the most numerous. The *water* on this route is covered with ducks, swans, herons, gulls, crocodiles, and the bittern, which stalks among the reeds with its long legs and neck or feeding upon fish, it makes a most singular booming cry. The *land* is covered with a large headed red monkey, foxes, turkeys, the nocturnal guacharocas, plovers, snipe, other water and land birds of every color and description; not forgetting the many parrots of brilliant plumage, with their hooked bill climbing the trees in every direction. These forests are also filled with tigers, deer, wild hogs, armadillos which when attacked roll themselves up like a ball, ant eaters, &c. There is no great variety in the scenery along this water route, but on all the low ground incapable of tillage, the evergreen Mangrove tree with its dense foliage, excluding all other kinds, stands thick and high quite to the water's edge rooting in the mud, perfect forests.

Where the land is tillable every variety of trees flourish in great luxuriance, the very largest bearing beautiful flowers at certain seasons; even now although many of the trees have dropped their leaves, yet the number of evergreens are so great that the forests are perpetually green and the aromatic odor of the blooming ones is delightful. The cultivated spots are "few and far between." We passed about five or six rosas or plantations and *they* are quite small; the largest containing about fifteen acres, The one at which we stopped after daylight to cook *sancocho*, to last us through the day, was in fine order. The plantain and banana trees grow in straight rows, the large clusters of fruit hanging on all; they

stand about eight or ten feet apart; the plantains are best when boiled or roasted and quite palatable, but the bananas have a more exquisitely, luscious taste, and are eaten raw, though smaller they are of the same species. The trees which produce them are of soft pithy nature growing eight or twelve feet high, after once bearing they are cut down; the suckers that spring up from its roots are suffered to grow up and bear, after which they are served in a similar manner. The glossy leaves are about six feet long and one foot wide — the fruit is four or more inches long and over an inch in diameter, covered with a thick peel. The papáyo or papaw-tree grows something like the plantain, bearing a very sweet fruit resembling our musk-melon; it differs from the plantain in bearing periodically, whereas plantain produces fruit from some one or other of the trees all the year round. Water and musk-melons can be and are raised here with a little care, as well as salads and other vegetables so as to have a constant supply, but the natives never think of replanting till the old crop is exhausted.

The *Juca* a kind of potato but more tasteless, the yams ditto are here raised as well as corn, and sugar cane; the two last are scarcely distinguished from one another when growing. The process of planting here is very simple, a hole is made in the ground the proper depth, the seed dropped in, covered and then left to itself; it would be a novelty here to see a hoe or any other instrument with which to mellow the ground; they have not the least idea of a systematic mode of husbandry.

I missed a great deal of fine sport by not having my gun with me, for the game was very plentiful, and it is seldom or never disturbed by the natives; it is quite tame suffering us to pass directly under them. It was very aggravating to be so near the wild turkeys of several species, some are as large as our domestic ones, others smaller, the least about the size of the bantam fowl. Large white, grey and blue cranes are very plentiful and tame, now and then a grey fox, or an alligator would show themselves close by us. The only disturbance we met with was on the water from the mosquitoes, if they are not as large as ours, their numbers supply the deficiency, perfect plagues. When in the larger lakes we spread our little sail, if the wind proved fair; but as that was generally against us the boatman was obliged to set us along with a pole for they never use the paddle unless in deep water. Twelve o'clock at night we arrived at Peublo-Viejo, we anchored in the lake and spreading out our mats on the bottom of the boat slept soundly till day; then we landed at the dirty little Indian village standing on a neck of land between the lake of Santa Martha and the sea. We were terribly annoyed by the sand flies, their numbers here are very great, and until an hour or two of their society had made me a little accustomed to their ways, I found them almost insupportable, they are the first I had seen.

This is 65 miles from Barranquilla; we now hired horses preferring that mode of going the remaining part of the route, to the difficulty of proceeding by sea in the open canoe around some very dangerous points. One miles ride brought us to the village of Cienega another Indian site, it was formerly a fine town but is now a wretched place. It was the scene of a famous battle during the revolution between the Patriots under Genl. Montillo, and the Royal Indians; the latter were beaten and their village burnt to the ground.

Our ride from here to the hamlet of Gaira — six leagues, is mostly on the sea beach, excepting in some few places where the passage around

some of the headlands is too hazardous, there we are obliged to leave the beach, and rise through tortuous, difficult, and narrow defiles over the points of the hills of St. Martha. These hills rise up very abruptly, close from the sea, to the height of from 6 to 1200 feet and nearly barren, the trees being small and very scarce. The Snow mountains that we saw from sea are 60 miles back in the interior. Between Gaira and Santa Martha, two leagues apart, those hills are crossed over, but before reaching the place at which the ascent begins, you go through a narrow vale where, without a breath of air, the mid-day sun beat vertically down upon us in full strength; while the white sand below reflecting back such an overpowering heat gave us a pretty fair idea of the vigor of the Sun when in the zenith. I thought it hot enough to roast a large round *a-la-mode-beef* in ten minutes, and much feared part of my under lip was baked. I never enjoyed the fresh breeze so much as I did after leaving those sultry vales; as we rose from the lower regions to the upper ones the pure air and fine prospect enlivened us and horses so much, that it enabled us to pass swiftly through a similar valley, on the other side, without feeling the effects of the heat so sensibly. A pretty little stream from the hills together with the bracing sea gales made the remaining half mile to the city very pleasant. We were delighted with the prospect as we halted on the top of the hills, perhaps 800 feet above the level of the sea, but it would be better still if the lands were as well cultivated below as they are under Mt. Holyoke or Catskill. But the ground is all in a state of nature; its tenants are fierce tigers, deer, foxes &c. Santa Martha is situated in a sort of an amphitheatre formed by the surrounding hills, the inhabitants get a good supply of fresh hill water from the pretty rivulet which empties into the sea near it. The City is about one-fourth the size of Carthagena, the houses have the same heavy effect as those of that seaport but not in so great a degree; they are mostly one storied, built of brick or stone with veranda. Santa Martha is not a walled town but there are heavy batteries at the two Forts for its protection; one on a high bluffy island, the other on the main shore on the beach; vessels pass on either side of the island to enter the harbor. There was but one vessel in when I was there, a schooner from Boston. I gave her captain a letter for home.

It was about 2 o'clock P. M., when we arrived here where we remained till the next day at 5 P. M. After dining twice with the family of Señor Micio and breakfasting once with Mr. Severs the U. S. Consul, we started homeward; our journey being principally in the night, by moonlight, was cool and pleasant. Although Peublo-Viejo, where we left our boats, was only 25 miles from St. Martha, we did not reach it till 12 o'clock owing to the rough roads, and just as we were about embarking a guard of soldiers surrounded and ordered us to remain till morning, and submit to have our baggage searched for contraband goods. Diego being known to them they accepted a bottle of rum as a passport, and we went on in the cool night and reached home the next day.

Every village near a navigable water has a body of soldiers quartered in it, to prevent the smuggling that has been and is still carried on by all nations. My jaunt to St. Martha has been a very serviceable one to me, posting me up as to what will be required in going up the river, and has convinced me that I can bear the heat and inconveniences attending the trip. I ride out occasionally with Edward Glen which has made the geographical situation of this section of the country quite familiar to me. Five leagues west of this is the tidy little village of Gallapa where we

once rode to dun the priest for cotton. We saw one or two cotton rosas on the road, they are badly cultivated, only one crop is taken from a piece of ground, and then the squatters leave it for another virgin piece. Cotton and Indigo are the natural products of this sandy country, the first is raised in small quantities, the last not at all in this province. On the 20th went with my very good friend to Savinilla the sea port at the mouth of this river, where he is now loading a Scotch brig with fustic and cotton; in going we passed through Camacho. Laplaya to the custom house in the port and the fort at Point Savinilla terminated our ride. The Fort, so called, is eight leagues from home and nothing but a piece of ground leveled at the mouth of the port in a good situation on a promontory, which not only commands the entrance to the harbor but the back ground also, it now is poorly fortified and as badly manned, it has four large cannon mounted. Camacho and Laplaya are two hamlets being the dwellings of the proprietors of the immense herds of Black cattle that graze on the plains of their vicinity; these savannas afford excellent pasturage for the congregated beasts. We were well armed in going to this fort and were in hopes of bringing home the skin of a lion that has been in the habit lately of eating up the goats at the Custom House, but were disappointed in not seeing him as was the poor old custom house officer.

We are to have another hunt in a few days, the party is to be composed of Edward, myself and Cato with two others and Salamanca is to be the scene of our valorous achievements against these "lords of the forest," a description will be added hereafter. The woods on this coast are infested with great numbers of wild animals among which are foxes, rabbits, hogs, deer and tigers. The tigers are very destructive to the goats and young stock — it is quite common for them to invade the door yards at night for booty — but at the sight of a man they flee to their fastness in the thorny underbrush, where they cannot be pursued; but if wounded or provoked they defend themselves with desperation and are extremely dangerous. I was much amused with the result of a contest between one of these tigers and a full grown buck negro. The point of contention was a calf in charge of the negro: it appears that the depredator impelled by severe hunger, could not resist the passing opportunity of a fine fat yearling, but immediately reversing his usual time for such operations, left his mid-day lair for the onslaught. The coveted prey was soon on his back, and the victor marching off in triumph, when the pursuing negro seized the bellowing victim by one of his hind legs, upon which a trial of strength — lasting some minutes, took place between the two champions. The four legged hero finding his course impeded by the woolly headed Sambo, released his captive to beat off the intruder. His first charge or leap was a gallant one, and Cuffee's story would have been a short and dismal one, but that fortunately he had a quick eye, strong arm, and the circumstance of his having a blunderbuss in his left hand occurring to him at the moment (a thing it appears he had entirely forgotten) which he presented, in the vigor of desperation to the breast of the raging tiger, with such effect that both recoiled back some feet without any visible damage to either. From the attitude of each of the belligerents now, it seemed as if both had acquired a formidable opinion of the prowess of the other as a result of the last attack. The tiger stood growling ominously and shewing his teeth at the disappointment: the excitement which had for the time being usurped the place of fear in the negro, at the first danger of his calf, now

left him and for the first time he realized his own peril. He has a gun it is true but he scarcely knows its use; and as he turns to flee, the treacherous tiger perceiving the intention makes another spring at him, and the affrighted black levels, this time fires and by a miracle shot true, the whole charge of slugs passing directly through the heart of the monster. The scene of this action was on the island of Gomer opposite and one mile from Barranquilla. The slave is owned by Senor Antonio Mendoza who keeps Mr. Glen's cattle; the head of the ferocious animal which I saw was an enormous one.

One more instance occurred in that vicinity during my stay, of a tiger's being successsfully encountered, single handed and that too by a gallant boy of sixteen years of age. He was out with his jackass for wood having with him only a lance; while engaged in loading his beast, hearing his two little curs bark, he looked round and perceived a large tigress descending a gigantic tree which stood near him. With the decision of a man he ran with his lance and pierced her through before she could reach the ground, and then went to discover the object of the dogs' attack; it was a half grown cub, which after a furious conflict yielded itself prisoner to the young Nimrod. The boy's father proved himself a brute by killing the cub and flogging the lad for what he termed his temerity. The hides of both the tigress and her cub are now in the possession of Edward S. Glen. The dread of those tigers appear to be almost universal, I never could make up a party to hunt them for love or money. I once went out alone for six or eight hours but without any success. The extreme dullness of Barranquilla which I had a fair opportunity of testing whilst waiting three months, gave me plenty of time for study, writing and gunning. The paucity of game, among the shrubs of the sandy plains in the immediate neighborhood, compelled me, in the pursuit of my favorite amusement, to cross the Magdalena where in the vicinity of Mr. Glen's "rosa" the greatest number of ducks of the teal species, enliven the numerous *lagoons* of the Savanna groves, together with plover, snipes, &c. There I would frequently hie to pass an idle hour; the beauty of the grove was enchanting and the freshness of the sea-breeze wafted over the little lakes destroyed all the baneful influence of the midday sun. The rich bed of grass, with which the whole plain was covered, afforded the sportsman a fine opportunity of approaching unperceived as near the flocks of devoted ducks as he could desire, one or two shots generally gave Cato and myself as much of a load as we wished to carry a mile to the river. This place was visited regularly twice or thrice a week for a month or two, and every time with success, but at length a little adventure occurred which induced me, through motives of caution to discontinue my visits to that fascinating spot.

Being one day intent upon getting in a favorable position for a fair shot at a fine large flock of ducks, and crawling as usual in the grass nearer the pond in which they sported, when almost within the desired distance, I was surprised and alarmed by the sudden agitation of the grass under my "*all fours.*" Withdrawing my attention from the ducks to discover the cause, imagine my horror at discovering a very large snake directly under me. The ducks of course were, at the moment, forgotten, and my first idea was to shoot the reptile but simultaneously Cato's machête or chopping knife occurred to me, for which I called and saved my ammunition. Whilst Cato was approaching from the distance with his weapon, the snake was making off, but I followed to keep him in sight, till Cato

came up. The serpent then stopped and threw himself in attitude for battle; a more threatening object could scarce present itself. About three feet of its length protruded above the grass; its fiery eye, the brandishing of its forked tongue with the quick opening and shutting of its ponderous jaws proclaimed its deadly rage. Cato made one mis-blow with the machéte, the snake darted at him in return with like success. I then took the tool myself and was lucky enough to sever the head from its body at the first stroke. The color was a beautiful rich cream color, studded over with small glossy black spots; it measured eight feet, and I afterwards learned that its bite is deadly and incurable. How I escaped touching it in passing over him on my hands and knees is a mystery to me, he then was basking in the sun and probably sleeping; if I had unfortunately touched him, one bite would have told my story. The danger at all events was too apparent for me as a prudent person to expose myself to a like hazard the second time; I never went there for ducks again.

On February 15th Edward received a letter from his brother John dated "New York Dec. 24th," in which he states his intention of returning by way of St. Thomas and Jamaica; this letter came via. Chagres, but does not lessen my apprehensions for his safety, as he has had time to accomplish all, but is not yet here. As Edward thinks that John will certainly go on immediately to Bogota after his return, and being so urgent that I shall wait for his arrival. I will now remain till the February packet from New York arrives. *February 23rd.* I was this day extremely gratified by the receipt of an answer to my letter from Carthagena, of Dec. 25th to General Harrison. His letter dated Bogota Feb. 7th says: "Upon my arrival here evening before last I received yours &c." He mentions that his furniture had not yet arrived and of course had not yet commenced housekeeping, he concludes with: "If this letter should find you still at Barranquilla you can use your own discretion as to the time of your departure. Whenever you do come, it will give me much pleasure to receive you as the son of an old and highly valued friend." That letter has confirmed me in my intention of remaining some time longer here, for the sake of John Glen's company up the river. The General's letter of which the above is the substance, suits me exactly; his remark about his furniture is intended to give me an idea of his as yet unsettled state, and is as I take it, an indirect way of saying he is not yet ready to receive me, but notwithstanding he will be glad to see me for your sake at any time.

March 3rd. Edward Glen last evening received a package of letters from his friends at home by the brig Medina, which left his brother at St. Domingo and is now in Santa Martha. Our fears are now at an end respecting John Glen, he will go to Jamaica before he returns. I am in hopes of hearing from our Consul at Carthagena, in reply to mine, regarding Gen. Harrison's furniture, still detained in the Custom House for duty, if my information is correct I shall put it in a train to be sent on before I leave this. It takes two months for heavy or bulky articles to reach Bogota from Carthagena therefore my waiting will be out of the question. The war with Peru is no more, it died a natural death after her vessels had been repulsed in an attempt against Guayaquil and a few companies of her troops were beaten on land by a similar number of Colombians. The insurrection at Popayan headed by a discontented Colonel has also been quashed. The Country is tranquil and its affairs evidently improving, a proof of which is that a certain proportion of its Exchequer

bills are receivable now at the Custom House for duties, a thing heretofore not allowed, and General Bolivar's disposition to facilitate the commercial intercourse with this country is manifested in his late order opening the Port of Savinilla for exportation. In consequence of Edward's pressure of business we have not been able to leave home for our lion hunt, and now as our preparations for the jaunt up the river takes up all our time, we will be obliged to lay that resolution on the table. John Glen has arrived but having touched at Jamaica, in his passage, he sent my letters on by the N. Y. packet and I now have the mortification and disappointment to know they have gone on to Bogota. My exposure to the climate and the Sun has been frequent and intentional; after landing I used much caution in going out scarcely ever without my umbrella, but as I became more and more inured was less guarded, and now I feel as safe in venturing abroad without any extraordinary precautions as most of the natives. The only indisposition of any kind that I have experienced here, was a slight headache at Santa Martha after crossing its hills and confined vales, but an half hour's nap made me strong as ever, and now look forward to my passage up the river with pleasure.

What an agreeable diversity I will experience in relaxation from study while going with the windings of the River Magdalena a distance of eighty miles and new objects constantly unfolded to my vision. This journey is an every day occurrence with Merchants, from several of whom I have obtained much valuable information in regard to this rout; which together with the assistance of my good friend Edward have made myself familiar with all the requisites for it, and am now amply provided with every necessary and many luxuries for the trip. My boat is good and I have three of Glen's best men to man it, Cato and myself have mats, musquito-bars &c; the awning of the boat is manufactured of leaves, impervious to sun or rain. Not having English or Americans aboard save Cato, will be an advantage to my Spanish for my crew speak no other language. I have been in the habit of exercising Cato with the broad-sword, by which I have not only made a pretty good swordsman of him, but improved my own knowledge of the science. It is a very necessary accomplishment here, as every native from necessity carries a machetta or long knife, without it he could never make his way through the underbrush of the forest; besides the machetta is substituted for the ax, hoe and spade, being therefore an essential instrument to every workman. It is not at all extraordinary that strangers who have seen these natives so generally wearing them, should from that very circumstance form an unfavorable impression of their character. Indeed the ragged clothes and long beard of some of these fellows, make them appear the perfect counterpart of what Fancy would present as the picture of a complete ruffian. The fact of the weapon being often drawn when travelling does not tend to destroy the image. I have often when passing them at night had a pistol out ready for an emergency, but I have never had a cross word or look from any of them; on the contrary have found them to posess much of that obliging disposition of our own backwoodsmen, but more ignorant; they are great beggars, nor are they as strong or as brave, the sight of a firearm will scatter a dozen.

Notwithstanding the exaggerated accounts that we had at home of the unsettled state of the Country, originating in a measure in the selfishness of the resident merchants, I am well pleased not only with the people, but with the country which is now tranquil.

I hope that a very few years will see me again on the banks of the bonny Hudson with a sufficient fortune to make you all happy. I have just been informed that the person to whom Gen. Harrison's furniture is consigned is only waiting for orders to forward it, while the General is in daily expectation of receiving it and therefore does not think of writing; under these circumstances I shall assume the responsibility of ordering it on. I hope that my good old Grandmother and all my friends are well. I suppose Aunt Maria by this time is Mrs. Jacob S. Glen. Give my best love to one and all. Yours as ever,

RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER.

Genl. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany, New York, North America.

Andrew Jackson.

General Andrew Jackson had a triumphant election and on the 4th of March, 1829, an imposing inauguration to the office of president. "Several surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution surrounded the old hero, when he took the oath of office as the seventh president of the United States." In this presidential contest there had been almost unexampled malignity of party feeling which discharged heavy guns; but the successful candidate constructed a cabinet wholly of his political friends. "It was done with decision, and then with inflexible honesty, a strong will, incorruptible integrity, and audacity which amazed his friends and alarmed his opponents, he began the administration of public affairs with great vigor." Among the visitors at Washington was Gen. Van Rensselaer not only to be present at the inauguration, but also to meet any proscriptive tendency that might be afloat. "General Jackson scrupulously rejected all party or personal considerations in regard to Gen. Van Rensselaer's politics, and behaved most honorably in his distribution of official patronage. When introduced by Mr. Livingston, the president took his hand in both of his own remarking that he had long wished to see General Van Rensselaer, and continued he: 'If there was any thing he could do for him, besides taking care of the present Post Office, he must mention it to him,' adding 'I well recollect your decided conduct in *my state* in 1797 (Tennessee) at the head of your noble troop of Dragoons, the finest in the service — that you did not come to action was not your fault. You were also the first to draw your sword and shed your blood after the disgraceful surrender of Hull, the fall of Brock was a very great achievement. Your country owes you much Sir.' A miserable set of democratic cormorants at Albany applied to the old hero for the removal of Gen. Van Rensselaer from the Albany Post Office, but that splendid type of Revolutionary times made this high souled and patriotic reply: 'By the Eternal I will remove no man from office who carries British lead in his body.' He would not be guilty of such a wanton outrage."

A New Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.

After Jackson's first election in 1829, a strong effort was made to remove Gen. ——, an old revolutionary soldier, at that time postmaster in one of the principal New York towns. He had been so fierce an Adams man that the Jackson men determined to displace him. Silas Wright had just left his seat as a Representative in Congress from New York, and was precisely the man to head a movement against the old Postmaster. His influence with Jackson was boundless. His force in debate made him a match for the giants themselves; and as Mr. Van Buren was then

Jackson's Secretary of State the combination was powerful. The old Postmaster, knowing that these two political masters were against him, went to Washington, called upon the President immediately upon his arrival, and was most courteously received and requested to call again, which he did several times, but nothing was said about the post office. The old postmaster now heard from his friends at home that the important document was on its way, so he resolved on a *coup de main*. The next day there was a presidential reception, and among the early visitors was Gen. ——. After a cordial greeting by Gen. Jackson, he quietly took his seat and waited until the long train of visitors had duly saluted the nation's chief and passed through the grand east room on their way home. The President turned to his venerable guest with some surprise, as he noticed him still seated on one of the sofas, and entered into familiar conversation with him, when, to his amazement, the old soldier said, "Gen. Jackson, I have come here to talk to you about my office. The politicians want to take it from me, and they know I have nothing else to live upon." The President made no reply, till the aged postmaster began to take off his coat in the most excited manner, when Old Hickory broke out with the inquiry. "What in heaven's name are you going to do? Why do you take off your coat in this public place?" "Well Sir, I am going to show you my wounds, which I received in fighting for my Country against the English." "Put it on at once Sir!" was the reply. "I am surprised that a man of your age should make such an exhibition of himself," and the eyes of the iron President were suffused with tears, as without another word he bade his ancient foe good evening. The very next night the crafty and able New York politician called at the White House and sent in his card. He was immediately ushered into the presence, and found Jackson in loose gown and slippers, seated before a blazing wood fire, quietly smoking his long pipe. After the ordinary courtesies had been exchanged, the politician opened his budget. He represented the district from which the venerable post-master hailed; said the latter had been a very active advocate of John Quincy Adams; that he had literally forfeited his place by his earnest opposition to the Jackson men, and that if he were not removed the new administration would be seriously injured. He had hardly finished the last sentence, when Jackson sprung to his feet, flung his pipe into the fire, and exclaimed, with great vehemence, 'I take the consequences, Sir, I take the consequences. I will not remove the old man. I cannot remove him. Why, Mr. Wright, do you know that he carries more than a pound of British lead in his body?"

COL. FORNEY.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

My Dear Father, Barranquilla, March, 17, 1829.

My home letters sent from Jamacia were fowarded from St. Martha to Bogota, it is truly a disappointment not to receive them here, but then having concluded from the bearing of Mrs. Visscher's letter to Edward, of February 1st, that nothing extraordinary has occurred in our family (excepting the marriage to take place on the 17th) I endeavor to agree with the tourist moralist who perhaps under like circumstances says: "In a fleeting world like this how foolish it is to fret and ever worry ourselves with the petty vexations of such a transient existence." It is however some consolation to know those letters are not lost but await my joining General Harrison. I was misinformed regarding his furniture, it was

forwarded by Mr. Bunch, the consignee, immediately after its arrival in Carthagena, and must by this time be near or at its journey's end. I therefore only wait John Glen's arrival, in his own home, to avail myself of his company up the river; though I should not stay if it was not certain that either himself or Edward will go on. I suppose the snow, of which I understand you have had such an abundant supply this winter, has made your city quite lively. Often times when pensively admiring the resplendent beauty of the moonlight nights in my tropical abode, do I think of pleasant scenes at home at such moonlight revels, and wish for the power of ubiquity that I might occasionally enjoy the pleasures of those sleigh rides, behind the jingling sleigh bells, in the society of "loved ones" who would not give refinement a cause to blush. Here snow is out of the question, nor have I seen a drop of rain as yet; the Schenectady road will give you an idea of these in a dry time, for the *soil*, but not the *width* as these roads are merely sufficiently wide to allow two loaded jacks to pass each other. Having spoken of the roads I will now give you a few of the phases of Society as come under my observation.

Being invited among the rest of Mr. Glen's family I attended several parties, one of which I shall endeavor to describe. It is customary at every Christening, which takes place at the eighth day after the birth of an infant, to invite all visiting friends and to close the evening with a dance. On this occasion Señor Jose Maria Peñez the "Juez Politico" was met at the church by his friends at the baptism of a son; each of the guests upon entering the aisle was presented with a lighted candle which he held in his hand whilst the Curate was performing the ceremony, of which by the way, not one word could be distinguished as the discordant sounds of the organ from the commencement, absorbed in the vortex of its own notes all other things, otherwise audible. The christening over, all the guests proceeded in regular order, two and two, accompanied by guards with lanterns to the dwelling, where the congratulations first took place. Then the guests after tasting such of the various kinds of potables as they fancied, partook of a great variety of cakes, and sugar preserves, y'cleped "*dulces*," after which they, according to the custom of the country *filled their pockets*. Appetites having been fully satisfied with the redundant stores of cakes, candies, liquors and cigars, the gentlemen felt themselves competent to perform the more pleasing part of their duties, on this evening, by waiting upon the ladies. The doors of the adjoining room were accordingly thrown open to the sound of music from a very good band, and lo! all the beauty of Barranquilla was discovered, seated round the dancing room in "dread array." I have frequently seen beauty so displayed at home in the same systematic, terrific order; and have felt more reluctance in encountering them, than I am sure I would so many throat cutting banditti; but on this occasion the beaux entering in a body were countenanced by each other through the trying ordeal in passing by the formidable assemblage. The round of *reverencias* were made to the lovely phalanx while filing by to our seats on the opposite side of the room. Each gentleman having selected his partner takes his stand on the floor and when all is ready the music strikes up, then the fair one marches up and takes her place opposite her accepted one when the giddy whirling and twisting commences. The dances generally are waltzes, though they have what are called country dances, but they partake so much of the nature of waltzes that I can scarcely distinguish them apart.

The ladies who have come under my inspection, in this province of Carthagena, are of an olive complexion, with features regular, small and generally handsome; their teeth, in which they appear to take much pride, are always beautifully white; their hands and feet small; the latter are ever drest in silk or satin stockings and slippers. Indeed they are more extravagant in the dress of their feet than any other part of their person. A beautifully figured tortoise shell comb is an indispensable ornament to their fine heads of hair; a figured crape shawl thrown loosely over is the only head-gear in doors or out; their eyes are as black as their hair. I had remarked the general use of cigars among all classes but was astonished to perceive how readily the elderly ladies could puff the nauseous weed, the mimic volcanoes of smoke were rising in every quarter of the room. A great mark of civility is to light a cigar and offer it to a stranger, if not accepted and smoked it is considered a mark of ill-breeding or contempt.

A little girl of thirteen years danced the fandango, a sort of lively jig or hornpipe which threw the company into extacies of delight. The ladies do not look with that feeling of indignation upon the immorality of either sex, that our fair skinned, rosy cheeks at home do; their ideas of delicacy are less fastidious than ours, as is proved not only in manners but in conversation. Character is nothing, money here is everything; but though so desirable you seldom meet rich natives; they, particularly the uneducated portion which is very great, are the most improvident fellows in the world. Like our Indians if they only have for their present need, they care not for the future; a showy dress and plenty to eat will suffice. Foreigners taking advantage of their dispositions soon realize a fortune from their idiosyncrasy. The most common materials, if of a showy appearance are imported and sold at extravagant prices; a yard of striped calico, for instance, sells for $1.50, other things in proportion at fabulous gains. The people are ignorant and indolent, they work for very low wages but never work unless they want money. They seldom or ever betray a trust, though their promises cannot be depended on; they are effeminate and timorous not easily excited to quarrel; they look upon foreigners as "creatures of another sphere," and dislike to offend them as much as they could a Sprite. One of Mr. Glen's clerks, a very clever native, sometime since after watching Cato and myself at our daily exercise of fencing, very civilly asked, if I would object to try my skill with him. I was quite glad of the opportunity of trying the science of the natives, and this man particularly as he had boasted frequently at table, of the superior agility of his countrymen at the exercise and of his own skill, I wanted to know how my broadsword would work on a pinch with the machéte. The tilting match was against him, it has been repeated frequently with the same result; he could guard against all the cuts very well but two and five, but the front give point would strike him every time. The trial has been quite satisfactory to me and to him too, for he is now taking lessons of me; but I hope and think there is no danger of coming to the real test of my skill. Another morning while Cato and myself were engaged in our gymnastic exercise, the thumping of our sticks collected a crowd of admiring spectators round our door; among the number two expressed a desire to try my skill against their machetta exercise. I consented and was gratified to find that they could not parry a skillfully planted cut, nor guard against an occasional thrust. I was pleased as here every man carrys a machéte, and as they always resort

to it in a fight, the idea of being a match for the best of them in an extremity was not an ungrateful feeling.

I have seen a *funeral*. The subject, a child of two years, a neighbor of mine, died about ten o'clock at night; when defunct, all its female relatives collected and a wake with all its Irish concomitants: drinking, howling, praying &c. commenced and lasted all night to my particular disquiet. Very early in the morning the body was borne to the church accompanied by the acting Curate-Padre Cantillo — a man of the world, a skillful rake and gambler — stopping at each crossing of the streets where the funeral service was chanted, and holy water profusely scattered over the remains. The service concluded at church, the body in simply a winding-sheet (coffins are never used for old or young) was again committed to the care of those who are hired for the occasion to be the howling mourners, and amid their noisy wailing was borne and consigned to its last resting place. The pillow on which a person breathes his last, though carried to the grave with him is never interred, but being an unhallowed article, or more probably the object of superstitious dread, when wanted no more is thrown over the sepulchral wall among the bushes, where the pillows of the dead hang as thick as blackberries.

This people are greatly given to superstition, which is much encouraged by their spiritual advisers as also strengthened by their religious rites and ceremonies. One of the good women of this town set the whole place in commotion by reporting her house to be haunted. Her story was that on a certain night a "*bruxa*" or Witch entered the house where a lady friend and herself were asleep in bed, her son of eighteen years in his hammock, and after daubing herself and bedmate over with patches of tar, proceeded to the hammock of the boy giving him such a violent blow on the breast, with the flat hand, that he was deprived of his senses and did not recover till noon of next day. She averred that the doors were all locked, and the witch consequently must have entered by the key-hole. The first use the boy made of his returning senses was very considerately to visit the Padre for absolution. The toothless bewitched old widow applied next day to Mr. Glen for a servant to sleep in her house as a guard, and it was full a week before any clue to the mystery could be obtained. It was finally discovered that the other inmate of the bewitched room, a buxom lass of twenty years, having silently enjoyed the effects of the scheme, could keep her joke no longer, but avowed herself the authoress of all the witches pranks, to the confusion of the sages and old women who had made so many profound speculations on the important event.

We had the Feast of the *Carnival*, which in Italy lasts some weeks, but at this place where so many are dependent upon each day's labor, they have been wisely reduced to three days, during which time work is out of the question, for all are full of fun and frolic. Upon what occasion the festival originated, I cannot now tell, whether in Paganism or some Ecclesiastical event. Here the aborigines of the country in their ancient dress appear to bear the principal parts, as it will be my part to shew in due order. The numerous masks who passed in groups, I observed to beat one another with sticks and in the scuffles, that would occasionally ensue for some bauble, I noticed the clothes fly in tatters, but only on one occasion an instance of a person's falling out of humor, and he poor devil, was well paid for his pettishness. A crowd of masks seized him and after rubbing his face, with a very rough weed, till it nearly bled, held him by the heels and arms extended horizontally in the air, whilst others beat him umerci-

fully on an unmentionable part. This tutoring was designed to show that as no real injury was intended to be given, therefore no person should evince anger at any trick played upon him. I recollected this lesson, when as incidentally passing out in the course of the morning, a mask threw an egg. It struck me fair in the breast on my immaculate white linen and broke, but to my satisfaction I found it had contained nothing but pure water; the meat having been previously extracted for the purpose. This trick had been concerted by Edward with some ladies of the vicinity, who recompensed me for the wetting, by calling me in and surprising me with a shower of rose and cologne water. The next day all was knocked aback by their daubing my face, white vest and pantaloons with red, yellow and blue water paint, till I looked more like a harlequin than any thing else, though I had the satisfaction of giving them *a Rowland for an Oliver*, and subsequently I had more than the full equivalent of fun, of seeing all, both ladies and gentlemen daubed, that day by other masks, in a similar manner.

Among all the groups, that attracted my notice, none for originality and becomingness of dress captivated my fancy so completely as the two parties of Indians; the first party headed by their Chief chosen for the occasion, was selected from the immediate descendants of the unfortunate people they represent. The other party or civilized Indians acted in concert with the militia. The object of the two parties was to represent the final subjugation of the country, by the Spaniards over the primitive Indians who had been the only "lords of the soil." These two parties were particular in avoiding a meeting till the evening of the third day; in the meantime all were employed in seeking such diversions as best suited themselves. The unsubdued tribe dressed out in their aboriginal grandeur, each warrior bearing his bow and quiver, would occasionally dance through the streets to the sound of their native music, which is produced by two players on a kind of flute. These flutes are three feet long; the first contains four finger holes and yields a melodious, wild and animating strain of which the people are excessively fond. The other or second flute has but one or two finger-holes, it with a gourd containing beans is used by the second person as an accompaniment to the other. The dances to this music were conducted with much system and regularity; a war-whoop given in their peculiar tone, would sometimes make the "welkin ring again." The showy dresses of this wild tribe rendered still more gaudy by a profusion of brilliant feathers, over which was displayed their pristine arms — the bow and arrow — gave them a grotesque and on the whole rather a splendid appearance. On the evening of the third day, at sunset, the troops having formed a junction, with the body of friendly Indians, the combined force marched out, to an open space, where the wild tribes had assembled; when a battle took place between the forces, in which the latter were completely routed and made prisoners, when the show ceased in the baptism of one of the captives. It had been nothing more than a burlesque Sham-fight with a few blows of the pikes and many shouts; yet the show, at all events, awakened a train of ideas, which associated as they naturally were with the cruel and unatural treatment which the Ancestors of this very people received, from their blood-thirsty subduers, left an impression not easily eradicated.

After a walk of two miles through the dust to see the mighty conflict I was returning home quite disappointed, but soon was amply compensated for my trouble by learning from one of the numerous masqueraders of the

day, the way to relieve a weary jackass of his burden. The fellow, dressed as a rough looking, foolish countryman, came along on his beast and stopped just before me saying his poor jack was tired, and that he meant to relieve him of a heavy load, then dismounting from the miserable nag, he took off the saddle and the load, then laced it on his own back. I thought him a very considerate fellow as the animal was scarcely able to carry its own weight, and supposed the ci-devant rider intended to walk, but he mounted again saying go on old boy you see I carry all the load, *you* have nothing to carry but me. It would have passed with an Irishman as a bull, but the fellow's compeers took it as a superb piece of humor and laughed at it heartily. They have not the means in this place of carrying a day of this kind through with so much display as at larger towns; but the Indian part of the ceremony was acted to life, and has given me an idea of many of their customs. One of the masqueraders went through the streets painted jet black, with horns on his head, having a negro dancing drum in his hand, on which ever and anon he would tap and keep time with his feet. I have not yet received proof positive of its not having been the Old Nick himself, it was a good fac-simile at all events. *Palm Sunday* is the occasion of another feast, at which time all people, both young and old able to walk, are seen parading the streets to the Cathedral, with a beautiful large mountain or cabbage palm-leaf on their shoulders. These leaves are all stacked up in church in a body, the priest then gives them a devout benediction and sprinkles them over with a profusion of holy water, after which each individual bears his respective leaf off to his home. Then after braiding the smaller fibres in basket work fashion, suspends the truly precious article up in a secure part of the house, where it acts till another year as an infallible charm or preventive against thunder bolts. Still another one of the great days is the *Crucifixion of our Saviour*, when, by the aid of images, it is acted over again in every particular as described in Scripture. The ceremony commences in church at the betrayal of Judas; and goes through with the nailing on the cross, the taking down, the placing in the sepulchre, the resurrection &c; during which time the procession of civil and military have several perambulations around the streets, bearing in their ranks the Images representing Christ, of the Virgin Mary and several of the Apostles.

In their progress all spectators kneel in reverential awe; and from the houses of the wealthy the fumes of incense come out in clouds to mingle with that rising from the censers of the boys preceding the images. The streets too in many places are strewed with flowers, whilst every person show their excessive grief for the event they commemorate by the black color of their apparel. During the continuation of these festivities gambling tables are seen every night posted around all parts of the town, at which even the poorest are found there staking their quartillo or three cent piece. Indeed this appears to be a universal vice; at Carthagena also the number of gaming tables were very conspicuous and I was struck with the many votaries patronizing them especially on Sunday which was the popular festival day for diversions of all kinds.

Besides Cato's faithful attendance on me, he has always been, at my desire, employed on Mr. Glen's rosa, so that he felt as contented as could be expected, though an occasional regret would break forth from his honest bosom for home. The day was at length determined upon when Edward and myself were to embark upon the Magdalena, and all things required were in readiness, but another unavoidable *contre-temps* detains us a short

time longer. I enclose a letter from Edward Glen to Mrs. Visscher, he desires me to remember him kindly to you all, he thinks of going home within a year. I would like to meet him there with all my golden hopes realized, I would treat him as a brother.

With love to all, Yours most truly,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. R. V. RENSSELAER.

Post Master General to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My dear Sir, Washington, 19th March, 1829.

Mr. Moore has assured me that your Son would be continued. On that head and I trust upon every other you may rest easy. In a few days I shall leave Washington for the West. It is painful to separate from so many friends in the Post Office Department. They lay very near to my heart and shall find a place there while life continues. From the faithful and able manner in which your duties as Post Master have been discharged, *you* need entertain no fear of being molested.

Sincerely your friend,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany. JOHN MCLEAN.

Post-Master General John McLean was succeeded in 1829 by William T. Barry, but subsequently he was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court and did honor to his exalted station. "A ruthless proscription of political opponents, was among the first official acts of General Jackson: the executive patronage was made an engine of party warfare; and thus was planted the root of political depravity, which has since sprung into such 'foul flowering,' and overspread the nation with its deadly shade. The power of the president had become, in congress, almost resistless. The people had just emerged from one of the warmest political conflicts in which they ever were engaged. The victors now reposed in confidence upon their almost unprecedented success, and rest from the fatigues of the action. The vanquished peaceably delivered up their arms and surrendered themselves to the caprice of fortune with patriotic feelings. General W. H. Harrison was one of the first victims to the new administration."

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Son.

My dear Rensselaer, Albany, Monday, March 23, 1829.

With this I write to Genl. Harrison, his recall I do most sincerely regret. I did every thing in my power to prevent it, and from the kind and friendly manner in which General Jackson treated me and the subject, I was really in hopes I had succeeded: He observed, "*I like this, I like this*, 'tis an amiable feeling we soldiers have for each other, I will think of it, I must see you to-morrow." That night there was a consultation, which decided my friend's recall, and when I called the next day, the result was made known to me. My friends are using every exertion with Mr. Moore and Van Buren for you, but I cannot determine whether they will be successful or not. If they are not, it may place you in an unpleasant situation; at this distance from you, I cannot give any advice. I must leave you to your own resources and to your God. I think my office is safe, such at any rate is the opinion at Washington and here; the little recreation I have been taking in my visit there, no doubt has operated in my favor. Another one of our old citizens is dead — Governor John Tayler — and is to be buried this afternoon with great pomp.* * * Mr. Livingston of Louisiana introduced me to Genl. Jack-

son who took my hand in both of his and observed he knew my character, had long wished to see me and was then happy the opportunity had occurred. Mr. Livingston handed him a letter from Governor Lewis, in which he spoke in his usual strong terms about me, and among other things said, that I had been Adjutant-General under all the Governors of the State, mentioning them by name.* * *.He observed to Mr. Livingston, "I am happy to hear from my friend Lewis, but it was unnecessary;" he knew that I held the Post Office to the entire satisfaction of all and that they wished me to retain it; and it is certainly an extraordinary circumstance that one man should be Adjutant General during the Administration of those great men He then turned to me and said: "your office is sacred, your Country owe you much," and he invited me to call and see him frequently. I availed myself of the permission hoping to save Harrison for his own sake and for yours, and would have succeeded had it depended solely upon *him* and *me*, but there was interference.

We anxiously are looking for letters from you, I hope we will be gratified by the next arrival of the vessel. As soon as I hear further from Washington I will again write, at any rate I shall write by Mr. Moore whenever he leaves the United States, but when that will be I do not yet know, I hope he will deal honorably to all concerned. * * * By this evening's mail, I have received a letter from the Hon. John McLean — late Post Master General — informing me that Mr. Moore promised to continue you in the Diplomatic service in Bogota. This removes now very much anxiety from my mind on your account in that strange country. Be prudent, be careful. Trusting, as I have always done with great pride, to your honor and integrity, I must wait for future developments to fully understand what may be the position assumed by Mr. Moore in regard to your case. At the time your last welcome package of letters arrived, the girls were all busily engaged in making preparations for a dinner party (I had invited a number of gentlemen to dine with me that day) and amusing indeed was it too see all busy with allotted tasks, yet listening eagerly to every syllable read alternately by Richard and myself. On the 27th of last month our dear Elizabeth had another little daughter, both are doing very well. Mag writes you all the news. To high Heaven I commit you my dear Son, with a Fathers love and regard,

Col. R. Van Rensselaer, Bogota, S. A. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. John Armstrong to Judge Spencer.

My dear Judge, Red Hook, N. Y., April 28, 1829.

I received your favor of the 17th, in course of the mail, and wrote immediately on the subject of it to the person you indicated. Mr. E. Livingston returned yesterday from the South and passed the day with me. Having mentioned the business to him, he assured me that Gen. Van Rensselaer might make himself perfectly easy, and in support of this opinion, stated the following facts, viz, that while at Washington he received a letter from Gen. Lewis regarding it, and requesting him to take an interest in preventing V. R's ejection and authorizing him to shew, or to read, the letter to the President. On opening the subject, the President stopped him, saying, "I know Gen. Van Rensselaer's character and services, and a recommendation of him from any one, is quite unnecessary." Edward adds, that no one has a better memory, in cases of this kind, than Jackson, and that a promise once given by him in any form, is never violated. The getters up of petitions may therefore as well be

quiet, as were there a million of them, he would fulfil his own engagement. I hope this temper will last long enough to put down the vile practice we have got into, of suffering a few intrigues, first to beguile the Executive, and then virtually to usurp his authority in making appointments. Barry, I understand, has dismissed all suppliants, in person or by agents, giving them to understand, that absentees only should get appointments, this is an approach to the golden age. I suspected and feared, Edward goes to France. He has not yet decided in favor, but I predict his acceptance of the office. Under the notice you gave me, I cannot well be surprised at seeing you here, but were it otherwise, I need not say, that no more agreeable surprise could await me. Cordially and in much haste Your friend and servant, J. ARMSTRONG.

Hon. Ambrose Spencer Esq., Albany.

Charles A. Clinton to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, New York, April 30, 1829.

I accidentally heard this morning, that you have expressed an apprehension lest a successful attempt should be made, to procure your removal from the office you now hold; and that you have stated that an endeavor is making to procure the appointment of another person. Is this so or not? I hope that there is some mistake in it, and that, if you have so expressed yourself, you have been needlessly alarmed. But are you in any danger? If so, let me know and I will immediately write to the President on the subject. I cannot think for an instant that General Jackson would ever consent to remove you from office. It would be a terrible outrage of good feeling. You ought to be recommended to his favor, not only by your excellent character and distinguished services, but by your warm, uniform, honorable and manly friendship for my father. I have one word more, Dear General, on this subject. I was told some days since, that I had been named in Albany conversations as a candidate for your office. I did not think that such ridiculous gossip was worth the attention of either of us. I felt vexed and angry when I first heard it, but on further reflection, I was rather disposed to laugh at so ridiculous an invention, than to put myself in a passion about it. I repeat, as I said before, that I cannot believe that your office is in danger, but if you are of a contrary opinion, you must let me know, and I will adopt the most decided measures in your behalf. As ever, your sincere friend.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P.M., Albany. C. A. CLINTON.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Dear Father, Barranquilla, May 1, 1829.

Before my departure from this, which is to be to-morrow I shall scrawl out a few more lines for you. After the arrival of John Glen from the United States, his urgency with that of his brother's that I should wait till he was ready to go up the river, induced me to make up my then wavering mind to do so, notwithstanding my anxiety to follow on after my home letters. But as a knowledge of the language or good company in traveling this country is essential, I have made a virtue of necessity by accepting their kind invitation and now I hope that on my arrival at Bogota General Harrison will be ready to receive me in his own house.

A variety of circumstances have compelled John Glen to delay his jaunt, one of which was waiting the arrival of over 150 tons of goods from Jamaica, which he had contracted to deliver in Honda, those goods are

now all shipped in four boats; the last one starts to-morrow. The owners, two fine young men of Bogota are to leave at the same time in one small covered boat; Mr. Glen, myself and *Don Cato* in another. At Mompo, 200 miles above this, our canoes are to be exchanged for a *Champan*, a sort of scow, then the two parties are to unite in one mess for the rest of the rout. I anticipate pleasure and information from the society of my fellow travelers. The names of the two Colombians are Don Puis the 5th Roxas, and Don Antonio Libre, both very gentlemanly, of the first and richest families in Bogota. The Uncle of the latter passed through this place about a month since for the same destination, accompanied by a very beautiful, fair skinned, delicate wife and three young children. They were obliged to stop for a short time at each village on the river in order to ventilate the boat; and as the tolda or covered part of it is so small they were terribly cramped for room when under headway, there was but little space in which to stretch their limbs; they were twelve days going to Mompox.

We unencumbered bachelors expect to be in Honda before June, and in Bogota before you receive this. I know your anxiety to hear often from me, therefore if an opportunity of writing occurs on the river, shall send another letter as an index of my course and progress, endeavoring always to have letters at Carthagena for the packets. I regret the irregularity and long intervals of time between their departure; that regret finds sympathy no doubt at home, for there is nothing like frequent communications to allay the pangs of absence. Of the two parties concerned in the last sage remark, those whom I love best have no cause to complain if they have received all my long letters written in such a desultory manner; but I, poor moralizer, must defer the hope of knowing how you all are, in the ancient Dutch Beaver-town, till after reaching Bogota. The fear of encountering the spring rains on the river, when the flood-gates are opened "And oft whole sheets descend of sluicy rain," was one cause for consenting to remain so long; but the rain is now over, though they have had plenty of it up stream, as appears from the rise of water; we however, had only one slight shower, the first I have seen since landing in South America. Notwithstanding the drought, this land of perennial beauty yields every thing spontaneously for the wants of man. The many varieties of fruits are astonishing — one species succeeds another throughout the year; some trees such as cocoanuts, oranges &c. are constantly bearing; the fruits are generally luscious and very delicious but as perishable as the melon which is constantly in the market; lettuce has been a standing dish at Mr. Glen's table ever since my first arrival. The thermometer has not varied three degrees from 84° in the shade during all this time, but uniformity of the climate is peculiar to every country within the tropics. Any great difference in the atmosphere is attributable to the peculiar situation of the country. Bogota though some half dozen degrees nearer the equator than Barranquilla, is about 15 or 16 degrees cooler in consequence of its elevation being 8,900 feet above the sea, a circumstance to my liking as I would prefer a little less warmth than we have at this place. I find as little difficulty in accommodating myself to the manners of the people, as I did to this warm climate, but am often obliged to smother a laugh at seeing the men embrace each other at meeting after a short separation; the manners however, shall form the subject of one epistle when I am better acquainted with the masses.

Before leaving home I had received an impression *from prints*, that the utmost caution was necessary to guard against the noxious and venomous serpents of the country; it is true there are scorpions, centipedes, tarentula and others, but their sting is not much more hurtful than of the bee. The Vampire too of which we have heard such dismal tales, in these localities is a small bat; it never wounds in a vital part, but dextrously nips the extremity of the sleeper's fingers and toes to banquet on his blood. My quondam fellow traveler, Diego De Castro, once afforded a bountiful supper to one of these lemon bats, the orifice was quite small and he never suffered any inconvenience from his bounty. Man, proud man need never fear the sting of insects or the fangs of serpents; they all fly on his approach, even the dreaded tiger avoids him. The fears or ignorance of some travelers have exaggerated many things in relation to this quarter of the globe, which the selfish private interests of resident foreigners are prone to confirm. For my part I am all anxiety to avail myself of every opportunity to become *au fait* as to the productions and state of the country, it may hereafter prove of great utility. There is a singular fish called the *ráya*, found in these waters, whose sting or bite is very poisonous; several of Mr. Glen's boatmen are now on the sick-list from wounds inflicted, by this specimen of the finny tribe, while the men were wading in the water. If the proper remedy is not applied immediately, the poor patient suffers for months before he recovers from the sting. They are avoided by keeping out of the mud. In consequence of these torments I always go out in a boat to take my bath and as a prudential measure even then apply the water from a calabash basin, and Cato ditto. Indeed I endeavor to shun all real danger, for I look upon my success in this land as a thing to be desired by all our family — if I am fortunate, the antiquated charm that binds our young men like an indigenous plant to live and die on the soil that rears them will be broken, and a new spirit of enterprise will induce many of my Dutch acquaintances to break away while young, and seek in other countries that honorable fortune which will not only give comfort to their old age, but add much to the respectability of their name. It would gratify me much to awaken that feeling in the youngsters for I still am more and more sanguine of having good grounds for attempting it; but I must acquire more experience for myself before feeling competent to direct others — however I will do my best to elevate the fortunes of the family. If I succeed in the attempt, the innate satisfaction will be a sufficient recompense for all the anxiety, trouble and deprivation that may attend the undertaking.

All foreigners who have resided here from five to ten years are rich, the greater part of them came with little or no capital; the profits on all kinds of foreign goods are so immensely large that riches must follow prudent sales. John Glen has lately paid up the last of a dead loss on a heavy speculation in Brazil wood of $80,000 and still is wealthy, while at the same time he is now making money as fast and surer than ever. The freight of his four boats will amount to over $5000, they will be home again in ten weeks; he has four others of the same size going to Honda, besides five or six smaller ones all constantly employed. His income must be immense and I very much doubt whether he can make up his mind to leave such profitable business to settle in cold Canada. He is loved, feared and respected; lives it is true in bachelor's style but fares like a nabob. I mention this simply as an instance of what judicious enterprise will effect in a land where ignorance and improvidence so gener-

ally prevails. Although I am personally knowing to these facts, I do not suffer the brilliancy of *any* money making scheme to dazzle me. It requires time to make me competent to undertake the accomplishment in this strange clime; it is true that time may bear away the present opportunities, but I think not at all events till another generation.

I cannot of course say if an *agricultural* occupation would answer, but I am inclined to think not; at least in this quarter of the country a dependence on the articles of home consumption would be a futile undertaking where nature is so beautiful; perhaps the raising of cotton, indigo, rice and sugar might answer, but I hope to know more after leaving General Harrison. The General is now expecting me, he did not wish to increase the size of his family while he was a guest in another gentleman's house, but he said would put himself to any inconvenience for the sake of the son of his old friend. I think I shall like him well.

Edward goes home again in August, I may send some little nicknacks by him, he is eternally sighing for "Home, sweet home!", and is extremely sorry at having had too much pressing business on hands to permit his making up a grand tiger hunt for my especial gratification. I am sorry too, as the circumstance of having been in at the death of a tiger would have been a fine little theme for prattle in days to come. Poor Glen will miss my company very much, we have been almost constantly together, and *I* will often think of both him and his noble brother, when far away. Don Cato (as Dr. Van Rensselaer calls him) is making rapid progress in the Spanish language, I think one year more will give him as glib a tongue as any Castilian, he has such a fine memory. Cato is the prince of waiters here, I have often witnessed with satisfaction the superiority, he is so fond of displaying, over Mr. Glen's servants whilst attending at the table; he takes much pride in making himself useful. I myself have but little trouble in getting along in ordinary small talk. It is late but I must tell you of an incident which occurred to-day, which it will be well enough to note as an instance of the ways of the world, and as a record of the merited punishment of an overbearing nincompoop.

At Carthagena I had casually been introduced to a proud young Scotchman by name of Saunders, but he then thought a passing salute sufficient for a stranger; however some time afterwards, he came to Barranquilla to purchase cotton and fustic, for a vessel loading at Savinilla, which business detained him here some time. Immediately after his arrival, finding the place rather lonely, he called upon me, but I remembering his cavalierness or disdainful manner at Carthagena, treated him with such a degree of coldness, that he did not repeat the call, till two days previous to the time, on which he understood I intended starting. At this visit perceiving several bunches of choice cigars on my table, which I had provided for use on the river, he took up one parcel containing 50, stating that I had more than I required, and notwithstanding my strenuous protestations contrary, marched off with my property, promising at the same time to replace them the following day. That day arrived and had almost passed when no cigars appearing from Saunders, I directed Cato, that if he happened to meet the gentleman, to give him my compliments and ask for them. Cato did meet him, near night fall, and to the message received for answer, in presence of four foreigners, viz, two British sea captains and two Americans that "he should tell his master from him to go to hell." Cato returned to me, and was in the act of delivering the message, as I was then standing in front of Mr. Glen's door, when Saunders came

riding by on horse back, and supposing he had not given his very polite advice publicity enough to suit his purpose, repeated to me what he had told Cato, in the presence of Mr. Glen's clerks and servants, several gentlemen were also standing there, he then spurred on his horse before I could reply. He knew of my intention to depart tomorrow morning, and supposed the difficulty of finding him to night, would compel me to forego giving him that chastisement he deserved, and thus he would enjoy the reputation of having (without risk) insulted a Yankee!! But unfortunately for him, I learned at dinner that he was to attend a ball, in the lower part of the street. Our dinner, which we never commenced till candle light, being over, I took one of the clerks, who had heard what occurred between us, along with me and walked very leisurely down to the ball room and beckoned Saunders out to the doors. He then had the meanness to declare he had meant nothing by what he had said. But when I told him he had acted like a puppy, and that I could expect no other language than an apology from a puppy, his Scotch imflammable temper or spunk arose and he threw himself in a scientific pugilistic attitude, and boldly demanded what I meant. A slap with the flat of my hand against the chaps or mouth, gave him a hint of my meaning, and brought the whole ball room out to see the fracas; among the rest I had the satisfaction of seeing the two British Captains. In the meantime, the wary Scot was preparing to return the compliment when I gave him one of Jim Sanford's settlers on the *potatoe trap*, and he reeled back in the arms of one of the *alcâldes* or justice of peace, who came out with drawn swords at the commencement of the affray, while another alcaldi made a prisoner of me. However, Edward Glen, who had received some intimation of what was going on, happened to come along and at his opportune interference in my behalf, I was immediately released and returned home, have since heard nothing of Saunders. Yours very truly,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. R. VAN RENSSELAER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Dear Father, Mompox, May 13, 1829.

In accordance with the promise made in my last from Barranquilla, I take advantage of the delay of our boats at this place to write you again. A person engaged in business is neither master of his own time or motions, he must be governed by the exigencies of the moment, and those designing to travel in company with business men must have the patience of the sainted Job to endure all the changes and postponements incident to the projected excursions. My patience has been pretty well tried, at all events by the unavoidable delays of the Glens; every detention, after the

hope of receiving letters from home at Barranquilla had vanished, was an aggravating addition to my redundant stock of disappointment, and if I had not been an old hand at stowing away that kind of luggage it might have lumbered me up too much. When however, I found myself embarked with Edward and Cato early on the morning of the 4th, after bidding *adios* to our Barranquilla friends and sailing up the great River Magdalena, much of that cumbersome luggage was pitched overboard. John Glen being, at the last moment detained by more urgent business at home was a disappointment and my parting with that noble minded man was not without a "tearful eye," and now as I am about leaving him, it may be proper to bestow a few words to his good name. He came to this country in 1809 — some 20 years since — for a long time he acted as a clerk, in a house at Carthagena, after which he removed to Barranquilla, where he opened a commission store, receiving for his share, the pitiful allowance, half of five per cent. He was in Caraccas in 1812 when that splendid city was destroyed by an earthquake, 12,000 were killed, and he narrowly escaped the same fate. Hearing the subterraneous rumbling noise which was followed by a slight tremor and then a violent rocking, shaking or heaving of the earth, he attempted to leave the house. He soon lay crushed under a heavy door way frame from which he was extricated by his black servant, but was insensible for a long time and only with great care was restored to life and health. But perseverance, industry and economy crowned his efforts with great success, and he was blest with a moderate share of wealth, and what was more with a good reputation. He opened a correspondence with the Jamaica merchants, and greater wealth followed his increased business. But reverses occurred, and several times he lost his all, but never in his greatest distress did his credit forsake him. His island correspondents always had such implicit faith in his honor, that they never closed their books against him, on the contrary with every opportunity they were sure to forward him a fresh assortment of goods; and through them he has always been enabled to battle through every reverse. It is but lately that he paid them the last of dead losses — of over $100,000, and still he is a rich man; he never had more substantial property.

Notwithstanding his extensive business, he has been of great service to his adopted country, having been personally engaged under Gen. Montillo in campaigning against the Spaniards and royalists. He was at the taking and burning of the village of the Cienega, and at the re-capture of Santa-Martha from the Spaniards. During the seige of Carthagena when the inhabitants were in the most extreme distress for want of provisions, he made a handsome fortune, by running into the port, through the Spanish blockading squadron, with a vessel laden with flour and other provisions. In one of his many adventures, he was captured and sent to Porto Bello (one of the chief towns close to the sea on the declivity of a mountain which encloses the whole anchorage, and is also called Fine Harbor) in chains, where he remained a long time. His many services have been justly rewarded by government, in the exclusive right of export from the port of Savinilla, which he enjoyed for some time. He now owns some six or eight of the very finest and largest transportation boats on the Magdalena, and his "*bogas*," or boatmen enjoy the best reputation of any on the river. He employs about 100 bogas; the most of whom are heads of families; when he first came here, they were a wild, uncivilized set, with little or no care, or consideration about them, scarcely having a hut to shelter them. However by his upright example and advice — this worthy

scion of Quarter Master Genl. John Glen (his grandfather, of Revolutionary renown), taught them to economize, and now they all have good houses, dress well, while they, as well as their wives and children, always look neat. Indeed John Glen is justly regarded as the patriarch of the village. He is respected by every body; for my part, his disinterested and hospitable conduct has so endeared him to me, that I for one will not soon forget. Edward is the manager of his brother's heavy business and has been the means of throwing much information in my way. At their repeated solicitations I remained and could have but little delicacy in so doing for they both made me feel perfectly at home. At my request he gave Cato plenty of work on the plantation, while I would write for him or occasionally weigh wood or cotton. Cato was really becoming every day more useful, but when there was nothing better to do we would go out gunning; and many is the fine meal we have brought home of ducks, turkeys and snipes.

Now after this long digression let us return. Our boat was one of about five tons burthen, her usual complement of men was two with the patrón or captain; but on this occasion we took with us two extra bogadórs or rowers who intend taking the large boats which have preceded us at Mompox. Our progress of course with these extra hands was proportionably great. The stern of our boat was very nicely protected from sun and rain by a covering of palm leaves called a *tólda*, under which we placed ourselves on some boxes of merchandise which Glen carried with him on speculation. The front part, comprising two thirds of the boat's length, was boarded over for the accommodation of the bogas; there they worked to a never failing humming tune with their long *palánca*s or setting poles. These palánca*s* are made of a smooth, straight, light stick from 12 to 18 feet in length, with a crotch or cross of the lignum-vitæ wood, inserted in the end, to prevent their sinking too deep in the mud. The other end is applied with all the strength of the owner, to his naked breast, when running with a quick short step (in which when more than one is employed they invariably keep time) from the bows towards the stern, propels the boat along quite rapidly. As the channel of the river is too deep to admit the palánca*s* reaching bottom, the boat is obliged to keep close to the bank, let it wind ever so much, in order that the bogas may avail themselves of it as a setting place for their poles. But as they are all compelled to work on one side of the boat, so as not to interfere with one another, they divide themselves in two parties. The division which has reached the stern, withdrawing their poles always from the water, and raising them high enough to allow the division who are giving the boat headway, room to pass under, and so on alternately. The Patrón's station of course is in the stern.

At nine o'clock Cato who had been assigned to attend to the duties of the essential and truly honorable department of Cookery, gave word that all was completed and breakfast ready. The welcome news immediately brought our boat to an anchor or rather to a fast against the bank and the preparations for gormandizing were forthwith made. Edward's coffee cups, sugar bowl, plates &c. were out on deck in a jiffy: but conceive my horror, when the cover was removed from Cato's smoking pot, to perceive the never-to-be-forgotten mess of *San Cocho*. However an outrageous appetite conquered my antipathy and I made a prodigious fine meal, nor did the sight of that standing dish of our voyage afterwards give rise to any scruples against eating, I found I could do my share. Sometimes

in place of coffee. Cato gives us very fine Chocolate for our breakfast. The natives pound the dried and roasted berry or seed of the cocoa tree into a paste, which with a sufficient quantity of sugar, vanilla, cinnamon and sometimes a little flour is then ready for another process. The oil of the kernel affords adhesive matter enough to keep the ingredients together; after being thoroughly mixed, it is kneaded into small balls or cakes of a requisite size for one cup, after which the slightest degree of boiling renders it fit for use. To have it superlatively fine, he would boil the cakes in milk instead of water, but that luxury is not always to be commanded, only occasionally can we procure milk at the villages as the calves are permitted to consume all the milk of their dams.

One morning Edward went ashore at a village to deliver a letter from his bookkeeper Diego De Castro to his mother; shortly after his return on board, Mrs. De Castro's servant appeared with a fine large fish, a roasted fowl, a baked rice pudding which with some wine gave us a sumptuous banquet. The river water was so muddy as to be unpalatable without a little alum to clarify it, owing to the loose nature of the soil through which the river flows causing the banks constantly to cave in, also is frequently dangerous for the passing boats. Near one of the villages a spot was pointed out to me as having once been an Indian burying place; the rapid current had washed away the bank, uncovering and displaying to view the many mouldering bones, with cooking utensils and war implements. These are being gradually loosened from the place in which they had rested many ages in peace, but now through the changes of time tumbling into the turbulent Magdalena and hurried off to the wide ocean.

It is the fashion among travelers in this country to sleep under their *tôldas* whether in or far from villages or huts. These *bars* are made of a gauze-like material in the shape of a tent, the length and breadth to suit the owner, about five or six feet high; it is fastened up by means of a cord attached to the upper part of the boat between two stakes. There stretched out at length on his mat, the balmy air soon lulls his senses into forgetfulness; then the maddened trumpet, of that blood-thirsty foe of his comfort—the musquito—sounds without like the strain of aerial music to the ear of the dreaming and secure sleeper. But if he is aroused by the midnight shower (as happened to us in one of the five nights we encamped out in coming up the river) against which the open texture of his toldo is no protection, the blanket then thrown over the tent protects him over head, but not from the running water below. Let the ducking, however reach him as it may, the effect here is nothing, five minutes of the morning sun dries his clothes and the rain storm is forgotten. To encamp out in the changeable climate of my native land, would be to me in the strong and healthy state I now enjoy an acceptable incident for its novelty, though prudence might assign a house as a more healthful dormitory. Here however, the confined air of a house could almost render every effort to sleep nugatory, whilst the refreshing night breeze, stealing through the minute meshes of the mosquito bars, cools after a sultry day the oppressive heat of the body and makes the spirit forget in healthy slumber all its real or imaginary ills. We were glad whenever the sea breeze overtook us for then the toilsome palancas were dropped and the sail spread to the "favoring gale," which gave us an opportunity of crawling out from our lurking hole to see the country. But on "what side soever I turn my eyes I beheld" nothing but a verdant level country, the dark woods, the turbid stream moving

smoothly beneath us; occasionally a rosa would peep out from the sombre forest like a sunbeam from the stormy sky, but they like angel visits were "few and far between," it was a wearisome monotony. We stopped one night at a village on the East side of the river at a Roza, it was dark when we landed, and a large flock of yelping curs gave notice of our approach, but we made good our resting place in spite of their teeth. The unceasing din of the myriads musquitoes which kept the air alive made us anxious to escape their sting accordingly we pitched our tents between the dog kennel and hogsty on one side and a hen roost on the other, without even noticing our dangerous quarters. In the course of the night a most intolerable itching, gave us notice that the uninvited prying flea, had got through under our mats; whilst the messengers from the hen-roost had got through in every direction and were making free, not only with our bed but with our blood. However a good bath in the morning and a frequent repetition soon relieved us of the annoyance; and we were more select in our lodgings for the future as you may suppose.

Punta Gorda was a neat village in view; it, as its name indicates, is a fine *rich point* without a great many houses. Peñon Bajo comes next in order, it is a fine large place delightfully and romantically situated on a nice clean plain; from it is shipped a great quantity of fustic (a species of wood used in dyeing yellow). Glen has an agent here to procure that article for him. The name it bears, is applied by the bogás to all convex angles at the turns in the river, or to any point jutting out in the stream; these points or *peñóns* the poor fellows have much labor and difficulty in doubling; for the current running at the rate of three or four miles an hour, comes sweeping along with such force and being so suddenly impeded, forms a raging *remolino* or whirlpool against which it is so hard to contend to pass and through which, nothing but the most consummate skill and united efforts on part of the Bogadórs would succeed. If the bow is by accident kept too far out, or if the boat has not enough headway, she is struck by the vortex and carried out in the stream, when the paddles must be resorted to, that the shore may be gained where the same trouble still awaits you. The bogas would always make use of a tow rope if the nature of the bank would admit it, but that is seldom practicable, as the bank by the constant friction of the water is continually undermining. They likewise are generally too high, perpendicular and so covered with vines and briers that a landing cannot be effected. These boatmen, however, are so skillful that they never lose their course unless a pole breaks, or a sunken snag drives the boat from the shore.

Occasionally we stopped at the Sugar rosas for the newly expressed juice of the sugar cane. I found the banks of the river were gradually increasing in height as we advanced, and whenever we landed had reason to admire the apparent fertility of the soil, it as yet, all appeared to be of an alluvial nature; the trees were very large in the branches of which sported many a drove of playful Monkeys. *Don Cato* was particularly pleased with the antic tricks of the various species, along the banks of the river, their long tails wound around the branch, chattering with noisy mirth, or grinning with a hideousness that gave us a good view of their formidable teeth. The beautiful Macaws, belonging to the parrot family, came in for a full share of our admiration, with their most brilliant colors; but Cato particularly admired the rich and easily worked Button-tree lands, of which such extensive tracts yet wild, are at the disposal of any energetic fearless squatter who might choose any portion of them and make his own,

by possession — an indisputable title. We had a glimpse of the four last of a drove of wild hogs that were scampering off, over a low piece of Savanna; the boatmen called us too late to see all. These hogs are found in great numbers on the Magdalena, they are about the size of our "grass breeds" at home, though not so plump. Their legs are longer, more delicate and better adapted for running; their color is grey, their hair or bristles coarse and not very thick set. I had seen a captured wild hog, but never met them in a disorderly drove till now.

I cannot say of this country as a traveler did of the Floridas, "that there are forty bushels of frogs to the acre and alligators enough in the waters to fence them in," but this being the season for the breeding of the alligator or American *crocodile* we passed a great many of them. I might say that they are as plenty as flies in the dog-days, and marrow enough in the musquitoes bones, hovering over their heads to fatten them. This might be thought by the uninformed, an exaggeration, and possibly bring into disrepute the hitherto indisputable veraçity of all travelers' manuscripts, yet I must say the numbers of alligators are unlimited. The old ones are from twelve to nineteen feet long, yet very timid, they always slide from the sunny bank into the water, at the sight of a boat before we could get to them. We passed many a brood of young ones (not long from the shell, being from six to twelve inches long;) it was amusing to see them huddling close against the sand bank when they heard us coming, and then to follow one another like a flock of young ducks into the water at our near approach. *Pedraza* or the rocky is the only and first place a stone is to be met with, of any size soever since the commencement of our voyage. On the west side of the river nearly opposite Pedraza, stand the two villages of old and new Barrencas, through this place runs the direct road from Carthagena to Bogota.

Early next morning we reached La Travasea, a high rocky bluff, the perpendicular sides of which displayed strata of stone of many different hues and kinds; the torrent at its base is so powerful that no boats can pass, and of course *all* arriving here are obliged to cross over to the opposite side of the river; which circumstance gives the place its name, viz. *the ferry.* After this we came to an extensive bed of genuine Oyster-*shells*, (alas for the admiring eyes of the epicure, the luscious fat morsel was not there) *only shells*, which lay imbedded in a bank of twenty-five or thirty feet height, about ten feet above the level of the water. When they were deposited there, and how long since their native salt element receded over one hundred miles from them is beyond, at least my conjecture. We purchased some of the finest oranges I ever tasted, for a reál, a Spanish coin in value 12½ cts. per hundred, with our other supplies at Teneriffe which stands on a rolling piece of ground on the east side in the province of Santa Martha. During the revolution it was, for a long time, the strong hold of the Royalist party in this quarter, but eventually was taken, plundered and burnt by the Patriots in 1813. The walls yet standing prove it to have once been a rich and flourishing place, but the torch has so prostrated it, that it never has and perhaps will not for a long time to come, recover its pristine prosperity.

A few Indian hovels *alone* have risen from the ashes of the once proud Teneriffe. The walls of the Cathedral remain standing entire; from their extent and specimens of stucco work &c. still remaining inside, it undoubtedly must have been a most splendid edifice; the façade is designed

with more taste than any other building of the kind that I have seen in the country. Curiosity induced me to examine very particularly the construction of the niches, in which the blessed images had formerly stood in their pomp to receive the vows of the devotees. I observed an open communication or channel, leading from under the spot that must have been covered by the pedestal of the image, through the wall to another apartment, a sort of speaking trumpet, by which the zealous priest has perhaps on some special occasions put words in the mouth of the saints, which no doubt did much to edify or console the wounded spirit of the devout parishioner, and as a sequence aid the cause of Christianity. The monastery or nunnery and private buildings have not been able so effectually to resist the force of the conflagration and of time, their scattered fragments mark the ground in every direction.

The Indian inhabitants realize something from sale of the crotches of of the lignum-vitæ tree to the bogadors; they always keep a large quantity on hand, and all boats passing by, stop to replace those lost from their vessels by a new supply. The only cultivated patches we notice are in the immediate vicinity of the little villages; the intervals between them are the great Savannas which are covered with a long coarse grass resembling cornstalks in height and appearance, they are entirely destitute of trees yet their rich and verdant clothing relieves the monotony of the scene; they are never visited except by the innumerable wild game that flock to these sunny plains for nutriment. I had a wild goose chase on one of these Savannas which I never wanted to repeat. In passing one of them, we saw a very large flock of great birds about the size of a common goose, sitting on some trees, on the further side, about a furlong ($\frac{1}{8}$ of a mile) off, and as our provisions were getting rather low it was determined that I should land to get a shot at them, accordingly I started to secure some game for our dinner. I found much difficulty in making my way through the luxuriant grass, which in its growth had fallen, by its own weight creating an endless mat of great thickness on the ground, and then again rising to the height of six or eight feet, making an almost impassible barrier to pedestrians. I succeeded, however, in passing through to the woods, but as I advanced this flock of birds, containing at least one thousand, flew from tree to tree leading me a great distance from my place of entrance and at length by their all flying off in a body I lost my shot. That was not all, for I found I had lost *myself*, however, by taking an observation of the sun, I again found my way back to the river but far from the boat, which I could not see on account of the height of the reeds; and there I stood completely exhausted with the perspiration rolling off me in rivulets from my exertions, while the raging hot meridian sun poured forth his burning rays on my unsheltered, trembling frame, with the most unrelenting rigor. No boat was in sight and I had ample time for reflection on the unpleasantness of my situation, but at length the bogas heard my hail, and I had the pleasure of hearing their response; shortly after to my great delight the boat came along from below, but we had no fat goose for dinner. The next morning we landed at a rosa and I shot two small turkeys with which Cato made a fine soup, they proved a timely supply as our meats were all consumed. We ran by St. Fernando with other places and at night were hailed by the guard in the outskirts of *Nompox* with "Quien viva" (who lives); our patron answered "Colombianos," when we were ordered ashore and detained according to custom till morning.

We saw twenty-four towns and villages from the river, between Barranquilla and Mompox, they are from two to ten leagues apart; the land is extremely fertile, and well timbered except in the immediate vicinity of those towns, where a few of the industrious ones have plantations to supply their more indolent fellow beings with bananas, yams, juca and other esculents. The black cattle, the principle source of wealth range through the woods and savannas, where nature supplies them with neverfailing and abundant crops of grass resembling cornstalks. The owners take no other trouble with them, than to make a general collection once a year, for the purpose of marking the calves and securing such as they intend for slaughtering or market; but notwithstanding the uninterrupted growth, early maturity and consequently little trouble of rearing cattle, the price is as high as at home. Flour is prepared about one hundred miles above this, but for want of good mills, is black though sweet. The United States flour always has the preference in market, but the scarcity is so great here and on the sea coast that it readily brings $45 per barrel now, it is never less here than $16. These facts I can assure you, do not tend in the least to destroy my fondest hopes; time and experience will show me their reality or falsity.

Edward took the place of his brother as far as this, whence he returned home in a few days, whilst I for the convenience of plenty of room and a large deck for promenada, am tomorrow to shift my baggage and cooking establishment aboard one of the large boats which are now here, and which in my last I spoke of as having left previous to us. I shall go with the large vessel as far as Nare — about 400 miles — the remaining 200 miles, (to Honda) of the river being full of rapids, I shall for the sake of expedition and to avoid too much tediousness, take a very small boat and push on with all speed. My provisions, letters and every thing that is required is being prepared, and all will be ready before the boats are dispatched, which is a bothersome job from the variety of obstructions thrown in the way of commerce by the Laws of the Country; it requires a long time among these dilatory officials to procure passports &c. Don Antonio Libre joins his uncle, aunt and family here, I of course did not wish to attach myself to his party when I heard of that arrangement, but will probably be in Bogota a month before them. I have an itinerary attached to my journal of the places through and by which I passed — but an enumeration of these Spanish and Indian names, cannot be at all interesting to the reader, I therefore leave the journal to tell you at some future day of all the cities, villages or hamlets, its writer may see, as also many other minor things that escape my mind when scribbling off my unpremeditated letters. The guard who put a veto on our landing at night, is one of the appendages of the Custom House stationed here to prevent smuggling. It being nine oclock we found the three boats' (dispatched by Glen from Barranquilla with merchandize) decks were covered with the toldos of the bogas, each man having one, and by the light of a brilliant moon they looked most elegantly. The following morning we all were permitted to depart, and entered the City about the same time, a large company; the bogas of all the boats to make a great display, singing and stamping most lustily. The great arrival brought all the citizens out to view the sight. Edward landed immediately after touching at the Custom House dock, and in a short time returned with Mr. Richard R. Nicholson who kindly invited us to land and make his house our quarters during our stay which invitation was thankfully accepted. My trunks

after passing the superficial examination of the Guárda Mayor were carried to our new abode, we soon followed and heartily partook of a breakfast which was awaiting us. This being finished we called upon the Governor several times, but not finding him in we left our passports while Edward went about his business and I to see the town.

Mompox stands on an island, forming a province by itself; it does not contain much breadth, having only three or four streets, but its length is between two and three miles. The length lies on the river, and has all been protected by a substantial brick wall, well cemented, of Spanish erection from the encroachments of the current. This, however, is suffered by the Colombians to decay; many parts of it having, for want of a little precaution, been undermined and now lies in huge masses in the stream; while the bank it formerly supported is by piece-meal following, and the houses standing on it must eventually pursue the same course. The part of the wall still remaining is a monument of Spanish enterprize and munificence; it is a great ornament as well as useful to the place. It, with the strong fortifications of Carthagena and other public works give sufficient evidence, that if their sway was a severe one, they did not send all the revenues of the country to Spain, but appropriated a part to the permanent improvement of this land, which is more than the natives can boast of. There are from 8 to 12000 inhabitants, the houses generally built of stone with tile roofs. I think it the warmest place in Colombia.

I have been advised since I commenced this letter, by persons who have experience on the river, to give up the idea of going in the large boat as her motions must necessarily be so slow against the numerous rapids, that it will be thrice the time in performing the journey that a small one would; also, by so long an exposure to the extreme heat the effect would be to destroy my appetite and perhaps sicken me. As I have no very particular desire for any sort of arrangement like that, at present, I have followed the well meaning advice and contracted with a Don Rodrignea for a boat which is to leave to morrow and land me in Honda in eighteen days. There is no doubt then that I will, long before you receive this, be with your old friend, who by the way, is at housekeeping with borrowed furniture, his own not having yet arrived when my informant left him.

Edward succeeded in getting his boats on the return track three days after his arrival, and I was to have followed the next day; but when the boat in which I was to have embarked, came up and all my goods and chattels aboard, it was discovered that the old rascally patron had concealed, with his tatters, a hole in the stern, through which the water oozed so fast after the boat felt the extra weight, that we would have sunk in ten minutes if we had proceeded. We of course refused this and demanded another boat, it was two days before the other made its appearance. To show how punctilious these officers of Government are, particularly when they imagine the least tittle of their own dignity is at stake, I'll note a little circumstance that took place here in relation to myself. I had scarcely rehoused my luggage from the leaky boat, on the 15th, when Nicholson came and told me that the Governor had sent for me. I immediately dressed myself and accompanied Nicholson, Edward and the messenger. On the way I was given to understand by my friends that I was in effect a prisoner, though His Excellency had gone to work in his most polite manner to arrest me, by dispatching as messenger the *Guarda-Mayor* with a *broad sword* instead of a common guard; however you may suppose

I did not feel in a very amiable humor when informed of this *contre-temps*. I hurried on to the official room where Nicholson gave me an introduction, on which the Governor told Nicholson that he was surprised *he*, who so well knew the regulations in those matters, had not called with his guest to pay the customary visit due from all strangers, and that he had exposed himself and Mr. Van R. to the penalty of the neglect, in not reporting me within 48 hours after my arrival ($8 apiece). I replied by saying in English, which language he well understood, that I for my part, was equally surprised at being made a prisoner on *that ground*, as I had made three unsuccessful attempts to obtain an interview with him. With which fact I had presumed him to have been acquainted through his secretaries, particularly after receiving through Mr. Glen *this passport* handing him the paper. His Excellency was quite confused when he saw his own signature (F. Aldercrutz) appended to it. After a little hesitation he assured me that it was all a mistake, that I had *not been* a prisoner, that he had merely sent for me, without knowing who I was, upon being told that an Englishman, whom he had not seen, was about leaving Mompox to go up the river that morning. Upon Nicholson (who by the way was happy to get rid so easily of the fine) telling the Governor that I felt so indignant at the treatment, that I would probably make a representation of the case to the U. States Minister, he turned round and assured me that he had great respect for my country and felt friendly towards my countrymen and hoped I did not feel hurt at the detention, repeating his regret at the mistake. This Governor is a Swede, elevated, as all the principal officers here are, for his military services, to his present situation, he is very strict in exacting all the rules of etiquette from strangers, but on the whole is a fine fellow. I came off quite pleased with him. I must close as I am to dine with Glen at a Mr. Traverse formerly of Baltimore.

My love to all. Yours truly, Rens. Van Rensselaer.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany.

Governor Van Ness to General Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Washington City May 14, 1829.

I have the satisfaction to inform you that you are perfectly safe. What I write *I know*. But I must however, request that you will consider this letter, for the present, most sacredly confidential. Do not even mention or expose my name to your friends Genl. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Westerlo, as they are both, and long have been unfriendly to me, and would injure me whenever it should be in their power. I shall see you in a few days, when I will give you particulars. Yours cordially,

The Honble. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M. Albany. C. P. Van Ness.

Governor Cornelius P. Van Ness was at this time appointed by President Jackson minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Spain.

Hon. Edward Livingston, to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir. New York, May 18, 1829.

Your letter reached me in the back parts of Pennsylvania some considerable time after its date, and I did not answer it until I should have in some effectual manner complied with the request it contained. This I did not do by writing to the P. M. Genl. with whom I had no personal acquaintance, but by an interview with the President himself in a short visit from which I have just returned. And I am Authorized to assure you, that no circumstance (I have used his own expressions) but improper

conduct which he well knows cannot exist in your case, and which he has never heard charged, would induce him to deprive you of the office. He spoke in the highest terms of your Character and Services, and desired me to say, that you might be perfectly easy on the subject. I am happy Sir, in being able to give you so satisfactory an account of the Commission with which you honored me, as well as the opportunity it affords me of assuring you of my high Esteem and respect, being with great regard

Your most obedt. Sevt. EDW. LIVINGSTON.

Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M. Albany.

The Citizens of Albany to the Post Master General.

Sir, Albany May 20th, 1829.

The undersigned Citizens of Albany, have heard with surprise and regret, that repeated efforts have been made, to produce the removal of General Solomon Van Rensselaer from the Office of Post Master of this City.

The gallant and patriotic services of Gen. Van Rensselaer are so intimately blended with the history of his Country, that it becomes unnecessary for us to state the strong claims that he has on public gratitude. A Soldier who has borne forward our national Eagle triumphantly in two wars, ought not, and we are confident will not, be sacrificed by a generous government without strong and good cause.

Since General Van Rensselaer has held the appointment of Post Master, the duties of the office have been discharged with ability, and with a constant regard to the public convenience. We are confident, that if all our fellow Citizens could express their opinions, a great majority embracing the intelligence, character and wealth of the City, would unite with us in this just testimonial.

It has however been urged as an objection to General Van Rensselaer, that he was an opponent of the present administration, and that party policy therefore requires his removal. This ungenerous and false allegation has chiefly induced the undersigned to make this communication. They well know, that during the last Presidential election, General Van Rensselaer accorded with them in sentiments, and was friendly to the election of our present distinguished Chief Magistrate.

He felt and expressed to his friends, the delicacy of his situation as Post Master, and may have been restrained by a sense of duty, from suffering any imputations to attach to him as a public officer (clothed with peculiar and delicate powers) by embarking as a zealous partizan in the controversy. On all proper occasions his sentiments and preference were frankly and freely avowed.

Very respectfully your Obedient Servants,

JOHN TOWNSEND,	ISAIAH TOWNSEND,
JOSEPH ALEXANDER	G. Y. LANSING,
EBENEZAR BALDWIN,	J. L. VIELE,
HERMAN V. HART,	SIMEON DE WITT,
WILLIAM JAMES,	N. F. BECK,
ABRA. G. LANSING,	JOHN R. BLEECKER,
PETER GANSEVOORT,	FRANCIS BLOODGOOD,
R. V. DE WITT,	PHILIP S. PARKER.

The undersigned has seen the above communication and would have cheerfully signed it, had he not been restrained by the circumstance that

he is a resident of another County. He most fully accords in the sentiments and views of the signers and bears his cheerful testimony to the truth of the facts therein stated. PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.

To the Hon. William F. Barry, Post Master General &c., Washington.

Gen. Van Cortlandt to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, New York, June 25, 1829.

Mr. Moore the Embassador to South America arrived here yesterday, he sails from this port in a few days. I think it would be well for you to come down immediately if you wish to see him before his departure. He has put up at Mrs. Southards in Broad Way, just below Grace Church.

Yours truly.

PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.

Solomon Van Rensselaer Esqr, P. M. Albany.

Gen. Van Rensselaer to his Wife.

Dear Harriot, New York June 29, 1829.

I have not seen enough of Moore to judge of him, I will know more of him before I leave this, but he appears to be frank and candid. I could not expect that he would have said more than he did, nor would I have done and said as much about a Stranger. He mentioned that Dr. Davis, Major Davis and Gen. Van Cortlandt were my warm friends, and that he had heard enough about myself at Washington. That Van Buren and his friends might as well keep themselves quiet for they could do nothing against me, that Van Buren was trying to make a party of his own, but it would not do, that he was perfectly understood. Swarthowdt the Collector of this port, told me, that Van Buren had opposed his appointment, and that he had heard, that they, Van Buren & co — opposed me also. He has written on to know the facts and if any thing is necessary to be done, he will procure for me an overwhelming petition from this city. This can easily be done, Genls. Colden, Bogardus, Morton, Oakley, Hoffman, Jones, Hones, the Clinton family and others will go all lengths. Kiss all for me.

Yours affectionately and Sincerely.

Mrs. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. SOL. VAN RENSSELAER.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Dear Father, Bogota July 12, 1829.

I finished no 5 at Mompox sooner than I intended in order to make one at a Yankee dinner party, which I can assure you is a rare thing in that part of the world; there were five of us together and a season of great enjoyment. We had the condescension to consider Edward Glen a Yankee *pro. tempore*, which made us all birds of a feather, and enabled us to enjoy, with greater relish, the ham, codfish and mince pie importations from the United States. Our good host Mr. Traverse kindly offered me any books I might choose to amuse myself with in going up the river. I soon selected about a score — Scotts, Coopers, Fieldings and Irving's works — which he sent to my lodgings, the reperusal of them I found very pleasant. After a delay at Mompox, from May 11th, I got under weigh in reality on the 17th, and was quite satisfied with fair promises of a speedy trip. It would have been quite laughable to a disinterested person, understanding our individual feelings to have witnessed the parting between Edward and myself; but to have felt the herculean grasp of our hands, and to have contrasted that with the stoical indifference with which

our adieus were pronounced; he would, no doubt have given us due credit for our philosophy. The scene recalled a similar one to mind, that occurred between a gallant old friend at home and myself, but never mind, let those who enjoy a laugh at such heart trials, grin like monkeys: I always recover my humor in admiring their *wisdom* or *folly*, as it may be. My boat, for the sake of expedition, was one of the smallest used on the river by travelers; it was manned by the patron and two bogadórs, just large enough to accommodate us all, and nothing to spare.

To give you an idea of the progress of large boats, I will mention that I passed about half way between Mompox and Honda 621 miles apart, three champáns with merchandise having a collective crew of sixty men, which had cleared two months previous from the former place. Their dilatoriness is owing to the uncommonly late rising of the river. Each man receives his $14 per trip; their work is so very laborious that they are allowed the privilege of recruiting their enervated bodies by remaining a certain number of days at specified places. My patrón and bogadors, all Indians, had made this trip so often, and knowing now all the stopping sites as well as stage horses, I had the utmost difficulty to prevent their visiting the old haunts. Still, however, in spite of all my efforts, they did manage to stop three different times by falling desperately sick, but that sickness always left them by the next morning, when they would go on again with new vigor for a few more days. We had passed, two days after leaving Peñon, the three boats of the Glens on the same destination with us, in one of which I had expected to have continued my journey. Many of the crew who had so frequently seen me during my stay in Barranquilla, expressed pleasure at our meeting and regret at parting with a friend of their employer's house. I left them after finding that all was going on well; they looked really so sorrowful, that I could not but pity and sympathize with them. Some of the number, though of a "lowly condition" were genuine worthy fellows, who had for years, many years been truly faithful to their masters. Edward had stood as Compádre or protector at his marriage. I was, however, thankful not to have been so long detained even with the advantages of more space in these larger boats.

The palm leaf toldo — impenetrable to heat or rain, was scarcely high enough to admit of my sitting upright, but then my baggage was so arranged that I could recline back upon it partly in a sitting, partly in a lying posture or extended full length in the bottom of the boat, with my mat underneath engaged in reading or writing or my Spanish studies. As the boga in front (assisted ever and anon by Cato), required all the space between my toldo and the prow, equipped with his light pole, rounded slightly, resting against his naked breast as with the old boatmen of the Mississippi, engaged in propelling the vessel, and as the cooking utensils, boga's baggage, &c., lumbered up all the vacancy in the stern — I of course was obliged to remain constantly housed while under headway. This would have been a matter of choice, in the heat of the day, when the thermometer ranges over 100°, but the confinement was quite irksome in the fine mornings and evenings. At the commencement I found the movement of the little champán very uncomfortable; its diminutive size, so essential to speed, was against its stability; every motion of the boatmen would make her roll so much, that it was long before I could accustom myself to the motion. It was a day or so too, before I could abstract my attention from the stamping, jarring footsteps so immediately overhead,

on top of the toldo; this together with the constant, unvaried chant, at first an intolerable nuisance, soon became unnoticed, habit is every thing, and could receive as much pleasure in the perusal of an entertaining book as ever, for you know my disposition is generally happy in accommodating itself to every situation and inconvenience. The first night we only succeeded in reaching the romantic little Indian hamlet of Minchiqueo, two leagues from Mompox in the same province. I directed my "Snow Ball" (as Uncle Peter calls Cato) to take my bedding, &c., ashore and I rejoiced in an opportunity once more of perambulating after my close confinement in the small boat.

The gloomy, wild, impenetrable forest, inclosing on the three sides the little plot of ten or fifteen acres of cleared ground on which the hamlet stands, gives undisturbed shelter to the hordes of large red monkeys, whose growl, at this hour, so much resembling the distant roar of lions; together with the occasional peculiar cry of the hoarse noted *macaws*, as flitting overhead in pairs and exposing to view, in the last rays of the dipping sun, the gaudiness of their dress they wend to their nightly retreat, were the only interruptions to the serenity of the scene. I had often admired the beauty of this bird, but here was a new variety; many a pair with deep *scarlet* plumage passed over among the green, blue and parti-colored ones. I had never before seen this species and was "smitten at first sight," a thing Memory says is no novelty to a susceptive youth as myself. It is the invariable habit of the *guaycamáyo* to take this twilight flight, as is the case with all birds of the genus, belonging to the parrot family, from this the chief of the tribe down to the twittering little pároquet and they tend not a little to enhance the beauty of the delightful evenings of this tropical climate. These birds have their nests in high hollow trees and subsist on the grains and luscious fruits. Upon returning from my walk, I found Cato had spread my mat under a cluster of Orange trees, with the tolda hanging over it, lashed to the trunks of two others of the same kind. I of course applauded his taste in selecting so fragrant a spot; for the trees though loaded with fruit in every stage, had still plenty of aromatic blossoms left to fill the air with "balmy sweets," and I anticipated the delectable sleep I subsequently enjoyed in so odoriferous a resting place. The orange is not the only fruit flourishing here, for in the intervals between the scattering huts, sported in all its pride and lofty grandeur the Cocoa tree, whose long feathery leaves wave so gracefully to the gentle evening breeze, and whose clusters of fruit, so grateful to the taste, interspersed amongst those leaves, protected from the sun and rains by this natural umbrella, ever afford such a temptation to the hungry or thirsty gormandizer. There is another fruit here, now in full maturity, is of a very perishable nature, inclosed in a rusty coat, having two black seeds: it is about the size of a common blue plum, very mellow and of an exquisite flavor, its name was given but has escaped me. The *Bananas* abound in the most thrifty style, which together with limes, succulent lemons, pine-apples and other tropical fruits contribute to form the best collection I had heretofore met with at any one place in the country. The *pine-apple* appears to grow best in the shade, I found it sheltered under the broad leaves of the banana plant; each apple is nourished by itself, at the end of a solitary stem, rising from the centre of a tuft of long dagger like shaped grass; the blade is very thick and strong, pointed with a thorn.

The next morning we were under headway before daylight, and the bogas having taken to their task with too much zeal, began to lay in their work towards the afternoon, and about 4 oclock came to a stop opposite a lonely hut. They soon commenced washing out the boat, securing their palancas along side, &c., their last duties at the close of a day's work. I, however, very soon broke in upon these, to them pleasant duties, by ordering them to go on still further; but they did not like this interference of mine, with their avocations, at all. They told me that there was no other house to stop at for leagues ahead, nothing but *playa* (the shore or strand) to rest upon. To all their murmurings I replied that I did not want a house to sleep in. I had slept on sandbars before, and insisted upon their moving on, which they did very reluctantly and I as reluctantly again embarked having a severe headache and feeling excessively tired. But I deemed it best to initiate the bogas into my ways as soon as possible and to let them see that I would be obeyed. The rascals seeing me indisposed thought to punish me by keeping on quite late now they were again started; and under a pretence of not being able to find a place, kept on past several *playa* (as Cato told me) till near ten oclock; and then came to, along side of what had *erst been an alligators hatching place* in a sand bank. The empty and curled up egg-shells of this reptile, which were strewed about in such quantities, indicated this to have really been the site chosen, by the female, for depositing her eggs in the sand and trusting to the sun's hot rays to hatch out her young ones. By this time my fatigue and malady had increased so much that I did not feel very particular as to my place of lodging. Cato very quickly had the shells brushed away from a smooth spot and the tolda's in order for nestling under, and I as quickly crawled in while the lower edges of the musquito-bars were carefully tucked under my mat. I had previously given my black *snowball* directions to call me when the moon, now in its last quarter, was in a line with the top of a tree which I designated; and also how to act, in case that any of the *cáyman* or alligators should pay any of us a visit, in the night, with the intention of making a meal of either of us; a thing which the negro apprehended more than anything else on the river.

I soon fell soundly asleep, but how long I had been in that state, I cannot tell, I only know that when fairly awake I found myself sitting upright, under the toldo which was visibly and violently agitated by some external agency; my pistols were in one hand and sword in the other. The movement of my toldo must, undoubtedly, have aroused me, and instinct caused me to seize my arms, for I distinctly recollect that surprise, at finding myself in this warlike attitude, was the *first* unmingled emotion of my waking sense. Then like a flash of lightning the idea of a cayman's visit came across my mind and simultaneously I saw, by the light of the moon just rising over the top of the trees, through the thin fabric of my toldo, a dark object crawling or moving and stoutly shaking the dark side of Cato's toldo, one cord of which being fastened to the same stake with my own communicated all its motion to both. My idea that a cayman had come for a feast was now fully confirmed by this dark looking busy apparition, I cocked my pistols but the distance and a knowledge of the cayman's toughness of hide determined me to change my plan of operations. I thought it the better plan to throw myself between the toldos and the river, then to attack the depredator in his retreat; for you know if I had commenced bombarding the enemy at too long a distance, when he was so well protected, it would have been more than probable that the firing would have been without

effect on such a foe, then I should have not only lost my ammunition but peradventure my negro too. I was out of the tolda as quick as thought, but wishing to ascertain, before commencing the attack, after gaining my position, where Cato was, I called out to him. When, will you believe it instead of coming to me carrying his head under his arm, or his leg on his shoulder, he appeared without any mark of a conflict with an alligator and answered "*Sir*" as boldly and as plainly as I had ever heard him speak that word. A thought then struck me, but I was not yet sure and I soon asked "what the devil he was doing there?" He answered that "the musquitoes had got under his toldo and that he had been shaking them out," which convinced me that he had been *the dark object* under the dark side of the tóldo. I went to bed again somewhat relieved and ere long fast asleep but was once more awakened by the sonorous voice of Cato now calling out to the bogas "vayámonos mucháchones," "let us go away boys," and the moon being at the point designated, we were soon voyagers along the winding banks of the river.

At Penon, an Indian village at which we staid over night, the toldo was pitched under the trees in one of the main streets. During this operation we had plenty of spectators who came to offer to so rare a customer as a *blánco* or white man their *bóllo* — Indian meal boiled in plantain leaves — but I purchased earthen pots for cookery to make my stock of kitchen furniture complete. The crew were by their bargain obliged to procure their own provisions and of course they had a larder of their own. On the sixth day after leaving Mompox, in which we had passed nine Indian hamlets, we reached the rather large village of Morales, early in the afternoon. This place is beautifully decorated by a row of thrifty cocoanut trees on the river's bank, from one extremity of the vill to the other, and is one of the regular *stopping places* for the hard working bogas who man the large boats, they require a rest of one or two days. In my light vessel this repose was not at all required for the bogas, but one of them landed here on pretence of business, and did not make his appearance till the next morning, for fear I would compel them to go on still further; but I did not feel at all vexed, for the change was as pleasant to me as to them.

The boatmen are always paid in advance for their jobs, which makes them heedless of the time they consume in performing them; owing to this many of the large boats are three months in accomplishing the voyage, when two should answer. Nothing seems to excite the ambition of these improvident creatures. In the course of my rambles, that afternoon, I came across two foreigners, passengers in one of the seven chámpans lying before this place; they were three weeks from Mompox and both bound for the salt mines near Bogota. One was a Cornish miner, the other a Frenchman but he spoke better English than the Britain. They have been here detained two days beyond the allotted time for resting, in consequence of a *row*, among the crews of the different boats, in which one of their bogas was completely disabled and their patron so badly wounded by machetes that they could not go on. The cause of quarrel was some trivial thing, which will cause some of these fellows to draw their knives and set them at cutting and slashing each other as if they were chopping up pumpkins for a stall fed ox. Nor do they require the usual stimulants of our home bullies — rum, to set them at loggerheads, for they scarcely ever get drunk; indeed abstinence from strong liquors is here a universal virtue — necessity rather — for the climate is against the longevity of a hard drinker. Our Cornish miner,

one of your little fellows only one inch taller than myself, (six feet four inches high) and proportionately built, had been most terribly annoyed by the mosquitoes; his arms and legs, from the elbow and knee down to the nails of fingers and toes were nearly one continued sore, nor was his face or neck in a much better plight. I asked him "why he had not provided himself with a toldo." "Why dang it zur, I had un till the dom bogas stold it o'me of a night when I was sleepin." "You are a sound sleeper," says I. Izz zur, I duz sleep sound, but when I wakt with their pullin it fra' under me and chassed them, I tumblet down, and they run in the booshes wi the tóldo, an thats the last o' it."

Our crew having assembled at the boat, quite early, we again started and on the fourth day after that came to, in the evening, at San Pablo where we remained next day to wash our clothes, buy provisions and to humor the bogas — who wished me to allow them one day for rest at this *stopping place*, and then they would go on to Honda without applying for the same favor again. Leaving Cato and the bogas cleansing their traveling clothes, I started with my gun on my shoulder, machete by my side, and compass in my hand to follow, in search of game and *variety*, a little path leading into the forest, which here as at all other Indian villages approximates so near and encloses with its almost impenetrable wilds those tiny spots of human cultivation and habitation. A walk of a mile along this path brought me to a cleared site of some thirty acres, formerly a plantation, but now the free grazing ground of jackasses, goats and cows. The heat of the sun in this close, unsheltered place, compelled me to add somewhat to the speed of my loitering gait in crossing over to gain one of the many sylvan tracks on the other side, where I re-assumed my leisurely movements. While stretching my neck, in vain, and straining my eyes to get a sight of the "pávo" (turkeys and wood-grouse) which at times resort here, could see or hear nothing save macaws, parrots, and monkeys. I had so frequently observed these interesting things that it seemed but dull sport. Whilst quenching my thirst at a "crystal stream" I was suddenly startled by a rustling in the underbrush at hand, and directly after had an indistinct glimpse of some animal running along, which, from its color, I supposed to be a deer. Snatching up my arms I followed the road he took which led me, in a very short time, to a little open vale, at the foot of a murmuring cascade. As soon as I broke into it from the woods, my ears were saluted by a stunning, shrill, unearthly shriek as piercing and uproarious a tumult as if all Bedlam had joined in a full chorus! Jupiter Ammon!! I nearly fainted, my modesty received such an electrical shock!!! My surprise may easily be imagined when I discovered in the little pool below the cascade some five or six tawny females up to their waist in water engaged in washing their soiled clothes. Among the pack of dogs, that also greeted my appearance and joined in concert to the female yell, was one whose dun color had led me, in the passing glance, to mistake him for a deer. I quickly beat a retreat and left the Naiads wallowing in their limpid fountain and pursued my course *boatward*, where I arrived with a *stomach full of emptiness* and legs full of weariness, without having shed any blood in my ramble except that of a pretty green snake which perished by decapitation. Quite satisfied with the exercise I had taken, the rest of the day was spent by me in reading and *fishing*.

This last amusement had been resorted to in coming up the river only when the nature of the ground, at the resting or eating places, precluded

the possibility of walking. Many such had turned up, and then we always endeavored to forget the deprivation from exercise, in the pleasures of the ever successful angling rod. We never made use of our hook and line without procuring at least a dish for ourselves, and very frequently we also hauled in enough for the bogas. The only kinds that took our bait were of the catfish tribe; of the two species that we caught, one greatly resembles those of the Hudson river; the other differs from it in the flatness of its head and in the construction of its beard, which grows the length of the fishes' body and from the circumstance is called *bárba* by the boatmen. Both kinds are very plentiful, fat and in flavor excel any thing of the fish kind I ever tasted; they are justly considered the best in the river. Some of them attain an enormous size, the largest one I ever saw was two feet and a half long; but have no doubt they are frequently as large, if not larger, than those of the Mississippi or the Lakes; their fat is like that of mutton to the eye: the Indians boil without skinning them. There is nothing particularly interesting on the lower part of this river, it has a sameness that tires the traveler — a trip from one village to another gives a fair idea of the whole route. The village houses are all made of reeds and thatched with palmetto leaves; no floors; plenty of children and barking curs; all looks dirty around them for they are poor, filthy and noisy. The only marks of tillage are found in the immediate vicinity of those vills, the rest, extending as far as the vision can trace, is a wild luxuriant wilderness. There is seldom any high back scenery to relieve the eye; the lofty mountain peaks do not approach the river till near Honda, at which place, the base of the vast eminence, is in places laved by the diminished Magdalena, while the summit rises hundreds of feet above you, clothed with flowers, shrubs and all the brilliant trees of this wild region. Often when our boat was at anchor, while the ceremony of cooking was going on both morning and evening, have I wandered over the flats that spread out from the bottom of those hills to admire the richness of the soil, the perpetual verdure of the forests, the beauty of the birds or the general stillness and sublimity of the scene, to find myself chanting — when awakened from a revery — in my most dulcet notes those expressive words of Moore, "How great indeed had been our bliss, If Heav'n had but assign'd us, To live and die in scenes like this, With some we've left behind us." But it is impossible to impress on paper the strong emotions so frequently experienced during my travels in this beautiful country, so I will leave these romantic sports for the present.

My gun afforded me not only plenty of sport, but was an indispensable implement in our very long passage. I had provided more than enough yams, tea, coffee &c., still my store of *salt meat* as also *that* of the bogadors was only calculated for a trip of eighteen or twenty days, and we soon found the necessity of husbanding it as much as possible. The Indian hamlets affording nothing but fruits, rarely eggs, and never meats of any kind, it was indeed fortunate a remedy was ever at hand in my trusty fusil. It was not an uncommon thing for us to have three or four wild turkeys, ducks or any other large unknown birds on hand at one time, so you may well suppose then, that our fare was none of the worst. My bogas always had their share of the fine game when I had a larger supply than I could preserve from decay, but when, as it sometimes happened, I had but a single bird for my own use they would apply to me for a *gárza* or crane. These could always be obtained as the river abounds with them, they are quite fat and are eaten by the bogas with much gusto; but I

never could overcome my prejudice enough to taste them but once and then found them quite an agreeable addition to the impoverished contents and meagre supply of our "*ollas*" or earthern cooking pots. We also often made a short stop to allow the men an opportunity of gathering *turtle's eggs*, of which they found in some places large quantities.

The turkeys, like all other forest birds here, are tough but very sweet meat; the ducks assimilate much to our canvasbacks but in size and flavor are superior. The unknown bird is shaped like our woodcock, but the body is larger than a goose; when the skin is stripped off it appeares like a solid lump of fat but are good eating and very tender; they fly in immense flocks feeding on the sand bars. On the 3rd of June I secured among my little crew an exalted reputation for myself as one of the medical säväns. In attempting to double one of the "*peñons*" or points against which the current sets with so much force as to make it very difficult, the boat being driven back as frequently occurs at those places with such velocity against the perpendicular bank, that the Patrón was obliged to fend off with both hands to prevent our going to pieces. In doing which one of his hands was stung by a snake or some other reptile. The subtile poison caused the wound in a short time to become very painful, as indicated by his piteous groans and pallid hue, likewise so much swollen that he became greatly alarmed and stopped the boat. I could not discover where the fangs had entered, and was astonished to see his hand increase in size so rapidly; however I took the poor fellow under my protecting wing; and whilst I was engaged in applying a ligature below the elbow, above the swelling, Cato was, with all the dispatch of one who saw the necessity, amalgamating the only ingredients I possessed, in which I had any confidence, or hope of proving a beneficial unction in this forlorn case. A cataplasm of sugar, salt and turpentine soap was soon well daubed on with unsparing hand, and then to obviate the necessity of remaining in the wild, cheerless spot at which we then were, I made him crawl under the part of the toldo appropriated to Cato, that he might grunt there at his leisure, whilst a boga took his place and Cato the palánca of the latter. Shortly after applying the soft poultice the invalid fancied the pain was eased, in fact the next day, on removing the bandages, the swelling had all disappeared. That accident was nearly the cause of proving a much greater one.

Cato after giving up his berth under the tolda to the sick man had mounted the quarter deck with the palánca or pole in order to keep the boat moving that day. The little negro did great credit to his new avocation, and as long as he had "plain sailing" before him all went well, the little bark perhaps had never glided so swiftly through the waters as she did when propelled by him. But after an hour or two, in attempting to double a difficult "peñón" where not only skill but great force was requisite for its accomplishment, the faithful negro who never was backward in any emergency was determined in this case to prove himself, at least, equal to the natives in their proper element. But alas! the vanity of ambition! In order to give a powerful heave, in pressing his pole against the limb of a tree diagonally overhead, it broke and down he plumped into the water with its rapid current where a fifteen foot palánca could find no bottom. It occurred at the turn where it would be difficult for a veteran swimmer to reach the trees or pendulous vines from the banks, over the vortex of violently whirling water where there are no soundings, for the stream comes rushing along with such force and then being so sud-

denly impeded by these large rocks as to form a raging whirlpool. This portentous accident would have proved fatal to the "land lubber," (as he knew not the art of swimming, and the stream that was in the act of bearing him away made such a stunning noise, together with uninterrupted laboring cry of the bógas, and extra motion of the boat were such common things, at these peñóns, as by this time not often to attract my notice,) but for the providential circumstance of my being at the mouth of the tóldo waiting for a shot at a crimson spoon bill duck, which I had a few moments before seen to alight on a point above us. While stretching out my neck to ascertain the precise situation of the bird, I observed the dangerous predicament of my *darkey*. Hastily throwing my gun aside, I forcibly snatched the palánca from the hand of the forward bóga, who with the air of one petrified, was instinctively clinging to the vines in the bank, to prevent the boat going back. However I quickly broke his hold, he began to swear and refused me his pole, but that was no time for ceremony and at my threat of throwing *him* overboard, he only replied "what a man" and after I had, as related, taken the pole by force, he squatted down in the bows of the boat and looked as vacant as if nothing was going on, both of the bógas were too much stupified to lend their aid. One stout heave on the pole, aided by the rapids, brought me near enough to the receding but manfully struggling negro to extend him one end of it and he was soon hauled aboard — while the caymán was cheated of his meal. Then the paddles brought the boat along side the bank and we proceeded as usual on our route.

I had seen "Snowball" splashing about in the waters of our own *bonnie* Hudson some years since, he then was rescued from drowning through my instrumentality, and in spite of my intense anxiety at this time, I could not but remark, nor refrain from smiling (when the danger was past) at his ludicrous appearance at both times. His eyes were distended, and ever and anon, a spout issued from his mouth like that from the nostrils of a whale. To my cheering and earnest cry of "paddle away my brave boy," he answered with a language something between a grunt and a groan; but when I finally dragged him in the boat, he went to work again as if he had not been in the least jeopardy, or without betraying any signs of agitation at the adventure, simply remarking that "It was well for him there were no caymáns just then in waiting." "*Cayman*" is the Spanish of Alligator, in which the whole length of the river abounds. We had heard some report in Barranquilla of an Englishman having lost a son by them on this stream, which was true as I subsequently discovered.

The day following these *nearly* tragical events, we reached the little town of San. Bartolemo, and tarried one day; by this time the Patrón was fast recovering we went on our way without any more trouble. Cato working in the cool parts of the day as he had previously and taking to the house when the heat was too intense. We again came across the large kind of birds after which I had a "wild goose chase" on the savannas below Mompox. I found them very shy, and made several vain attempts before I got a shot at them the first time, and then was compelled to fire at such a distance, that I only succeeded in crippling one out of an enormous flock, in such a manner that it fell into the water about 100 yards from the shore, where it immediately was drawn under, by one of the greedy caymans, which had crawled from the sunny sand bank at my approach. However these futile efforts made me better acquainted with their "manners and customs," and afterwards procured as

many as I pleased, killing seven, one day, with the two barrels. They are larger than our goose, with a dark fleshy head and neck, plumage white, shaped exactly like our woodcock, and the only bird I have met with in this country which can be called really fat, they are tolerably good eating.

We now occasionally were favored with a distant view of the Andes which was an agreeable relief to the eye so long accustomed to the unvarying sight of the luxuriancy of the plains in the level country, but as we approached nearer, in our progress, towards those mountains we were the oftener disturbed from our sleep by tremendous showers of rain. The bógas were frequently wet to the skin, I therefore willingly allowed a stoppage in the middle of an afternoon at the little village of Nare. This place like all other villages here, stands on a spot of cleared ground barely large enough to contain the huts, with a cheerless forest on three sides and the river in front. Not many hundred yards north of it, the very considerable stream of the Rio Nare comes sweeping down from the mountains in the Province of Antioquia to pay its tribute to the Magdalena. I here laid in a stock of pine apples, plums, sugar and chocolate, and after leaving it we more frequently came across the Cocoa tree, from the berry of which we concoct our delicious chocolate. These trees are cultivated in regular rows and much care is bestowed upon them; nothing is suffered to grow under them (except the shade loving pine apple) they are kept well trimmed and never grow very large. The rough pods in which the berries are incased are a little in appearance like the fruit of the Calabosa which grows out of the trunk of the tree from the ground up, at irregular intervals and has a singular appearance. The cultivation of the fruit is a very profitable business and many extensive plantations are to be met on the upper part of the river. The most prosperous one of great extent is at the "Hacienda" (estate) de Palencaüo where I enjoyed a delightful stroll on the evening of June 14th after the excessive heat of the day among the cocoas, banánas, and sugar patches; being afterwards kindly entertained with a cup of chocolate and some "*dúlces*" — preserves — by the owner, a majestic hoary headed negro and his fat but cleanly spouse. Their mud covered reed house is tastefully flanked on each side with four or five uniform huts for their slaves, while everything about them is a model of neatness.

The night after this a heavy shower so completely drenched the clothes of the bógas that I resolved the next morning to take advantage of the interval lost in drying them and in the preparations for breakfast, to ascend a hill at the foot of which we were lying. These showers surprised us only at night as the sun is here too powerful to permit the clouds to collect in the day. I took my machéte in hand but it was only with the greatest difficulty I succeeded in cutting my way through the wild banána, matted vines, briers and luxuriant plants until I came to a precipitous rock which crowned the summit. After a short search at the foot of the precipice I found a place where the ascent was practicable for an active body with good nerves. I made the attempt and with the aid of a friendly tree succeeded in attaining half the height of the steep; the other ten feet was surmounted *a la mode* of a chimney-sweep through a narrow fissure of the rock when all my fatigue was forgotten in the magnificence of the prospect and the refreshing coolness of the breeze. From the little rocky table the termination of this height, which perhaps had never before sustained a man, I jerked many a pebble into the muddy water of the rapid river which, in its winding course rolling from amidst the hills, forms, in its

nearer approach, a peninsular the exact model of the scene from Mt. Holyoke on a more diminutive scale. The Magdalena forms its *oxbow*, at the foot of my hill, and then winds off watering, in its direction of moving, the richly coated savannas so beautifully dressed in verdure till it is lost in the distance. The resemblance to my favorite scene at home, was so striking that I forgot the toil and blisters — a consequent of accomplishing the ascent — and for a few agreeable moments imagination carried me to the society of a happy few on that bonny hill of Massachusetts. The delusion was soon put to flight by a "still small voice" from the pigmy form of Cato down on the beach 3 or 400 feet below. As the tone came up along the mountain's side it seemed like distant thunder; though his words could not be understood, the sound in reverberating along the craggy rocks seemed to have acquired a tenfold force ere it reached me. The cause of this untimely summons was easily *guessed* and I left the dizzy height to partake of the breakfast prepared by Cato.

Our bógas had so much difficulty to day — June 15 — in working against a current running at the rate of seven miles per hour that they threw aside their pálancas in despair of getting around a peñon at 5 P. M. about one league from their final destination. This early stoppage I took advantage of to ascend to the top of another hill in company with Cato. This was not so arduous a task as the one I had accomplished in the morning although it was twice the height of the other for our course was not obstructed by vines and briers. After passing through the woods which cover the narrow flats lying between the river and the foot of the mountain, we found an open but very steep road. This hill like many others seen latterly, was completely devoid of trees, though thickly coated in a short growth of grass. From the summit the view was extensive and beautiful: on one side was seen the river rolling along through a fruitful valley with an occasional hut, or herd of cattle indicating that man was there to mar the quietude of the peaceful spot. On the other side was displayed to our gaze the wildest and most picturesque succession of peaked hills rising one over the other that I ever beheld, I was perfectly fascinated with the novelty of the scene. After gazing awhile we set to rolling stones down the steep declivity and in places of craggy sides, then stand to see them bound along in their furious career, and listen to hear their thundering noise as it rose over the stillness of the evening, from their coming in contact with other stones, till they were broken in fragments by the percussion from their precipitous descent, or lost in the distance to the sight and ear. This idle pastime was at length brought to a close, at our hearing music from the tail of a rattlesnake which lay hid under a massive stone against which we had both concentrated our strength to dislodge from its bed to send down the declivity. "A word to the wise" is, or ought to be enough, so we left the wrathful snake in undisputed possession of its stone and shortly after started off in direction of the beacon fire, which was blazing by the side of our little búrgo where we arrived long after dark. The next day June 16 we landed at 8 oclock A. M. opposite the *Bodéja* (storehouses) de Honda, and immediately walked up a distance of one league to the city to deliver my letters of introduction, from the Glens, to Señor Martin Avendano, who formerly was a clerk in their house. On presenting the letters at the door I was immediately invited in, where I found the whole family at breakfast; mine was ushered in, after they had finished, in handsome style. Before I had finished, a fine looking young man of about 30

or 35 years, whom I had observed eating, at the general's table, in his shirt sleeves, put on a red military jacket and cap, then with a profound military salute, took his departure. Thinks I, there goes a drum-major as proud of his livery as a peacock of his tail and then dismissed all thought of him.

Having understood that Señor A — had letters from General Harrison to me, who had as previously requested addressed to his care, went with him after finishing my meal, to his store and found two. The General expressed his pleasure at my having a servant with me, and stated that instead of an encumbrance, he would be an acquisition to him, as the servants here are so incompetent, and after giving me some directions about his furniture, which by this time had all gone on; he closed by informing me, who to draw on for money in case I wanted it; that, however, was not necessary, but it all goes to show the man. After reading my letters, Sr Avendano suggested going to the Governor's office to show my passport, and take out a new one at once, as I wished to move on early the following morning; accordingly we went, and who did the Governor prove to be, but my polite drum-major. I was greatly surprised but my equanimity soon returned and Governor Posada was so favorably impressed by my powers of affability that nothing could equal his civility. He sent out his own servant to procure the mules for me to proceed on with; gave me a hammock to sleep in that night; and afterwards when we found none other was to be had in Honda, he offered me the use of his own English saddle, without which my journey would not only have been unpleasant but extremely hazardous. I found Honda excessively warm, but in spite of the heat I rambled through every part of the earthquake battered place, to view the ruins of churches, convents and dwellings prostrated by the earth's commotions. After my stroll about town we returned home to dinner where I found Cato and the baggage by the Governor's orders. Cato remained with the luggage at Señor Avendano's and I went to the Governor's that night. The only thing that occurred at Honda, to mar my enjoyment, was the first flying report of General Harrison's removal. The news was not so very shocking, as the possibility of such a thing had previously occurred to my mind; but my greatest anxiety was — that your new Hickory broom might peradventure sweep too clean at *your* office. On the 17th June upon crossing the river, after breakfast, at eight o'clock, I found the Governor's servant with mine awaiting my coming. The baggage was soon lashed on the backs of the mules, when Cato and myself mounted ours; and followed by our cheering peón (muletéer) Honda was quickly left behind us.

This road has the reputation of being one of the worst in South America. We passed on the brink of many a giddy precipice, and up elevations which owing to their perpendicularity appeared to our unpracticed eyes insurmountable, but these places are passed and repassed with but little difficulty, through a zig-zag road. This has by the power of the mountain floods and constant travel, been worn down below the general level of the surrounding ground, and now resembles a farmer's ditch more than a grand turnpike to a large and rich Capital. Our wearisome headway was made up such a road for several hours, now and then a short level, or a descent would occur by way of variety. The description we had received of this road, from our English acquaintances, had made us expect many an adventure in the shape of broken bones and tumbles; but the agreeable change from our boat life with the quickly acquired confi-

dence in the sure-footedness of our patient mules, dispelled every apprehension of that sort and left the mind at ease to enjoy the ever varying scenery. A slip which Cato unintentionally made over the neck of his beast, did not in the least tend to destroy our enjoyment, only made us more cautious in sitting firmly on our saddles while crossing bad places. At length we attained the elevation as designated on an old Spanish monument by the side of 860 *toésa* (fathoms) from which the view was magnificent, a wild and most extensive spectacle. In the centre of the scene the River Magdalena like a silver thread was seen winding along for many miles on its seaward course and from it, the mountains rose to a towering height one above another, in every direction as far as the vision could detect them; and in the distance became so blended with the clouds, as to be scarcely distinguishable. Even the spot on which we stood, though far above the ribbon like stream appeared when the nearer ranges were overlooked, and when the eye rested on the remote mountain tops, like the lowest spot athwart the vale. I never in my life so forcibly realized the insignificance of man as I did at that moment. Notwithstanding fatigue, our time passed away most pleasantly and about 5 o'clock P. M. Guaduas in the bosom of its delightful valley opened to our view and at 8 o'clock we had made the descent.

After delivering my letters of introduction from Governor Posada and Señor Avendaño to Colonel Acosta I was soon put in very comfortable quarters for the night. At Guadua, which is about eight leagues from Honda, I met Col. Campbell the British Chargé d' Affaires to this Country, and Mr. Miranda — a son of the unfortunate Patriotic General killed by the Spaniards, of the same name. They both confirmed the rumor of General Harrison's removal by President Jackson, but that he had not as yet been officially informed of the event; I was gratified to learn from them, that he would not probably leave the country yet, for some months. I was extremely well pleased with both gentlemen, particularly with the urbanity and true gentility of Col. Campbell. They had been traveling for health and amusement; at this time had been several days in this charming village when I arrived, and having understood from Col. Acosta that there was an "*Ingles caballéro*" or an English cavalier at his mansion who spoke the Spanish imperfectly they at once called on and breakfasted with me. I gleaned many items of intelligence. The President of Colombia is still in Peru.

CHAPTER XXIV.

South American Letters Continued.

Rumor with her thousand tongues is very busy, though of course there is no sure dependence to be placed upon her; she says that, the war is soon to be renewed, and when peace is firmly established that the great Republican Bolivar is to *assume the royal purple;* that plan is quite openly talked of and doubted by none!

A short time since word was received of the total destruction, by fire, of the best frigate in the Peruvian navy; this unlucky accident gives the

President a decided advantage, and most probably will be the means of his effecting a speedy settlement with his foes in that quarter. A new tariff has lately been issued also by General Bolivar from Quito, which imposes an additional duty at once, of $5 per bbl. on flour, it was $3 before; this unwise act will make the importation of that article from the United States out of the question. Indeed the effect of the new tariff appears to be directed chiefly against the productions of the United States, and is widely considered a further proof of the President's ill will towards our republicanism. However let him run, only "give a rogue rope enough and he'll hang himself." The first glimpse I had of this beautiful Gauduas valley was from a height of 5160 feet, as indicated by the true Spanish measure stones, it then appeared as if I could easily jerk a stone upon it, but it had, notwithstanding, taken us five long hours before we made our entrance in it. The valley in which the village stands is surrounded by mountains equally as high as the one over which we passed, and a more romantic, lovely, secluded spot never was warmed by the sun. If the inhabitants of the vicinity had only a tenth part of the Yankee enterprise, they might soon command the productions of every climate, but as it now is, they only have such products as grow almost spontaneously.

I took one of Col. Campbell's many useful hints, by dispatching on my baggage early next morning, after my muleteer had received directions from the two colonels where to stop with me. Having been informed by Col. Campbell that Gen. Harrison had been anxiously expecting me since he had heard from home, I finished my meal with my hospitable entertainer and his guests; then taking leave of them, jogged on after my other three mules, which looked at the height they had by this time attained, like so many mice beating up the side of a haystack. I followed up the steep mountain but it was near one o'clock ere I found them and lost sight of Gauduas. We met with the same kind of scenery and rough roads though generally better than on the previous day, though some of the passes were very bad, and the precipices dangerous causing giddiness, but the mules are so perfectly sure-footed and accustomed to the way that you acquire more confidence while passing the most gloomy looking precipice on their backs than you would if depending upon your own legs. We consumed nearly the whole of that day in crossing over the mountain of *Alto de Trigo*, or height of wheat, though we saw none of that grain on our road. On reaching the summit of the mount we had a charming view of the village and valley of Velleta and passed through at 5 P. M., sleeping about one and a half leagues beyond at a hovel called *Alto de* Gaseno 320 *toésa* higher than the village. The Bogota or Funza river, waters the valley, adding much to its beauty, but still not equal to the picturesque valley of Gauduas. Villeta is 3498 feet above the level of the sea; from this place you ascend with little or no interruption until you have obtained the altitude of the plain of Bogota which is 8220 feet above the sea. The change of atmosphere on this table-land was so great, that my blanket, coats and other wrappers could scarcely keep me from shivering. I suffered much from cold all that night, perhaps if our house could have afforded any edibles, I might not have felt it so sensibly, but I found not only that day but also the succeeding one, that a long ride over a rough mountainous road with an empty bread basket is not a non-conductor of cold.

My hammock was slung for the night in a room, around which twenty

noisy and filthy muleteers were huddled together like so many swine. After an uncomfortable night, in which our light slumbers were frequently disturbed by the arrival of the clamorous mule drivers with their braying animals, of which there were next morning about one hundred, we were happy when the day dawned, as it enabled us to proceed on our route. After four hours ride, we were fortunate enough to procure three dishes of weak soup — being a compound of potatoes, cabbage, beans and the leg of a fowl — it was the first time we had broken our fast since leaving Gauduas and we were destined to have this suffice till after reaching Bogota. This mess put us in a better condition to resume our journey and I — as was my constant practice — led the van in order that I might alight occasionally, on spots where the view was particularly fine, to gaze on the rugged little world around me. From the lofty height of our road, in some places you look down upon this range of the Andes and see mountain piled on mountain with their rocky and difficult passes; then as far as the eye can reach on all sides you still see other ranges whose lofty eminences mingling with the clouds, are much higher than the pinnacle upon which you stand. Nothing can equal the wild grandeur of the country through which we travel on this route. To look back you can hardly realize having traversed over so rough a district; to gaze ahead you think it an impossibility to surmount the barriers before you, but still a road has been formed even here, over which delicate ladies occasionally travel and in perfect safety.

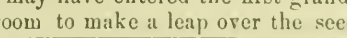
I met a young Virginian accompanied by his Lieutenant Guard of Colombian troops, passing each other in the most dreary part of the road. I should not have known him for a Countryman on account of his formidable mustache, but he joyfully recognized me as "a paisáno." He hailed me and asked if I was a foreigner, with a variety of other questions; stating by way of apology for his inquisitiveness, that he was looking out for a young gentleman, by name Van Rensselaer, to whom he was instructed to deliver a letter from General Harrison. When I told him *I* was of that name, and called upon him for the letter, he dropped his Spanish tongue and in his own native lingo told me his name was *Carr* from Virginia, he was now a bearer of letters to Col. Acosta from Gen. Harrison respecting me, the General having a few days previous heard of my coming, requesting him to pay me a little attention in case he should see me on my way up. While my baggage was coming up, and his with some of his stragglers were on their way down, we stopped in a little hut at hand on that lonely wild of the Andes to talk of home, sweet home! He knew many of my acquaintances and it was an agreeable incident to meet this tall mustached, sociable and intelligent countryman who was well acquainted with, and had so lately as two days previous parted from Gen. Harrison. Carr being out merely on some Government business to be absent a few days, we expressed a hope of meeting each other at no distant period in Bogota which is his permanent station. However we left each other — on the arrival of our respective baggage, from different directions — and pursued our different destinations — he for Guaduas — myself for Bogota.

For the last 24 hours we met with many evidences of enterprize in this rough region, in the line of agriculture; whenever the unevenness of the surface admits of it, a hut is erected, in many places even on the peaks of the steep mountains and around it is seen the various productions of the industrious proprietor growing amidst the lofty trees of the forest in the greatest luxuriance. We met to with many familiar growths of

our own country such as corn, onions, cabbages, potatoes, beans all in a fine state of cultivation, and this morning to, for the first time in this country saw *roses*. In the afternoon I was much elated at the sight of a beautiful little field of wheat, about the same state of maturity as at home at this season; which with a flock of sheep, geese, &c. gave the place such a comfortable look that I began to feel myself in a civilized country. Indeed for a time I fancied myself among the backwoodsmen at home. I find the people are enterprising, but they do not know how to direct their labors. They have the most miserable apologies for agricultural implements, of course though they may work hard, they cannot execute very much. To give you an idea of what can be done by a good farmer, I will mention, that the soil with the imperfect tillage it now receives, produces two crops of wheat, and three of barley. Both grains command in market from two and a half to five dollars per English bushel. Horticulture is still less understood, though it receives better encouragement than agriculture. You would be astonished to see the poverty of the Market in this climate where all the productions might with little care be raised. Vegetables command a very high price, and though of a good quality are often out of season when offered for sale. Peas and potatoes when nearly dead ripe are then brought to market.

Many of our most common vegetables were never known here, till introduced by Gen. Harrison. When a dinner is given by any of the Diplomatic Corps, he is always called upon for his vegetables: his celery, turnips, radishes, salads, &c., are the finest I ever beheld, and he says, they grow faster and are more easily cultivated than at home. Indeed, now as the General is recalled, I feel that if I had one or two more hands with Cato, I would really like the idea of trying the experiment of making a fortune on fifty acres, in my favorite way. There is much for and against the plan, I will give it more reflection before I decide. But to return from my long digression, shortly after passing this comparative level where things were flourishing, the steepness and difficulty of the mountain passes, convinced me, I was not on a road worked by the hands of Yankees. However this last ascent was not of long continuance and to our great relief my mulish cavalcade soon reached the height skirting the great plain of Bogota, where the rarefaction of air became so great, that I was taken with a very severe headache, while at the same time the guide and Cato were bleeding in concert at the nose. From this elevation the descent was gradual for better than half a league, when we came to the plain and shortly after to the village of Facitatiba, through which we passed and lodged that night (after having had a dim view of the Capital afar off), at a dirty hovel a league and a half beyond it.

Before reaching our inn for the night we passed several cavalcades, composed of riders of both sexes, whose large wide loose *Roanas* or sort of cloaks, gave a very fanciful appearance. These *roanas* are nothing more than an oblong piece of cloth with a hole in the centre for the passage of the head; and when of a gaudy color, as many of them are, fluttering about around its owner on a swift horse, bring to mind the often described dress of the gay Cavalier of old Spain. These parties were coming at full speed from the Capital where they had been to join in the festivals of Corpus Christi. The meeting of so many white faces, after all the tawny skins I had for so long time been gazing at, together with their dashing style of dress and movement was quite acceptable to me. Another cold shivering night was spent in the same manner as the last, in similar com-

pany and on an empty stomach, but my headache was expelled. Leaving Cato to bring up the rear with the baggage I proceeded on alone to accomplish the remaining six leagues. For miles around an almost dead level is seen, and its monotony only broken by a solitary hut unless it is by the broken summits of the distant hills surrounding it. A few ornamental trees around dwellings meet the eye with immense herds of cattle. Hedges or fences would greatly improve the appearance of this country, but none are visible; the divisions between fields and estates are ditches. The ditches are of a peculiar construction, and calculated only for this climate and soil. They are generally about five feet deep, divided into two apartments; one of which comprising nearly half of the whole is plain like those at home; the other half is a continuation of square holes running parallel to the other. The earthen partitions of which serves to stop the cattle or sheep, which may have entered the first grand division; as they when there, have no room to make a leap over the second barrier. This is a rough plan of them  The dirt of these ditches is always thrown up on the road and forms an embankment on each side which gives the road a concave form; an admirable invention for the retention of rain water and undoubtedly must be the cause of bad roads in the rainy season. However when I left the passes on the mountain side, I left all the mud behind me; here I encountered no mud — but dust in great abundance.

At 11 o'clock A.M. I found myself in Bogota the Capital of Colombia at the *Huérto de Jayme* (Garden of James) the residence of Gen. Wm. H. Harrison — Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary from the United States of America. My reception here was by Carter Basset Harrison the General's son, an Attaché to the Legation; shortly after his Father and Mr. Tayloe, the Secretary, made their appearance from a visit in the City and greeted my arrival with such cordiality that I immediately felt at home. A little before dinner Cato with the baggage and my jolly, whistling, shouting muleteer came along, and all my things were soon placed in the little room I now occupy, it had long since been in a state of preparation for me. Although I had been *now* almost six months in the country, I had not received any letters, *written at home subsequent* to my leaving the U. S. until my reaching Bogota. Here I was handed the first package dated about five months back, but notwithstanding their old age, the perusal gave me much pleasure, and the hope of soon getting later ones, together with the kindness and urbanity of the new acquaintances with whom I was now associated, made me quite as well contented with my new situation as I could have anticipated. I was soon introduced by the General and the rest of the family to the Diplomatic, Military and Civilians in the Capital worth knowing. Among whom were M. De Bresson, Commissioner of France — Col. Campbell, Chargé D'Affairs of H. B. Majesty — Col. Torrens do. of Mexico — Mr. Henderson H. B. M's Consul General — M. Martinez ditto of France &c. &c.

It was the day after my arrival, on June 18th that General Harrison took me round to see the Diplomatic Corps of the different nations. Among the first to whom he introduced me was Monsieur De Bresson, whom you must know as son-in-law of Judge Thompson; he was quite friendly and entertaining withal as Albany and my friends was the theme of our conversation.

The Duke of Montibello who is with him joined in our conversation as

he also was quite familiar with Albany, having been there only last year. The British Consul General is also a very estimable gentleman, his family is composed of his wife and three beautiful, accomplished grown up daughters and three smaller ones. One daughter was born on one of the *playas* or sand-bars of the river Magdalena five years since, at which time he had a son, a fine lad of fourteen years, seized and carried off by an alligator; it was the sad work of an instant and no help could be given. With this family, the Duke, and M. De Bresson, Gen. Harrison is very intimate, indeed he is on excellent terms with all the Foreigners.

The courteous Chargé d'Affaires of England Colonel Campbell has returned from his trip some days since, he also forms one in the General's private circle. My reception by General Harrison was truly kind, it appears to as if the same feelings that move him were extending to his whole household. Mr. Tayloe is a very fine man of about thirty-two years, a brother to the husband of Julia Dickenson (your friend's daughter) and to the unhappy young Kinderhooker. He greeted my arrival with as much cordiality as he could a brother; as also did Carter, the General's son. They live in one of the finest houses in Bogota, there is more room in it than he requires. The garden contains more than an acre of ground, well stocked with Yankee *sauce*, in which he takes much delight, and devotes a great deal of attention to it. I need not describe your old friend to you who know him so well, his army habits have given a bluntness of bearing and such a thorough knowledge of human nature, that independent of his high office, his company would be courted by all as a great acquisition. Of all the city belles, Consul General Henderson's three daughters — Misses Margaret, Mary Packer and Fanny — carry off the palm.

I regreted to learn there is a coolness, if not something worse, between Consul Henderson and Col. Campbell which occurred before my arrival in the city. It appears that there then resided here, a very beautiful woman called Mrs. Inglis, her reputation was none of the best, but her powers of fascination were so great, as to insnare the hearts of almost every foreigner of the place. Col. Campbell's among the rest; they became affianced, the wedding day was fixed, dresses prepared, and guests invited. Henderson had been called upon by the Colonel, and had consented that his eldest daughter should officiate as bridesmaid on the occasion; this match however was broken off. Not a long time after, the Colonel again requested the attendance of Miss Henderson at the nuptials of Mrs. Inglis and Mr. Greenop, but her father refused alleging the dubious character of the bride as his apology. He stated that when he consented to her acting as such before, it was to the contemplated bride of the Representative of his sovereign, but that now as this woman was to marry a man of whom he knew nothing, and whose character perhaps could not elevate that of his intended, he did not feel himself authorized, and could not as a father consent. The Colonel went off apparently satisfied but very shortly after the wedding, the objections, which Henderson had given him in confidence, to his daughter's serving as bridesmaid, became public, and Henderson was near receiving a challenge from Greenop, but the Colonel interposed and the matter rested, without another instance of the fallacy of the code of honor. It is indeed a relic of barbarous exercises which I for one do not desire to see in use. Henderson's refusal, however, was never forgiven and every opportunity was clandestinely taken to injure him. On one occasion when the British government required a statistical return, in which it was necessary to have the clear opinion of the different merchants, Campbell

advised Henderson to call a meeting. He did so, but some of the merchants, not wishing to expose their invoices or circumstances to others, refused to attend, but offered to give all the information they possessed privately. This was told to the Colonel Campbell and he declared himself satisfied; but in his very next dispatch home, he "*regretted*" that Mr. Henderson had not acted with sufficient efficiency in the matter, to come at the information which was required. This was done at the very time, when Henderson was pursuing the only course to get at it correctly: by writing the different merchants.

When that dispatch was sent to England — Campbell clapped his hands together and swore, that if it did not ruin Henderson, he would never write another. In due course of time Henderson did receive a severe reprimand from his government in consequence of the Colonel's representation, and when he immediately after it, charged the Col. with unfairness and duplicity in making his report; he received for an answer an absolute denial of the charge. However when the Colonel's original dispatches were referred to, the falsehood of his denial was manifest and much contrition was expressed by the Colonel. The whole line of Campbell's conduct towards Henderson after Mrs. Inglis's last marriage goes to prove his inimical feelings. He once had the absurdity to send a number of charges against Henderson to his government; after they were gone, he gave H——a list of them, requiring at the same time a refutation. When Henderson sent him word, that it was more easy to make charges, than to bring proofs, and that he was ready and capable of refuting any charge he might undertake to prove. Col. C. became alarmed at the responsibility he had so unwittingly undertaken, and dispatched Mr. Wall, one of his Attachés off to Carthagena to intercept the communication — which was done, and that affair dropped.

I attended two formal dinners given to all the Diplomacy in Bogota, one of which, at the French Commissioners was particularly grand. The General now discovered some symptoms of the fever and ague displaying themselves in my corpus (of which nearly all new comers must partake in a greater or less degree. I am now convinced the fever attacked me the moment I reached the altitude of this plain by those shivering approaches). The General with the most fatherly care took me, at once, in his own immediate charge; after dieting me for about a week on cathartics and emetics at last pronounced me convalescent, but charged me, under the penalty of a relapse, to let all fruit alone for some time. His directions were faithfully obeyed and now I am better than ever.

The splendid rout of General Harrison on July 4th exceeded every thing of the kind that ever took place in Bogota. We had about fifty ladies comprising all the beauty of the metropolis, which *en passant*, is far from being eclipsed even when contrasted with our home belles. We also had about one hundred gentlemen, representatives of all nations. The Corps diplomatique and Government officers were all in Court costume. The National Band, which had practiced for the occasion, cheered us with Hail Columbia and Washington's March in fine style. The dancing commenced before 4 o'clock: at 5 o'clock dinner was announced and the tables were filled three successive times while the utmost hilarity and good feeling pervaded throughout the whole entertainment. Many excellent toasts were given, and when the guests had all been feasted to sufficiency, and the eating and drinking over, we adjourned to the drawing room.

The large parlor, which was appropriately and tastefully decorated with the Stars and Stripes, the Declaration of Independence, Bust of Washington, &c., soon resounded to the inspiriting music, accompanied by the shuffling of the "light fantastic toe," which was kept up with great animation till midnight, when the Guests retired to their respective homes, delighted with Yankee hospitality and the urbanity of the Host. Among the toasts many were given in favor of Liberty; but many ambiguous ones were likewise given, by the officers of Government and their friends, which might have surprised me a little, if I had not understood previously, that a change in the form of Government had been in the contemplation of many of the President's adherents from motives of interestedness. But none of their wishes over the wine glass, were so broadly given, as to create one angry feeling.

My letters though always addressed to you, are intended for the whole family and I hope my request of forming a general combination to produce a family letter for the absent one each month will succeed and be continued. It depends much upon General Harrison, whether I see you soon or not, as old Hickory's removals will cause a change, or at least a speedy formation of permanent plans. I have not as yet made any excursions in the neighborhood, but a party is now forming, of which I am to be one, for a grand visit to all of the many curiosities, after that I will write again.

In the meantime with love to all, *Addios, Señor.*

Su mas humilde servidor

RENSSELAER VAN RENSSELAER.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y.

Gen. Van Cortlandt to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear Sir, Peekskill July 13, 1829.

By the last mail I received a letter from my friend Dr. Davis whom you saw at Albany, and he writes to me from the City of Washington dated the 6th Instant: "Tell Genl. Solomon Van Rensselaer he has nothing to fear." When I see you I will tell you more. But my present Advice is, to take no Notice in your behaviour of any thing that has taken place, to any one, and let your friends be prudent and say nothing.

Yours Assuredly PIERRE VAN CORTLANDT.

Genl. Sol. Van Rensselaer Albany, N. Y.

Dr. Davis to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

Dear General, Washington City, 16 July 1829.

After I left Albany I saw Maj. Moore in N. York, and spoke to him in behalf of your son now at Bogota. He told me if he appointed a private Secretary, he should have to pay him out of his own Salary; that he should have no use for one and therefore should not appoint one. I have also seen Maj. Barry since my arrival here, upon the subject we conversed while at Albany. I think Sir, you need apprehend no danger of being removed. If you *are* removed, there must be a change in the sentiments of the President and the Post Master General in relation to you. *After* I conversed with you at Albany, I was informed of new attempts to remove you from office. I immediately informed our mutual friend Genl. Van Cortlandt of it and advised him to write to the President in your behalf, he did so — and I have no doubt it had great weight. Be so good as to let me hear from you, write to me to my residence in Hartford Kentucky, for I shall be happy to hear from you.

Present me kindly to Genl. Stephen Van Rensselaer. With very great esteem and friedship Sincerely your friend

WILLIAM M. DAVIS.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Post Master Albany.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Dear Father, Bogota, August 20, 1829.

My last letter was signed, sealed and delivered on the 12th ult. to General Harrison, by him to be forwarded to Carthagena with his own dispatches. What with writing, riding, walking, receiving and returning visits, my time is now fully and of course pleasantly occupied. The thing I regretted was, that so little leisure was obtained for studying the Spanish language; my necessary intercourse with those speaking my mother tongue did not facilitate or assist me in that desideratum. However when I seized every opportunity to extend my knowledge not only in the language of the black-eyed beauties of the Colombian Metropolis, but also their ways, manners and customs I found a much better gloss spread over the surface of life. The first thing after being seated in a house, is the offer of a lighted cigar, which as well as with every article then offered to a stranger by a Colombian, must never be refused under the penalty of losing caste, or lowering the standard of your character for gentility. Upon leaving the house, *it* with all the contents of the mansion, is declared by the owner, "at the guest's entire disposition"! The sincerity of these declarations may be estimated as they deserve, when it is known that they are invariably made to every one; indeed this offer is an epitome of the Colombian character — *polite but insincere.* The young ladies are blest with but a small share of conversational powers; their one uniform topic is, the merits of the latest party dance, frolic, bull-fight or horse-race. They are never suffered to converse with the other sex, unless in the presence of the mother, aunt, or some other equally trust-worthy duenna whose charms are on the wane; and whose recollection of her own intrigues in early life are still vividly awake. With one of these custodial friends the youthful beauties attend the early Mass, pay ceremonious visits, go to the bull-fight, mingle in the favorite waltz and with them receive their company. Their dress is very extravagant, and the fashion of their prevailing costume gives the wearer a bewitching look, particulary when walking out with their broad-brim, semispherical crowned beaver hats, poised on the back part of the head by the large and fancifully worked shell comb, over which last the light shawl is thrown to protect the face from the sun, without hiding the view. On occasions of traveling or wishing to remain incog, a hand or handkerchief is used to hide under the folds of the shawl every thing but their brilliant eyes.

Sunday is the only day in the week when the ladies are certainly *at home;* then they are decked in their best habiliments for the reception of company; the evening is always devoted to the dance. Indeed Sunday is the grand gala day for amusements of every description; then as on Festivals the stores are closed except retail liquor shops. The great body of the people, as a general thing, are very ignorant and rigid Roman Catholics. After the morning Mass the entire population engage in the sports of the time in which even the priesthood join: some to the billiard-room, others to the cock-pit, bull-fight or whatever diversion is on the tapis. The passion for gambling appears to be almost universal, and is encouraged by both Government and Church. Upon occasions of great rejoicings for any

public incident, tables are spread by Government in the great square of the city, where all classes and sexes are seen promiscuously engaged in betting — the wealthy with their *Onza* or ounce, the poor with their *quartillo* or cent. On the anniversary of the patron Saint, of any of the villages, town or parish, the same scene occurs under the patronage of the Church as I witnessed in the case of the feast of St. Jago. When in the pláza appertaining to the church and convent of that Saint, the clergy erected large tents for the gaming tables; also booths where refreshments of all kinds were to be procured. My astonishment, at seeing some of the "black coats" so prone to imitate servilely the notorious *black-legs*, was not a little increased upon learning the fact of their giving such facilities for gambling, and that the rents, derived from the temporary sheds devoted to such vile purposes, were all appropriated to the Church!! With such encouragement to vice, can we even wonder at the immorality of this people? There was found no great philanthropist to stand up boldly and deprecate this important national sin; all were powerless to resist the overpowering influence of stern masters, under whose iron heel they have, and still do, struggle in their oppressive servitude. These church feasts last eight days and nights, during which period these tents are the fashionable lounges for the loiterers of the city; some go to play, others to see what is going on; among the latter class will be found all the beauty of the place with their pretty faces muffled, and only the jetty sparklers visible.

A party, composed of Gen. Harrison and Suite, M. De Bresson, Duke de Montibello and Count Zliskies — an expelled Polander — having for some time been formed to visit the natural bridge of Pandi, and the time appointed for starting having been often postponed owing to the non-attendance of some one of the party, it was finally resolved that July 13th should be the day to leave, for all who then could go, the rest to follow on as soon after as practicable. Accordingly Count Zliskie, Mr. Tayloe and servant, Carter Harrison and myself composed the cavalcade which set out early in the morning, of that day, from Bogota for the village of Fusugazuga. The first part of our ride was pleasant enough, but after we left the great plain of Bogota, and ascended to near the apex of the ridge that encircles it, twenty-five miles from the City and 1500 feet above its level, or 9720 feet above the level of the sea, with the range of hills rising one above the other, and its aspect of unrivalled sublimity, we found a great change. Our coats and cloaks were put in requisition to guard against the humid, chilly effect of the clouds that encountered us here in mid-day like a dense fog. Our descent towards the valley had scarcely commenced, when those clouds, which we had noticed as traveling in the same direction with ourselves, condensed over our heads, while descending the steepest part of the declivity, and showered down such a quantity of rain that we all were completely drenched.

This part of our trip was not very enjoyable, for as we could find no shelter, we were exposed to the soaking shower between two and three hours; the sultry heat of the narrow passes and the intolerable badness of the road added to our discomfort. In very many places the large stones that line the tortuous and extremely abrupt path, have been laid up one over another after the manner of the steps of a staircase, from one to the other of which the horses are obliged to jump. One false step would insure the rider a hearty but undesirable thump, against some of the craggy projections, in the sides of those rugged and difficult places of entrance

and exit. However our nags were such sure footed animals — with their short, quick step; stumbling, leaping, and keen looking with an instinctive hesitation in dangerous proximities — that no such accident occurred to either one of our party; we all came hopping down from stone to stone, like so many frogs, one after another in perfect safety. This kind of traveling was a sort of amusement to *us*, experienced as we were on the other similar roads of Colombia; but I doubt not, an attempt to pass *such* public ways in the United States would be considered the height of temerity, yet we enjoyed it notwithstanding the risk to a poor rider's bones. We experienced however, real misery in crossing over the badly constructed "corduroy bridges," occasionally met with in some of the miry little glens; the sticks being so far apart that the poor horses legs would often slip down between them over his knees in mud: my fine brute strained his shoulder so severely that he did not get over it in a week. The intervening hills prevented us from seeing the valley and village of Fusugazuga till within a mile or so of them.

We had now fairly run away from the rain; when we looked back we could see it pouring down apparently as fast as ever among the "cloud capt mountains," whilst before us the sun was shining in all his glory on the beautiful narrow valley decked in emerald robes of lively color. We still had to descend some hundreds of feet to the village, but from our present stand-point the view was most enchanting with the snowy peaked Andes varied aspects. On either side of the narrow plain the different ridges of mountains rose as high as the one we were about leaving; the vale extended directly before us in a southerly course as far as the eye could reach, while the fleeting clouds which capped the ridges would occasionally, by opening, afford a momentary glimpse of the outline of the sparkling peaks, and among the many the Count pointed out one mountain with its two peaks as bearing an exact resemblance to a view of the "fork peaked, fire puffing Vesuvius." This sight had the effect of making us almost forget the exercise we had passed through in our leaping course down the stone stair cased mountain side. We passed on rapidly after this down the remaining gradual descent; the road improved as we advanced towards the village, the first object in this landscape was the cluster of about 100 straw thatched huts for which we were bound and we were not sorry when we soon after arrived there, with most ravenous appetites, the consequence of our eight hours exercise on horseback. Our baggage carriers had on the previous day hired the best house in the place; the tawny landlady was preparing a meal for us, in the detached kitchen; and after a change of garments we were seated in the front house discussing our ride. We came to a satisfactory conclusion, that to the peel of an onion, we were 3000 feet lower now, than when ten miles back in the morning we were on the highest part of the road. Our thermometer too, which pointed at 65°, told us that we were in a climate 10° warmer than that of Bogota; but our feelings also indicated all that change, we did not require an instrument to convince us of that acceptable fact; I think we might have found out the exact difference in the same way that we measured the *stair-case mountain* — by guess. The distance between Bogota and this village is 35 miles. After demolishing all the provisions, with which our old landlady had so profusely decked our table, our hammocks were suspended and we soon fast asleep.

In Bogota the cold is too severe for the use of a hammock by any person having a consideration for his health, but here, the "*siesta*" or

nap after dinner is considered almost as great a luxury, in this salubrious and delightful valley, as it is on the sultry banks of the Magdalena. At all events we found it so, for after turning in, we were not released from the chains, in which we all were locked by Morpheus, till two hours after, when the old woman came to say it was eight o'clock and our supper ready. We observed many of the tropical productions not found on the plain of Bogota, such as plantains, jucre, sugar-cane, lizards, snakes, &c. We found also plenty of game as turkeys, quails, guachichies, the mountain hen, a bird much like our domestic fowl in everything but its sylvan predilections; none of these are to be obtained in Bogota. The turkeys of this place are of a darker color and of a different shape from those of the lower countries, but about the same weight though not so tender. We sent home two mules loaded with game, after reserving sufficient for our own use. A few days after our arrival at Fusugazuga, I found myself attacked by that most provoking illness of "all the ills that human flesh is heir to" — the Fever and Ague. The mule that went freighted to Bogota with game, bore also a note from Mr. Tayloe to the General requesting a supply of medicine for me as I had strong chills. I was in hopes of driving off this unwelcome visitant, by plenty of exercise, and on the "shivering days," was sure to be out with my guide Pedro, who had won in my estimation the appellation of "Hawk-Eye" — and gun, beating through the thick woods from morning's sun till dark. My specific answered for the time being, but when the exercise was over, the fit would return with redoubled force and compelled me at last to give up gunning and take to the blankets.

In the meantime, hearing from the City, that Gen. Harrison — M. De Bresson — The Duke De Montebello and Gen. Urdenata — one of the Secretaries of State — owing to a pressure of business could not join us here for the visit to the famed Natural Bridge of Pandi, as had been previously arranged, the rest of our party, at my request went on without me, as by this time I did not dare to attempt it. During the two days of their absence I discovered that I had been spoiled by the sick bed attentions of my home friends, and at first was so provoked at the comparative apathy of these stranger attendants, that my pettishness would sometimes break forth, but it had the desired effect of setting the whole household in motion to supply my wants. Two days after their return from Pandi, Messrs. Tayloe and Harrison went on to Bogota, leaving the Count and Servant with me. The third day brought back Mr. Tayloe to us loaded down with Quinine, and other medicines put up for my use by the kind paternal hand of the General and two home letters for me. The first contained the *last* note of my uncle Kilian P. Van Rensselaer, the other an announcement of *his death*. These letters were the second batch received from Albany and by them I heard of Aunt Maria M. V. R's marriage to Jacob S. Glen, also of the birth of Elizabeth's daughter "Maria Elizabeth," this makes my second niece. The letter from my good old Grandmother was a great treat in this far off land. The General's prescriptions had the desired effect, as in one week the fever had disappeared and was succeeded by such a fine appetite, that after a few prefatory rides in the neighborhood, I found myself sufficiently strong to set off with a reliable guide for the Bridge. My pill-box was not neglected, for I took the precautionary step of swallowing a requisite number for a fortnight after to prevent another relapse.

The road to the Bridge was not a rough one for the country, but, as

may be expected in the Andes, runs over hill and dale; and so rare a variety is a level spot in this mountainous region, that a rural chapel with one or two huts situated about half way, on a flat piece of ground of about one acre's area, goes by the name of *Llána lárgo* or large plain. It certainly was a very appropriate name, as it is the largest and indeed the only apology for a plain on the entire route; although from all the various heights, an immense extent of table-land is seen in the distance and added much to the diversity of the wild scenery. The next place, through which we passed, lies against the side of a mountain, a scattered set of huts, the owners of which raise many fine cattle. There are six or seven considerable streams, on the road, over which we passed on flimsy bridges, without railing and quite narrow; some are very high, and we could plainly see, and feel them shake under us; however we arrived safe about 5 oclock P. M., in Mercadillo, a hamlet of about 40 huts. Before reaching this we had crossed many a hill, three of which are very high and steep, but as the great ledges of rocks have been avoided, a *zigzag path* over them is followed instead of a "stair-case one." My guide conducted me to a fine, cleanly looking house, facing the church square; and while the dinner was being prepared, I took a luxurious, but much needed, swing in my hammock, which had been hung in the best room. In the morning at daybreak I found a cup of chocolate and a cake in readiness for me which was soon disposed of, after which Calistro and myself walked off about one and a half mile to Inkononzo to see the *Puénte* or Bridge of Pandi. It seemed the longest half league I ever knew, and thought the road the roughest a pedestrian need wish to travel.

The latter part of this walk is much the worst as you descend, almost perpendicularly down some hundred feet, into a narrow and gloomy ravine, but I followed after my nimble footed Indian, and the sight of this wonderful curiosity amply recompensed me for all my trouble. In the centre of this valley a fine large stream, in her unceasing course since Noah's flood, has worn away earth, slate and rock, about 30 feet wide and 400 deep in this dark and hideous looking chasm; here the river is seen from above dashing along with the most irresistible and tremendous noise. For many miles on either side of this road to Inkononzo, it cannot be crossed; but here Nature has formed or rather *left* a permanent bridge, which with a little assistance from art, has been made as safe to the passenger as the solid road. This natural bridge of Pandi is one immense solid slab of stone, 40 feet long by 20 wide; from 6 to 10 feet thick; over it lies the artificial bridge of the natives, with balustrades for its security. Over these balusters I hung in mute admiration, now convinced that the verbal and written accounts of its grandeur were not exaggerated in the least degree. It is the impression of many that the great cleft through which Sumár Paz rolls, is the result of an earthquake of earlier days; but after a careful examination and I did not stop, until I had traced every spot ever before pressed by human foot — I was compelled to differ. Every indication went to prove, in my estimation, that it had been formed by the constant friction of the water over the soft rock, which has sunk the bed of the bubbling stream so far below the general surface. Each new examination of the place confirms my opinion: the lower or under side of the huge slab or stone above that forms the upper bridge, as well as the perpendicular sides of the chasm, from the edge of the precipices, down as far as the eye could distinguish appeared as if its smoothness had been acquired by the action of water, but however it may have been formed, it is a terrific looking hole. The

stones which form what is called the lower bridge, were no doubt in times long past, hurled from their primitive beds above by some convulsion of the earth and falling simultaneously down this narrow fissure, by striking against the sides have become so firmly wedged in, that nothing but gunpowder, or another violent commotion can loosen them. This mass of stone is about 60 feet below the other, from which the descent is not very difficult even for a young lady. In the centre is what is called *la ventána* the window, a triangular opening through which you have a fine view of the gurgling stream below. And through which I sent many a weighty stone, then securely hanging over its edge watched the progress of these small rocks, bounding downward from one projection to another and shivered in still smaller pieces whenever they struck, so that when they fell into the water, they appeared like mere pebbles. Their noise there was drowned amidst the thundering echoes they had awakened above them. This extensive crevasse is the resort not only of the nocturnal birds that haunt in great numbers this sombrous retreat, but of a species peculiar only to such dark and secluded sites. They are of a brownish color, shape and size of our pigeon hawks, when disturbed in their daily slumbers, by the rattling of stones, they leave their solitary hiding-places in the gloomy recess and hover about in large flocks. The natives have an idea that these birds are instantly killed by an exposure to the sun; the notion originates in the circumstance of their frequently finding them dead in the road above. They have no other name, than the general one of *Paxara solitario*. I have seen many wonderful works of art, and formations of Nature's ever varying hand, but never anything to equal this *puénte de Pandi*, my visit to this real curiosity was highly satisfactory and I thought my trouble attending the excursion well repaid. I returned to the village for my breakfast, and then mounted my horse for Fusugazuga which I reached long after dark the same evening, "faint and weary" but exceedingly pleased with my trip.

During my absence Mr. Tayloe had received a few lines from General Harrison, that as Doctor Cheyne had advised, and he had no writing of moment for me to do, I had better remain at this place some days longer to recuperate. Under those circumstances I had not the least objection to linger in this the most delightful and salubrious of all climates I ever was in, though scarcely considered such precautions necessary. My late jaunt however convinced me that I did not possess my usual share of strength and vigor, but after chasing the game among the wild mountains for a few days I entirely recovered my health and am now as vigorous as ever. In the meantime the days were pleasantly passed in riding about and in gunning. We found the common people here quite as hospitable as any in Colombia; as an instance: in one of our hunting excursions, Tayloe, the Count and myself were overtaken by a violent rain storm, and while plodding along, on the road we met quite a pretty young girl who invited us to take shelter in her father's cabin. A fowl was killed for us, and cooked in various styles: one leg with cabbage and onions was converted into soup; another was fried, the remainder with potatoes and other vegetables was served up as a stew. A plucked sheep skin was our table cloth, and the cabin floor our table, around which we gladly sat as well as we could to partake of the feast. A solitary wooden spoon was the only artificial implement to transfer the victuals from the dishes to our mouths But by agreement, which was strictly adhered to, as soon as one person of our party had emptied it twice, it was conveyed to the

next in order; so it passed and repassed till the soup had disappeared. We made more expeditious work with the solid part of the entertainment, fingers being substituted for knives and forks enabled us to eat in concert. The manner and readiness with which this meal was offered, made it more acceptable to us than the more sumptuous fare of formalized etiquette. Tayloe and the Count as well as myself were highly diverted by our novel repast, and after rewarding our kind host, promised as we did to call again. On the second occasion each one of us, without the knowledge of the other, pulled out of his game-bag a spoon, knife and fork at the commencement of the dinner.

With a view of seeing all the belles of Fusugazuga together, we one night gave a ball — it cost us four reáls, 50cts, a piece or twelve reáls *in toto*. The ladies came at an early hour, all looking very prim, and decked out as neatly and stylish as their simple means admitted. A white dress below, covered in part with a coarse blue woolen short-gown girdled around the waist, a striped straw hat on their heads, and all supported by pretty little naked feet was the *á la mode* costume of the *bonton*. The gentlemen wore no coats, shirts and pantaloons were universal, except some of the younger spectators who were only encumbered with the shirt, and those still younger dispensed with both articles being in a state of nudity. The band composed of guitar, tipplers, rattlers, reeds and the drums merrily struck up, when each of the beaux very gallantly placed his hat at the feet of the lady he desired as partner, then immediately backing out in the middle of the room, without a word to her, frisked about alone, until the selected belle most condescendingly implies her consent to dance with him by placing the hat on his head again. Then the waltzing commences, with the voices of the dancers joining in concert with the players. These people delight in dancing, and I think would wear out two set of North Americans in the exercise. Between dances they refresh themselves with the choice nick-nacks together with their favorite dishes, cigars, and country anise-seed brandy. The frolic seemed to give general satisfaction and was kept up till quite late.

About a week after the receipt of the General's note, on the morning of August 9th, having dispatched a load of game and our baggage on the previous day, we left this peaceful valley and its kind inhabitants. Soon we were again re-crossing the craggy mountain and once more overtaken by a tremendous shower, but under the lee side of a towering tree, we found shelter from its greatest fury, and the after drizzling did not last sufficiently long to wet our overcoats.

This mountain appears to act as a breaker to all the clouds that generate in the valley below: the specific gravity of these clouds is too great to allow them to soar through the thin air above the mountain's top, but driven by the wind which at this season comes constantly from the south, they all collect here and keep up an almost continual shower. From May to the first of December is the winter season, during which time we constantly expect the rain with thunder and tempestuous weather. At the summit of the mountain we again encountered the fog-like clouds, arrested in their course by the towering tops and hiding from our view the beauty of the surrounding landscape.

The Count Zliskie has traveled this highway six times, but never with a dry coat. I was unable to assign a reason why a person not accustomed to the climate, should feel so uncomfortably cold when the thermometer

stands at 55°, which is the mean temperature at Bogota at present, when at home we think such a medium is "devoutly to be wished." But I now perceive it is all owing to the extreme thinness of the air in this elevated region. Flannel is an agreeable addition for comfort to my ordinary winter clothing. We reached home at Bogota "without the loss of a single man," or any accident, not one adverse adventure. The day after my return to the Capital I had an opportunity, for the first time of witnessing a "*Bull-Fight*," or rather a *teasing* that was got up in honor of the anniversary of "*St. Victorina*." You no doubt will be surprised at the idea of a *saint's* being honored in this brutal way and that too on *Sunday;* but here such a parade is but a common circumstance. It was preceded by a grand Procession, in which about twenty images of the most costly description, some as large as life, were borne about on the shoulders of men. The Host too made its appearance, and when at the several temporary shrines erected in the Square, a halt was made for religious ceremonies and the devout crowd knelt in the dust. On similar occasions — or when the Host is carried to administer the last sacrament to the dying — its approach is heralded by the tinkling of the bell accompanying it. At which time all foreigners or such as are not sufficiently zealous in their respect to it, to risk the soiling of their clothes, or the ill-will of the sect to which it appertains — always seek refuge in a house till it has passed. After viewing the grand procession of St. Victorino from a balcony and the images had been all carried into the Cathedral our party retired and quickly were mounted on their horses, in order to have a nearer and better view of the expected pageant. Upon entering the square our little squad being as well mounted as any in the gay and numerous cavalcade already assembled there, resolved to prance around under the balconies to make our *chánza* or jest to such of the belles, collected in them, as we might know. We had only passed two sides and in the act of saluting the Hendersons — when the cry of "*El Tóro, tóro*"— *the bull, bull*, rose from the excited crowd and warned us of its approach; together with a mass of flying horsemen from a little street leading to the square, at the same time told us of the bull's vicinity. Of course we joined in full speed the retreating host, and when out of harm's way turned around to gaze at the animated spectacle. This disorderly race among the hundreds of gayly cloaked horsemen — Spanish cavaliers — mounted on swift horses is indeed a sight worth seeing, and the only one in the barbarous, ridiculous, brutal show. The bull came dashing along just at our heels, but finding himself disappointed in flooring an equestrian and *that* chase hopeless; he would ever and anon, suddenly make a bolt among a motley group of pedestrians. If that group evaded his fury by dodging in a friendly doorway or by mounting above his reach on the latticed windows, he would dash at another, and still another, until exhausted by his futile attempts he would find a halt necessary for a fresh supply of wind.

The animal is tied at one end of a long lasso, or a line made of a raw hide twisted with a noose, the other end is held by a man on a fleet horse or fastened to the pommel of the horseman's saddle; another fellow with an iron pointed goad follows after and sticks the brute to make him fractious. While passing in this way through the crowded streets, the two legged rash fools present themselves to him, with nothing in their hands but a red rag or cloak, and when the maddened beast makes a plunge at them, they dexterously leap on one side, still holding the rag out for the bull to strike. While the animal is resting the crowd by throwing

missiles of all kinds would endeavor to rouse him again to action. Sometimes he would only notice these annoyances by a toss of the head, but if an adventurous *toréro*, bull-fighter on foot, came very near with his teasing flag, one tremendous plunge indicated his desire of vengeance. But finding himself foiled by the agility of his tormentor, he would again resume his passive bearing until roused once more to mischief by the steeled point of the staff or pike pole. The wounds inflicted by the goad would again arouse all his latent anger causing horse and foot to fly in one mingled rout from his furious onslaught. Accidents are very common, but are considered as trifles and the life of the sport by this enlightened people, yet it is a dangerous, cruel pastime, more particularly so to the footmen. In one charge of the bull on this occasion I saw at least half a dozen of them knocked down under the feet of the running horses, though I do not know that any were seriously injured. There was one occurrence, that afternoon, that completely satisfied my desire to see no more of this amusement. The bull was standing in the centre of the square, covered with foam and lolling with fatigue — missiles, flags nor goad seemed to have any effect upon him; he was pronounced "good for nothing — done over" — the people went around him and before him; he even allowed himself to be patted without in the least noticing it. At length starting from his lethargy, he made a dart at his nearest assailants, but the cry of *tôro, tóro* notified them in time and they escaped the danger. One poor fellow, however, some yards ahead, either deaf or so petrified with fear as to disable him from flying — was overtaken by the raging beast and thrown up in the air. He fell without a sign of life — when the bull having passed on, the unfeeling mob gathered around with shouts of laughter and mockery at his misfortune. He was picked up by two or three of the more humane ones and borne off with the blood streaming from his head and arm and I neither saw nor heard more of him.

I am happy to see from your letters, my good father, that your trip to Washington was so satisfactory; it is cheering to learn that "Old Hickory" is so favorably inclined towards you, and to hear of his promise that you shall be retained in your office. The promise too of Moore, in relation to myself, as mentioned in yours of March 23d, was not unacceptable, but there *is* such a difference between Moore and Harrison! The latter has it in view to leave his son here with Dr. Bresson, but is not exactly determined. I will send my Journal by Gen. Harrison which will replace the missing numbers of my letters. I suppose Richard and Elizabeth are established in their own house, and so much taken up in nurturing little Deb, and the other stranger that I must be satisfied with their brief letters. Love and remembrances to one and all at home.

Sincerely Yours,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. R. V. RENSSELAER.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS CONTINUED.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Dear Father, Bogota, August 25, 1829.

The letter dated five days since went to Carthagena and you no doubt will wonder at receiving another so soon, but I send this by Mr. Gooding of Boston who leaves this for home. Your No. 1 of May 31st, came to hand a few days since, the detention was caused by the mail's having been robbed, below Mompox on its way to Bogota. The mail boat, having a crew of bógas, besides the patrón, was attacked by another boat with a similar crew completely armed. The patrón was killed, one man badly wounded, and the other two made their escape by swimming ashore. The robbers after taking out the trifling amount of specie contained in the mail boat, left the correspondence unmolested in some place where it was subsequently found. Two of the villainous scape-graces have been arrested and sent to Gen. Montillo in Carthagena, who ere this has cured them of their itching propensities for other peoples lives and money. My letter was among others moored in the boat, against the Magdalena's bank, till some honest, true fellow came along, and put it on its right track for Bogota. I am very sorry to find out through letters to the General from J. Mac Pherson our Consul at Carthagena, that no letters went home in the August packet from that place; the latest you had received from me, previous to that time, must have then been written in May at Barranquilla and Mompox. Knowing through them that I was on the river, I fear that anxiety to hear of me at the end of my route, has been too much the "order of the day" at home. The cause of the delay in your not receiving my letter was this. The Government here has passed a new tariff law, the sure effect of which will be to cut off entirely, I fear, the valuable trade of the United States; the duty on flour is eight dollars per bbl., other products of that country in proportion. This new tariff was to have gone into operation on the 1st of July, but the time was extended four months, at the representation of Gen. Harrison, in order that the Merchants at home might be saved from ruin, by timely notice of it. Bunch & Co., together with others, in hopes of making a fine speculation by laying in a large supply of North American produce, before the new decree went into operation, chartered the New York packet — then in port — and would not allow the Master to carry a single letter, for fear that word of the extended time for the tariff's going into effect, should be sent home.

Among the letters thus detained was Gen. Harrison's Dispatch on the subject of the extension and my two. The effect of this abominable tariff may be possibly to exclude our vessels from these ports, if so, you of course will know the fact before I do, in that case our correspondence will be very irregular; but be assured I will avail myself of every known opportunity of letting you hear from me. The General is daily more and more pleased with "blackey," and I myself also fully estimate his good

qualities. To hear that your *friends* are on the alert to save your office is truly gratifying, I know of no person who can boast of so many *true ones*.

I will now ask you to return, in thought, with me to my Southern home and accompany the parties, that every fair afternoon are sure to join the Henderson family in their excursions — the older people, with Gen. Harrison, quite frequently, in a coach and four, while we younger ones take our airing on horseback in company with the young ladies. Having now recovered a fine appetite and nearly all my strength and I trust fully acclimated, our evening rides, with or without the ladies, were always highly enjoyed by me. The evening resort of all foreigners and the fashionables of the Capital is the beautiful *Alamêda* or public walk. It is the prettiest road in the vicinity, on each side of it for two miles is the hedge of trees and shrubs, among the last are roses and blackberries always in bearing. It is the grand promenade and here a few carriages of Bogota as also the mounted cavaliers repair in a fine evening. The other avenues from the capital on the plain being unadorned by trees or hedges are too monotonous for a frequent ride; there is one, however leading at the foot of the Mónte Serratte towards the fountain head, that has variety enough. But the most romantic of all, is one leading to the Monastery or hermitage on top of that mountain and another to the ruined Convent on the Guadeloupé. On this last, Mr. Taylor, Carter Harrison and myself rode one evening, it is rugged and sufficiently wild to suit the most adventurous mind. About half way up, or one league from the city, we halted to look at two wild deer browsing within a pistol shot of the road, they seemed to consider one glance a sufficient notice of us, after which they resumed their satisfactory employment and we, without molesting the pretty creatures, continued our way to the summit of the mountain ridge.

Owing to the circumstance of the earthquake of 1827 having demolished the building on this peak — at which period much damage was also done in the city — it was no more a place of resort. The path from the main road was so much overgrown with weeds, that we lost it, but did not miss the principal object of our ride, the extensive and grand view that fixed us in astonishment. From an eminence, 1800 feet above the plain of Bogota, we had a splendid survey of the lofty Andes with its immense chain of towering mountains, we knew all about the steep and rugged ascent up to the stately peaks. We cast our eyes over the extensive table land and City; the last had a very sombre appearance, the effect of the dark tiled roof houses; the streets are all at right angles, and through the centre flows a stream of water. Some of the summits around tower to a prodigious height, rising far above the clouds, and are covered with perpetual snow, and although we are so near to the Equator the intense heat is not particularly oppressive in consequence of the elevated land, but the climate mild and salubrious though it is now Winter. After feasting our eyes with the grand and sublime spectacle, we returned by a still more difficult road than the one we had ascended and passed the fine *Quinta* — country seat — of the *Liberator* — General Bolivar. These rides I found very essential — as the correspondence of Gen. Harrison with the Colombian Government for claims of our citizens, the remonstrances &c against the oppressive conduct of these authorities towards those citizens &c — gave me so much writing that I was quite happy to seize every moment for exercise. A transaction has just now become public, which has excited the indignation of all the English and Americans. It appears that Nicholson and Traverse — the two persons from whom I received so much attention in Mom-

pox — were left Executors to the will of an Englishman who died some time since in that city. Among his effects was eight pounds of gold dust (which article by a law, issued since his death, is made contraband there), the executors, who say they were not aware of that law, sold the dust to raise funds to defray the funeral expenses. The Governor (Aldercrutz) having heard of this, sent to demand the dust, but they of course could not produce it and were thrown into prison. Richard R. Nicholson, who had been long sick, and then laboring under delirium, was, notwithstanding the remonstrances of several physicians against the rough treatment, carried off and as predicted died in a few hours. Traverse too was sick, and after this tragedy of Nicholson, was removed to his own house and left under charge of a guard.

After trying every method to procure his release without effect, (the amount in money having been rejected by this Governor) was obliged to run the risk of being condemned to ten years imprisonment and the loss of the eight pounds of dust, by smuggling that amount in the place to satisfy the Governor's cupidity. Now allowing that fraud was intended by these Executors in the disposition of the dust, can any thing justify the brutal and tyrannical conduct towards the dying Nicholson on the part of Aldercrutz? No! nor is this a single case of such treatment towards foreigners, nor are the natives themselves exempt; they are often made to writhe under the power of these arbitrary officers who carry their oppressive measures to an infamous degree, and it is not at all remarkable that there are so many disaffected towards such a Government. This disaffection is wide and fast spreading over the whole country; there will no doubt be great political changes ere long, indeed rumor positively declares that the President Dictator intends assuming that power for life, under the name of *Presidénte Vitalicio* or of Emperor. Rumor also says that DeBresson is here to pave the way for a Bourbon successor to Bolivar from France. These stories all tend to increase disaffection. A few nights since, placards were posted in the streets threatening DeBresson and the Duke de Montibello with assassination, if they did not desist from their intrigues to effect this object and leave the country. This proves the existence of a strong feeling and many fear more disturbances. The Goodings, who were here and witnessed the horrors of the riot last year, are collecting all the debts they can muster and the one brother, for fear of another event of that kind now leaves for the United States.

The girls I hope will be more particular in their chit-chat intelligence, it is only through them I can expect to keep the trace of friends dear to me in youthful days. I suppose my old companion — Robert Jenkins is married by this time. I am glad that my young friends still think of me, the Misses Lansings among the rest, let me hear more of them. I am really happy to hear of Aunt Maria's marriage, she must know me well enough to be assured she has my best wishes. The note of Uncle Kilian gave me great pleasure, it is characteristic of the kind feeling he always possessed for every one; the enfeebled state he was in, when I left home, compelled me to think I would never see him again, and the news of his death was not unlooked for. If a *practice* of all the cardinal virtues of Christianity, without a profession of them, can secure the transient tenant of this life an after seat among the blessed, his soul is happy. The promise of my dear Mother, through the girls, that I should have a long letter from her as soon as she was completely well, is earnestly desired and looked for. Tell Adeline I have written twice to that fine fellow Dr. Van Rensselaer,

and have also received two letters from him, I write again to him by this mail. I dare say Hat and Cat have grown very much and are studying hard, kiss them both for me. Remember me to all. Sincerely Yours.

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, Albany, N. Y. RENSS. VAN RENSSELAER.

Margaretta Van Rensselaer to her Sister.

Dear Sister, Albany September 4, 1829.

Your welcome letter found me at Mount Hope where I went last Wednesday and remained so as to be with our Dear Mother on her fifty-fourth birthday. I came in town to night with our dear Father. Yesterday afternoon (Thursday) a very sad accident befell our excellent townsman Dr. James McNaughten. He with a few other gentlemen dined at Drake's in company with some Southerners, after which they rode out to William Walsh's [one mile south of the city] at Nut Grove to view the fine prospect. On their return, in coming down the steep hill, some part of the harness gave way, and in consequence of which the horse became frightened, and in running stumbled, by which he upset the chaise, in which James Stevenson, Esq. and Dr. McNaughten were seated. It rolled (the gig) two or three times entirely over on the Doctor. Mr. Stevenson was also thrown out, but not much injured. Bill Walsh and George Brinckerhoof went immediately to town and brought out the Doctors. In the meantime Papa and Catherine came walking along on their way to the birth-day party at Mount Hope. They had just raised the Dr. out of the gully, and he laid on the grass with his head on John Walsh's lap. Papa felt his hands and then sent Catharine to Cherry Hill for a cot, which Grandma soon sent as also a mattress. Dr. McN. seemed in great pain, and told Papa it was useless sending for the doctors as it was "all over with him," he said his "back was broken." As he wished Papa to remain till the physicians came he did so, and after he was laid on the bed and being carefully moved to Albany, they came on to Mount Hope. James Stevenson certainly had a most miraculous escape, his greatest damage being torn clothes. On examination it was found his back was *not* broken; his ribs, however *are*, and his leg so badly fractured — the bone is mashed — they still fear it will have to be amputated, however it is set, and though still in a critical condition is doing better than expected. Rensselaer's letters were sent for you. The Patroon was here and so anxious to see them, that Papa promised he should read them when they were returned; he expected that Richard would have brought them home with him. The Patroon has again inquired for them and Papa wishes you to send them up at once with the mail. Mama's cold is better. The weather here is also very changeable; yesterday and to day quite cold enough to sit by the fire. Tuesday and Wednesday were the warmest days we have had during the Summer. I regret that the Doctor and Cousin Charlotte have suffered from the change. That God may bless and protect you, and all those who are near and dear to you is the sincere prayer of your sister — MARGARETTA.

Miss Adeline Van Rensselaer.
Care of Jer. Van Rensselaer, M. D., New York.

Hon. Daniel Webster to Gen. Van Rensselaer.

My Dear Sir, Boston, Sept. 11, 1829.

I regret exceedingly, that before your letter came to hand, I had made an appointment to go to N. Hampshire soon after the 20th instant, on

business which it is not practicable to postpone. So long an interval had occurred since I saw you, that I had been led to think you had concluded that it would be best to leave our meeting to accident. I hope, very sincerely, it may yet so happen, that I may see the General before I go South. The last week in October, and the two first weeks in Novr. I expect to pass in New York. It would gratify me if circumstances should call him to the City about that time. The opinions which I expressed to you, especially such as relate to the state of things in this part of the Country, have been much confirmed by events which have since occurred. It will not be possible to repress, for many months longer, some public demonstration of the General Sentiment.

I am, Dr. Sir, with very sincere regard Yours,

DANL. WEBSTER.

Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany, N. Y.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

Muy señor mio, Bogota September 17, 1829.

My last to you, dated 25th ult., was committed to the care of Mr. Joseph Gooding of Boston, and is *now* probably with him in the "Tampico" wending its way over the briny deep, towards its destination; if so you will have received *that* before this can reach its port of debarkation. I wish your letters to me could travel so speedily, it has taken your quickest one, nearly three months after its date to reach me. A cavalcade of about twenty natives and foreigners, among whom I was one, went out with Señor Gooding, as far as Puénte Grande, to see him thus far on his way home. The brothers were deeply affected at parting. The cause that leads to this separation between them, becomes every day more apparent. It is whispered that secret meetings are held at night by the Liberals to concert measures for counteracting the plans of Bolivar's friends. The mail which arrived here on Monday last, brought word of the Tampico's arrival at Carthagena, but to my disappointment, although she sailed from New York more than a fortnight after Mr. Moore, brought no word from home for me. I am of course in the dark still, as to Mr. Moore's real intentions respecting myself, but am inclined to think, from the circumstance of his not having brought out a private Secretary, that my services in that capacity will not be unacceptable to him. His arrival, which is now expected hourly, will dispel every doubt; and by him I may look for the large package from home which you promised, in case he sailed from New York. Gen. Harrison some days since received a note from him, dated 10th ult, three days after his landing at Maracaybo, in which he states, that he will leave that City for this Capital in two days, and calculated upon being here on the 10th of the present month. The seven days which have already passed, beyond his anticipated time for performing the journey proves that he was not aware of the difficulties of traveling in this country. Gen. Harrison was forty days, including ten days stoppage at Cuenta, in performing the same journey. We are under some apprehension that either Mr. Moore or Mr. Pickett have fallen sick on the road.

It is Gen. Harrison's intention to leave this as soon as possible, after transferring his office over, in order that he may pursue his route towards Carthagena at his leisure. He expects there the arrival of the Sloop of War "Natchez", (that brought out his successor) from Brazil, to which place she has gone to carry Capt. Cassin, and expects to be able to sail for the United States about the middle of November. Gen. Harrison will

leave South America, carrying with him the best wishes, not only of his own countrymen, but of all the Colombians and Foreigners, who had the honor of his acquaintance. He is heartily sick of this tropical America, and were he not, he would have no reason to regret his recall, as I am satisfied that the ill-advised measure will have the contrary effect of honoring him. He will have the largest escort that ever graced the departure of any foreigner from this Capital; not a military escort, but a cavalcade of sorrowing friends. For my own part I shall not leave the noble man, at any rate, until I see him borne, away from the store houses in Honda, by the waters of the Magdalena. Mr. Moore writes he will take the General's furniture, if he does so, with the house and garden, he will not only acquire a supply of what he must other wise procure here, but a fine variety of *first rate* vegetables, and this arrangement will relieve the General of much trouble. Mr. Moore also mentions in his letter that he has in his possession Dispatches from the Department for General Harrison They undoubtedly contain the official notice of the General's recall; we will therefore witness here the novel sight of the Presentation of a Minister Plenipotentiary at Bogota by his predecessor. I am doubtful if this letter finds a passage home, before the General leaves this Country, but will forward it on to Carthagena in hopes that it may. I am anxious that such should be the case, as I see published in the United States papers, the rumors and contradictory statements growing out of a war between this Colombia and Peru, which may possibly give rise to some uneasiness among my friends at home; but they need not be under any apprehension.

The War is an offensive one on the part of Colombia, and is about sixty days journey for light mules from this; then too any occurrence there, produces just about as much interest among foreigners here, as does the war in Eastern Europe. Even the little interest we lately received from the military operations in that remote quarter of the Republic, must take another turn, for Bolivar having obtained repossession of Guayaquil by capitulation, seems disposed, if not obliged for want of funds, to end this famous war in negotiation. An armistice between the contending powers has taken place, in May last for sixty days, since which we have just heard that Commissioners on part of Peru were, in the Colombian camp, treating for Peace. Should this attempt for peace prove abortive, and should the Peruvian forces be able to defeat Gen. Bolivar in the South and make way through all the impenetrable passes to *this* City. I would look on the events as an uninterested spectator.

Our Flag is held in such respect here, that any person under its protection would find security even in a civil commotion. An Ambassador and his family have always been considered sacred, even in the most barbarous nations. I hope therefore no one will give way to useless apprehensions on my account. *Rumor*, they say, *grows in its travels*, if that is the case any rumor relating to this country must be a monster by the time it reaches you. You have had, and undoubtedly will receive more exaggerated accounts from this new Republic, but again, I say, let my situation here, be a sufficient guarantee to you of my personal security, and let me find contentment in knowing you have no anxiety on my account. The General now in daily expectation of the arrival of Mr. Moore, his successor, has just sent his son off to Guaduas (the village of his own selection, perhaps because his crony, before my arrival, D. O. Carr is stationed there) in order to acquire as much knowledge of the language as possible,

before leaving the country. In a few weeks the Hendersons will also leave the city; their ostensible reason for it, is to give the workmen an opportunity to repair damages, caused by the earthquake, on their house. When they have gone we propose to make a trip to the Falls of Tequendama, "one of the most remarkable cataracts in the world about 15 or 16 miles south west of this city, on the river Bogota, a branch of the Meta. This river, which passes through the Capital, is compressed (just above the falls) from 140 to 35 feet in width, and rushes down a perpendicular rock at two bounds, to the depth of 574 feet, into an unfathomable gulf." Three or four of us escorted Consul Henderson and family a few miles out of town and returned by the light of the moon.

In the suburbs we met a patrol of twenty men, by whom we were instantly hailed with "*Quién vivo*" (who lives)? "*Colombia*" was answered by Dr. Cheyene. "*Quién es*" (who is there)? "*Ciudadáno*" (citizen), was the reply, and we passed on unmolested.

While on the subject of the military, a word or two for future reminiscence is well enough. There are about 1000 soldiers quartered in this city, and more or less in every place of any consequence throughout the republic. The aggregate number of the regular army is 40,000 with 70 generals, 200 colonels, and other officers in proportion. This immense standing army engrosses all the revenue of the country for its support, nor is that sufficient; forced loans are frequently resorted to, in order to maintain them, and to raise funds for other current expenses. The common soldiers here in the capital get one reál — 12½ cents *per diem*, without rations, which is quite enough to support them here; but they are poorly clad; very few have blankets, none shoes. In other places the pay is more or less, according to the abundance or scarcity of provisions. The common soldiers are caught on market days, by a press gang, and driven to the cantonment in chains — where they are enrolled for a number of years and called *voluntario* — volunteers. The dissatisfaction against the Government has now become so manifest that those in authority begin to perceive it and suspicions are awakened. They have arrested Tenorio under a charge of fomenting disturbances in the capital, and have thrown him into prison. It is supposed that advantage will be taken of Bolivar's advance in Peru, on the part of the Liberals or Constitutionalists to overcome his friends and those in favor of a monarchy in every part of the country. Such suppositions and Tenorio's imprisonment, is the cause of a great deal of distrust in the city. Cash people bury their riches, and visits are scarce; people are fearful of committing themselves by unintentionally visiting a liberal and of course Bogota is now a dreary hole. Carter and the Hendersons are very much missed by all at our Legation.

Sept. 21*st.* A little before dinner to day Commodore De Kay of the Brazilian service, the avant courier, sent on to announce the approach of Major Thomas P. Moore, Minister Plenipotentiary to Bogata and Mr. Pickett, arrived. After dinner Mr. Tayloe, myself and one or two of the General's guests, to day at dinner, rode out on the Alaméda, the north avenue from the city and escorted them in. They had been forty days traveling from Maracaybo exclusive of resting, were completely worn out with fatigue, and shivering under their Kentucky cloaks with the cold. While the party are telling over their perils by sea and land, I haste to bring this letter to a close. Mr. Moore mentions having seen you and two of my sisters in New York and that your health was good, those two

I suppose were Adeline and Matilda. Mr. Moore is an active little man 5 feet 8 inches in height, 45 years of age, full of anecdote and conversation; he and the General together kept the table in a roar of laughter for hours.

His Secretary Mr. Pickett like myself is about six feet high, he is a shrewd, quiet, sterling fellow. The Major's baggage will be here tomorrow when I will have the home letters of which he is the bearer. I have not heard him express a word in the short time we have been together, respecting myself and for causes mentioned to you in another letter care but little about it so I may succeed in my other plans.

I pray dear Adeline's attempt may this time succeed and she may recover from her unfortunate deafness, but she must not despond..

Adios, Su servidor,

Gen. Sol. Van Rensselaer, P. M., Albany, N. Y. R. V RENSSELAER.

Rensselaer Van Rensselaer to his Father.

My Dear Father, Carthagena, November, 17, 1829.

My last of September 21st at Bogota was written and dispatched on the day of Mr. Moore's arrival in that city; since which circumstances have occurred, which induced me to think it useless to write you more from Bogota as they have led to an alteration of my plans and to my being at present in this place. We will return in thought back again to the Metropolis. Vergara — Secretary of State was immediately informed by the General of Moore's arrival, and requested to appoint an early day for his presentation. Vergara called with Miranda, his chief clerk and interpreter, on Colonel Moore two days after and appointed the 25th for his reception. The 25th of September, however, being the anniversary of Bolivar's escape from the conspirators in his palace, and as a grand mass with other ceremonies were to be performed then, as a test of their unbounded gratitude, in which the attendance of all orthodox Christians would be required, it was necessarily postponed until the following day.

General Herrau Prefect of the Department had issued a proclamation on the 28th of July requiring all civil and military officers to wear mourning on this day, but the Supreme Council rightly conceiving such a despotic order would only have the effect of increasing the discontent against Government gave him a rap over the knuckles and it had been withdrawn; and very few were sycophantic or timorous enough to appear in black costume. This Herrau was the first who in public advocated a change from Republicanism to a Monarchy, having done so in a toast and an accompanying speech; and from that discontent became more general. On the evening of September 25th, while sitting in the house of a friend in the city, another friend popped in, and told me that an extraordinary dispatch had just arrived and if I would wait for him there one hour he would give me the news. He shortly returned and on our way towards the *Huérto de Jayme* told me that the brave General Cordova, was an Insurrectionist, and in arms in Antioquia, with the determination to restore to Colombia her Constitution of Cucuta and to put down the monarchists, or to fall in the attempt. His force was not known. The following day the news had been generally circulated and created an intense sensation, particularly on the part of the Government and monarchists. This Cordova had been the favorite general of Bolivar and was known among the friends of Liberty against the Spaniards, as a courageous, gallant and efficient commander. It is less than a year since he prevailed on Col. Obando, then at the head of the Constitutional Army, to lay down his

arms and thereby saved the President from defeat and ruin. In the intimacy, however, that ensued in consequence of this service, having ascertained that Bolivar's views were directed to a crown, he abandons him, and arms in this holy cause; he is the dread of all his enemies. There is now much anxiety and commotion among all the Officials; all the troops they could muster were immediately dispatched to put it down. Every person who was known to have been intimate with General Cordova was suspected; some were imprisoned and one was extirpated.

Well! I must not forget to tell you about the Presentation of Col. Moore. Two oclock, Saturday Sept. 26th, being the hour appointed, the Old and New Legations from the United States, attended by Commodore De Kay adjourned from the *Huérto de Jayme*, to the Government Palace where they were received by Mr. Castillo the President of the Supreme Council and its members — General Herrau and others in the superb saloon. After a speech from Gen. Harrison officially introducing his successor, and resigning his functions; another from Col. Moore expressive of his good feeling towards this Government; and appropriate answers from Mr. Castillo, the ceremony ended. It was laughable to hear speeches delivered in such a grave manner as these were, when none of them were understood by the persons for whom they were intended. It was still more diverting to hear the President of the Supreme Council felicitating himself upon the very *tranquil* and prosperous condition of Colombia, at a time when word of a formidable insurrection had just been communicated to them; and when the interest on their public debt had not been paid for years; when the Government Bonds were dull sale at ninety-seven per ct. discount; and when there was not one cent in the treasury. Lord! save the United States from *such* a state of prosperity.

General Harrison, finding himself released from his public duties, and knowing that if he started homeward now, he would be detained several weeks in Carthagena, waiting for the arrival of the Sloop of War Natchez from Rio Janeiro, determined on gratifying a long cherished desire of being for a short time, in a climate more warm and agreeable to his constitution. Intending also to make short excursions and see more of the neighboring county. The 27th, or day after being superseded by Col. Moore, the General accompanied by Mr. Tayloe and Dr. Cheyne rode out to Anolayma, a village twelve leagues off, to pay a visit to the family of Mr. James Henderson, H. B. M's Consul-General, who were residing at that place; leaving the keys of the house with me and injunctions to do the honors of his establishment to the new Minister and his Suite. The General's son was still in Guaduas. At ten oclock the following day I had all the servants of both families drawn up to give his Holiness the venerable Arch. Bishop a suitable reception. He called, in his dark, heavy coach and four, attended by an old priest and six servants in brown livery, to pay his respects to the *new* American Minister. I had the honor of introducing the eminent gentlemen to each other; and subsequently the felicity of conducting the Arch Bishop, with the assistance of Com. De Kay, to his coach. We both received for our attentions, as many sanctimonious benedictions as would have been rendered any, but such a heretic as myself, invincible to the shafts of a legion of devils. My services were called in requisition again by Col. Moore to accompany him in returning the calls he had received since his arrival. After finishing up more than twenty — including all the Diplomatic families and principal foreigners and escorting him home, I called on our countryman Gooding

in hopes of finding Carr who had been, with Carter Harrison on a visit to the Hendersons, and brought me a letter from him, written while there. Carr had arrived in the City, the night previous, with dispatches from Gen. Urdaneta Minister of War from Guaduas, and with the intention of joining his battalion, which was in preparation to march against Cordova. (He was the young American whom I have mentioned in a former number to have met on the road on my way up from the Magdalena river to Bogota.)

In a conversation that evening at Goodings, where I was present with many other foreigners, Carr stated it to be his intention to enter his deposition the next day at the War Office, against some persons whom he knew to be on friendly terms with Cordova; by so doing he expected to receive promotion and the appointment of Aid to General O'Leary — the Commander of the troops destined to fight Cordova. His words delivered in a half jesting tone were, at the time, unheeded; but imagine my surprise the next day, when sent for by a friend of Gen. Harrison to learn, that this calculating scoundrel had not only fulfilled his intention, but that the persons he had implicated were his best friends. Carr had truly entered an affidavit in the Secretary of State's office that Consul Henderson knew all of Cordova's plans and corresponded with him; nearly the same of Col. Torrens the Mexican Charge d'Affaire; of Mr. Leidendorf the Agent of the Banking House of Goldsmidth; of young Harrison; and that Gen. Harrison had full information on the subject! For a short time I was lost in amazement that a countryman, and one too from one of the first families in Virginia, could be guilty of so mean an action to promote his advancement. I recalled to mind what Colonel Moore had said, that he "had set that man down from his first interview as capable of any base action" and how provoked I had felt at the Colonel for misjudging Carr — as I then thought. I soon however threw aside idle speculations and betook myself to action. I knew that the Government so despotic on common occasions; which had rewarded in anticipation the informant, and often had by a summary process punished the persons informed against — by expulsion or otherwise if the charges were not immediately rebutted would also be active. I soon understood from high authority, that it was the intention of Government to make the affidavit of an ungrateful miscreant, without other proof, their ground for sending to a high-minded soldier like Gen. Harrison, an order not to return to the capital, I accordingly dropped one letter in the Post Office for Carter B. Harrison — Guaduas, desiring him to join his father immediately, and forthwith dispatched another letter to the General by a mounted messenger; remaining myself to find out if possible the intentions of the Government.

Col. Torrens feared that Henderson might have put his papers in Gen. Harrison's charge when he left town. Col. Moore was a little nettled when he found I had sent for the General without first consulting him. I told him that I had considered it so essential for the General to be immediately informed, that I did not wish to lose time in troubling him with it; but that now the General was in a fair way of knowing all before he takes another breakfast, I wished to know what course to pursue in case the Government send here to demand his papers before his return. "Have you any reason to suppose" he asked "that Gen. Harrison is in any way concerned in this disturbance of Cordovas?" "Not the least in the world." "Then why should you desire to embroil yourself by trying to prevent the execution of this Government's orders? if Henderson has left his correspondence in this house (and you don't know that he has) the

General is not answerable for him. I therefore recommend you to keep a bold front and permit them unmolestedly to take their course and examine the house." Swelling with indignation at such advice — I angrily replied that, "I would put on a bold front, but if the Government troops enter this house, except over my dead carcass I'll consent to be d——d." He was terribly annoyed at this determination, but I repeated again that, while I lived in that house no examination of papers shall take place in it. He then left me, saying he would go out and make some inquiries himself about the substance of Carr's affidavit.

Cato was the acting porter for the night with orders to call me if any but the household knocked at the door and precautions taken and preparations made to prove how far man can go when spurred by duty. I threw myself on my bed without undressing, with lights burning. At half past eleven o'clock I heard footsteps in the inner square of the house, and presently the door of my room opened, when Col. Moore entered and found me standing by my table facing the door, with sword, dirk, guns, pistols &c., in a state for action. "Well" says he, "I see you're ready." I made no reply to that, but asked him what he had learned. "It is all too true," says he, "Henderson is implicated over head and ears. Torrens and Leidersdorf nearly as much. Gen. Harrison less than any, but all badly enough. Carter's name is used too, but I can't find out in what manner. It is a serious affair and now after more reflection I find you are right; the house must be protected, and you may make yourself easy, and go to bed with the assurance, that I will use all my influence to do so; when that proves unavailing, I'll use my arms and by God, the house shan't be entered for an examination of papers while I live. Right or wrong the General shall be defended."

Such a declaration from a person of his authortiy, and one whose good will, it was the policy and hope of the Government to conciliate, operated upon me (as it was unlooked for) in this moment of doubt and uncertainty, as a reprieve would to a criminal under the gallows. I involuntarily grasped his hand in the agony of feeling, and if my eye moistened a little it is not to be wondered at, while muttering something about his taking a correct view of the subject — now acting in character as a Representative of the United States, the General being a friend of mine &c. He refused the arms I offered, as he had plenty of his own, and left me to put them in order before going to bed.

I was now quite relieved — but did not "douse my lights," or close my eyes in sleep that night. Next morning I was astonished in passing a shop, to see its owner, whom I thought at that time, at or near Anolayma, behind his counter at work as usual; but soon discovered that he had been frightened back when four leagues from the City, by a swaggering Colonel in the Colombian service This affair loaded me again with anxiety and trouble; it was well known that the Republican principles of Gen. Harrison had long been dreaded by this Government, and that he had been looked upon with an eye of suspicion since he had publicly contradicted a report, which they had industriously circulated, of President General Jackson's intentions to crown himself King of the United States. Such a report the Monarchists had hoped would have reconciled the people of Colombia to such a change; having been thwarted thus in their calculations, there was no doubt that they would if possible, get rid of the man, who merely in refuting a slander on his country, had been the cause of their mortification. Knowing all this and feeling that any

indignity intended General Harrison was an insult to my country — my plans of operation were speedily formed. I returned home — ordered a horse — which had been in the stable all night against any emergency — to be saddled and breakfast to be brought in. Put on a traveling dress, took a hasty breakfast and gave the keys of the house to Col. Moore requesting him to be his own entertainer until the General's return tomorrow evening. "Why! where are you going?" says he. "To Anolayma," I answered. "My messenger has been frightened back by a Colombian officer and Gen. Harrison is still ignorant of what's going on." "You will be sent back too." "But I have a passport here," showing him one of my pistols and a dirk. He shook his head, indicating that they would not carry me through, then told me that I was running myself into useless danger, as anything I now could do, would not save the General, the order would reach him before I could. I then told him that the order was not yet issued and that it was useless to attempt talking me out of my jaunt — for it was my duty to acquaint the General of what was going on &c. I would see him at all hazards. "If you will go, I can't prevent it, but I fear your hot blood will lead you into a scrape." "If it does" says I, "I hope to work myself out again, I could send another messenger, but none with a probability of succeeding as well as myself. I am attaché to Gen. Harrison's family, and as such, they have no right to stop me — for the General is still as much entitled to all his privileges as ever. I shall tell all, who attempt to stop me the same thing — if they then persist — I am fully determined to force my way if possible." He then left me with a promise to do his best to have all proceedings put off, on part of the Government, till the General's return. When I passed the parlor, I saw Col. Moore within deeply engaged in conversation with Miranda; they both saw me in my traveling trim and saw me mount my horse — but the supposition that this Chief Clerk would divine my designation, and report it to the Secretary of State — did not in the least tend to cause a diminution of speed when under headway. Every step my horse took, he felt the application of whip or spur, and dashed along the first seven leagues over the plain, fast enough even to satisfy my impatience. I cast many anxious looks behind for pursuers, and every look, as the distance from the capital increased, made me feel greater security.

I now had left the great Honda route, and the straggling squads of soldiers traveling on it, and for the first slacked my horse's speed to relieve him by walking up the steep acclivity from the estate of Las Monjas. On the summit level I had a view of the entire plain below; though I saw no one on the road I had just left in chase, still I made my weary nag pace it along pretty briskly over the fine path I met with there, without more than a casual glance at the majestic splendor of the distant rugged mountains covered with glistening snow. A bad zigzag descent after a while, and a hilly road with its necessary meandering and windings so worried my horse, that I would have changed him for a fresh one, but that being an impossibility as none could be procured at Sipacon I proceeded. Shortly after leaving Sipacon, a mud hole of considerable length in which he sunk over his knees in the stiff clay, together with still another terrible pass, near the edge of a giddy precipice, appeared to have "done him up," he would not be excited to great speed by whip or spur, but walked along leisurely, for some time at his own gate. At length hearing great clattering of hoofs behind me, I turned and saw coming around an angle

in the road, a horseman driving along at a furious rate, with a cockade in his hat and sword by his side; immediately another in a rapid gallop made his appearance. The idea at once struck me, that they had been sent at the instigation of Miranda to escort me back to the metropolis; every nerve was strung for action, but I felt quite pleased to think there were no more of them. They passed by me without checking their progress, but I fancied they eyed me very closely, with intense surprise and thought there was something satirical in their salutation which I returned and they were soon out of sight.

I conjectured now that they might have been dispatched direct to the General and Consul General; and I most cordially cursed the whole country when to the question if he had hay, addressed to the owner of a house by the wayside, I received for answer, "No, Señor, no hay." "Is there a fresh horse here?" "No Señor there is not." Then giving my poor beast a desperate spurring with all my force, and putting the whip in play at the same time, he went flying down the hill after the two horsemen, whom I now discovered at the foot of it fixing their saddles. I was about passing by without paying the least attention to these suspicious looking personages, when they very civilly hailed me and told me that as my "horse appeared quite fatigued, I had better stop awhile and let him blow." Aha! thinks I, they now wish to commence operations, and do it in a very courteous manner, but I will let them see I can match them in any thing if not check-mate. Accordingly I stopped and replied, their "recommendation was a very good one," and without appearing to have the slightest mistrust rode up near them and in a gay style dismounted. I might not have done so if I had not been perfectly sure that their horses would have very quickly overtaken me. As it was, I had no other recourse. I was well armed, and they could not know it, of course I had every advantage on that score. I threw myself on my own ingenuity to find out their intentions. I had scarcely alighted when one of them began an interrogatory with "*Adonde*" (where)? When thinks I, the pumping must be commenced by myself, so broke him short off, by maledictions on my horse for not following me to a stake, and then by singing out "*Traygame candéla muchacho*" (bring me fire boy); and by offering cigars to both of the strangers. I beat him so unexpectedly off his track, that I could now, myself very naturally interrogate, and did so by asking him where he was bound. "To Anolayma," says he. "How far is it from here?" "Three hours ride." "Do you live there? "Yes! I am the Commandant of Arms there, if you are going that way, we'll ride together. I suppose you know the Consul?" "Of course, every one knows the Consul." "That's true," says he. Finding him so prompt in his answers, I led him from one subject to another in way of chit-chat, and learned that Gen. O'Leary and suite had left the city about half an hour after I did; that the Government had sent orders out to collect in the capital, a certain proportion of the militia, to replace the regulars who had marched away; and that the quota from the district of this commandant, for that purpose, would be fifty. I did all I could indirectly to discover if he had any commission for Gen. Harrison or Henderson, but for fear of betraying too much anxiety on that subject was obliged to drop it, satisfied that either he had none, or that he was too good a politician to let me know it. The times, his manners, and the mode of his starting a conversation with me, all had a tendency to keep my vigilance on the alert; therefore notwithstanding his suavity of deportment, I always kept an eye upon his move-

ments and a hand on a pistol. We took some chichi together and at his instigation, gave a quantity to our horses, he said it would revive them. Mine drank half a pailful and for the feat, was pronounced *emborrachon* drunkard by the Commandant. We then mounted and I was politely offered the lead, and just as politely insisted upon their taking it themselves, alleging that my nag would follow better than lead, besides they knew the way and I did not. They accordingly bounded on ahead, and I felicitated myself on the success of my maneuver by which I had escaped the possibility of an attack in the rear, and merrily pushed on after them.

Whether the chichi had the efficacy the Commandant ascribed to it or whether my horse was fond of company on this lonely road, I know not, but it is certain that he now got along quite as fast as when first starting in the morning, nor could they with all their furious driving leave him behind. The commandant was quite as fond of society as my horse, and very communicative — he told me he was Carracanian by birth — talked much of commerce — shipping and *steamboats*. He had once gone a three days journey from Anolayma to Peñon de Conejo to see one; and was quite astonished when I told him, that those kind of vessels, on some rivers in the United States, were as plentiful as champáns on the Magdalena. He gave me the names of the different kinds of elegant large trees by the road side — pointed out to me a spot, marked by a cross of rough wood — where a countryman returning from market had been murdered, and indicated the site in a deep ravine, where his body had been found, almost destroyed by the *gallináza* — buzzard; and wound up by intimating that it was very imprudent for a stranger, like me, to travel *sinarmar* — without arms. I gave him my assent to his position, with something like a contemptuous smile — and thought how disappointed he would be if he had any sinister designs on my person, provided he undertook to carry them into effect, to find me so ready to meet him. After a while we came to a halt, on a little flat at the head of a long, dreary, steep and narrow pass — a place well calculated for any "deed of darkness" — when pulling from his pocket a short, thick ivory whistle, he turned round and observed, that it was necessary to carry such a thing, in order to warn muleteers below of his approach, at such narrow defiles, or there would be a difficulty in passing each other. Then giving a long shrill blast, he held his head down in an attentive position, and directly the peculiar whoop of a muleteer was heard in answer from the deep dell beneath us. The officer gave two more blasts — two responsive whoops were heard, which satisfied him, that the mules below had stopped and calling out to me "*Ahóra vayámonos*" (let us go on now), he put the spurs in his nag and away he went, myself at his heels — down the rough, crooked *escalêra* (staircase). I had a few days previous read a well written tale, in one of the magazines, of the adventures of Spoliano, an Italian Bandit; the scenes in that assimilated so much to this — and my present situation so much to that of the victims, who had been lured within his power, that I now gave up the idea of my cicerone's being a government messenger, and put him down for one of Spoliano's occupation. His story of the murdered *paisáno* (countryman) — his allusions to my defenseless situation — his whistle were all so strongly confirmative of this suspicion — that instead of finding the persons who had answered his shrill summons with a shout, simple inoffensive muleteers — I expected shortly to see a parcel of tall, whiskered and mustachioed outlaws. Each with machéttas in their hands

spring out from their hiding places among the rocks, with "*dar me su pláta*," (give me your money). However we sallied out at the foot of the *escaléra* without an adventure, where we found an old Indian with his squaw, mule and ox freighted with hides of molasses — from him came the whoops.

All doubts of the Commandant were entirely dispelled only when we came to the great square of the romantic village of Anolayma, then he pointed out to me the way to the Consul General's residence and with "*Adios Señor*," turned taking another direction for his home followed by his attendaut. It was now sunset; all the ladies and gentlemen except the General were out enjoying their evening walk, giving me an uninterrupted opportunity of communicating the unpleasant tidings to him. He could scarcely believe in the reality of the information, that Carr for whom he had done so much could have proved the ungrateful perjurer. Conscious, however, of his own innocence he did not evince the least alarm or uneasiness upon the occasion but very unconcernedly walked off with me to meet Henderson and Tayloe. I had borne the news to those so deeply interested and the following morning Tayloe left for Guaduao, while General Harrison and Consul General Henderson, of course, repaired with all possible expedition to the capital to meet any charges; none were preferred against them — but, notwithstanding, Henderson, Torrens, and Leidendorf very soon received their Passports to leave the Country at a short notice. The friends, whom I had left behind me in Bogota the morning I started with the evil tidings, were every moment looking out in the most anxious expectation of seeing me brought back a prisoner. Mr. Moore was then in trouble too, lest I should come in contact with the reprobate Carr, who with O'Leary was close at my heels, he told those friends that if we did meet, it would be "a bloody meeting." It must undoubtedly have been such had they attempted to stop me, but I am very happy now I did not see him, it is far better for both.

When Mr. Tayloe and Carter Harrison arrived the hearts of all parties could beat more evenly. Carr reached Guaduas the same evening that Tayloe did, and the scoundrel, supposing that Tayloe had not yet heard of his villainy, went up to him in a most hypocritical manner, and offered him his hand, but Tayloe after eying him scornfully a moment, turned his back upon him without saying a word — when Carr sneaked out of the house like a sheep stealing dog.

He met young Harrison on his way out, but passed by him, with his eyes on the ground, without opening his mouth to the intimate friend, or companion rather, though at parting with him a few days before, he had shed a copious flood of tears. Genl. O'Leary when told by Tayloe of Carr's shameful conduct declared that he had not known of it before, and that he had been put in his staff without his wish, or consent. How much probability there was in that statement, may be inferred from the fact that — my authority from whom I first heard that Carr had made such a deposition, and which proved correct as far as it went, stated most positively that Genl. O'Leary and Carr were together when it was made. The jealousy of the government towards the friends of Cordova is proved, because as soon as the news of his raising the constitutional standard was heard in the capital, his own nephew who was quite a boy, with some personal friends were thrown into prison. It was manifested also in the exile of Nicholasa Ibera, a lady of great beauty, wealth and accomplishments; the mother of six children — a great Liberal. Her friendship for the calumniated and unjustly exiled Vice

President, Santander, had drawn upon her the suspicions of government and she was accused of holding political meetings at her elegantly furnished *Quinta* (country seat) near the city, and sent off under a guard of soldiers, accompanied by a crippled son and daughter. The expectations of the perjured crack brained Virginian in reward for his unparalleled villainy have been amply rewarded; he is indeed attached to the suite of Gen. O'Leary, but with all this honor he bears the most cordial contempt of every honest man of all parties. Nor does any person attempt to suppress the feeling at his duplicity in worming himself into the good opinion of individuals, in order to draw from them circumstances whereon to found a tale which so far imposed on a distracted and credulous government, as to elicit its belief in his veracity; and consequently procured his promotion at the expense of his confiding friends. The unprincipled fellow's course to advance himself was this; having learned that last year before setting out on his successful campaign against Col. Obando in Popayan, this General Cordova had been very attentive to one of the beautiful daughters of Consul General Henderson, and that common fame had spoken of an engagement at the time, (however untrue, the young lady was but thirteen years of age), and knowing how suspiciously the Government viewed all, who had ever been on terms of intimacy with Gen. Cordova, this perfidious fellow paid a visit, uninvited, to this unsuspecting family at Anolayma. He was kindly welcomed — he had partaken of their fare, walked, talked and sung with the young ladies — he had been treated as a friend but, most fiend like, he was then plotting their ruin. On his return he invented the tissue of absolute falsehoods upon which only rests the apology of this government for its outrageous proceedings against the Diplomatic Agents of other countries.

It remains to be seen if those countries will accept so paltry an excuse for its insults. General Cordova had been exceedingly pleased *with*, and very assiduous in his devotion *to*, Miss Fanny, the third daughter of Consul Henderson. When in Bogota his leisure moments were spent in the society of that family, he walked, rode and was ever with them at parties; they owed much to his civilities. They described him to be the handsomest of all Colombians, rather tall, well made, dark hair and eyes, expression determined and dignified, gentlemanly in all his actions, above all a man of the strictest honor, his word could always be depended upon. They had full opportunity of judging and appreciating his character. When he and Gen. Bolivar left the capital, to put down Obando, before they pursued their expedition against Peru — Mr. Henderson rode out with them some leagues, and at parting asked Bolivar to write often to let him know how he prospered He answered in a laughing way, "I will be too much engaged, but Cordova, I am sure will tire you with letters — he'll give you all the news." Cordova did write, and probably did give all the passing events — of this many people knew — Carr too must have heard of it, which enabled him to weave his diabolical tale. Cordova's splendid career to establish the liberties of the country and cast off the yoke of Spanish oppression and tyranny was often openly discussed; the peaceful termination of Col. Obando's insurrection, was attributed to him. Mr. Henderson had conversed quite freely with me on the situation, history and affairs of Colombia and Colombians. His connection with Cordova was told to me openly for there was nothing to be concealed. After Cordova had concluded a pacific negociation with Col. Obando — he by some means became convinced of Bolivar's schemes of ambition and not being able to bring his

pure principles to favor them — tendered his resignation. This Bolivar refused to accept and knowing his vast influence and efficiency — appointed him Minister of Marine, in order to reconcile him to his own measures.

Cordova understood the motive of this favor — but instead of swallowing the bait — instead of proceeding as directed to Bogota to enter upon the duties of his new office — he returned home, as events have shown, to oppose the progress of monarchy and to sustain the dearly purchased liberties of the country in her struggles for independence. The circumstance of his difference with Bolivar was mentioned in one of his letters to Consul General Henderson; who in reply regretted it — and advised him by all means, to keep upon good terms with the Liberator, but, if the unfortunate quarrel was not settled, he desired that he should not be written to more on the subject, as he might be involved into difficulty by such a correspondence. In consequence of this discreet and proper request, so decidedly expressed — Cordova's subsequent letters were, as his previous ones had been of a general or of a friendly import, and Henderson did not fear publishing them, entire, to the world. There was a story put in circulation in Honda, of the capture of a servant of General Cordova, on whom, it was said letters were found from that General directed to Consul General Henderson, advising him by all means to leave the country at once. It proved to be a mere rumor and the family were so strongly impressed with the idea that Colonel Campbell was at the foot of all the mischief, that a confirmation of it did not excite the least surprise. Circumstances favored me, and through them I learnt that the enmity of Colonel Campbell towards Mr. Henderson was the sole promoter, if not the origin of all this mischievous caballing.

END OF VOL. I.

INDEX.

Aaron, Mr., 112.
Abraham P. Lott to Philip Van Rensselaer, 52.
Account current, curious, 335.
Acosta, Col., 499.
Adams, 409, 410, 415.
Adams, Andrew, 57, 58.
Adams, John, 38, 81, 150.
Adams, John Q., 307, 328, 368, 403, 405, 406, 437, 464; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 403; president, 149.
Adams, Mr., 54, 383, 416, 430.
Adams, Samuel, 38, 160.
Affrays, 167-168; statement of facts of, 169; speech at trial of, 170-182; awards in respect of, 182.
A hard gallop, 527
Aix-la-Chapelle, treaty of, 18.
Albany, appointment of post master at, 366.
Albany, first mayor, 8; first clerk, 8; first recorder, 8; first pastor, 8.
Albany Quill, the, dreaded, 315.
Albany made the capital, 183.
Albany post office, correspondence about, 388-392.
Alexander, Captain, 12.
Alexander, Joseph, 196, 197, 199, 200, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 219, 228, 229, 236, 242, 243, 244, 266, 268, 273, 274, 275, 276, 278, 280, 288, 297, 298, 300, 303, 486.
Allen, Col. Ethan, 41, 48.
Allen, Nathaniel, 378.
Alligators, extraordinary numbers of, 481.
Alligator's nest, sleep in, 490.
Allyn, Captain, 411.
Alye, Capt., 46.
Ames, Mr., 344.
Amhurst, General, 28, 33.
Amsterdam, incidents in, 118.
Ancient orders, 18, 19.
Andes, origin of name of, 438.
Andrews, Capt., 119.
Andros, Edmund, 8.
Anecdote, amusing, 103.
Annom, Capt., 116.
Anolayama, Adios Señor, 530.
Anthony, Charles, 420.
Anthony, Gen., 90.
Appling, Lieut. Col., 325.
Armistice, news of, 306.
Armstrong, Capt., 258, 263.
Armstrong, Col., 63.
Armstrong, Gen. John, 216, 231, 255, 285, 305, 308, 310, 311, 316, 318, 319, 471, 472; to Judge Spencer, 471.
Army news, 111.
Army, number of, 522.
Arnold, 412.
Arnold, Col. Benedict, 18.
Arnold, Gen., 53, 70, 186.
Arrest, 485.
Assassination, horrible, 432.
Atwater, Hon. Caleb, 431.
Avendano, Señor Martin, 497, 498, 499.

Babbington, Sarah, 51.
Bacon, John F., 354.
Bailey, Gen., 385.
Bainbridge, Com., 351.
Bainhart, Mr., 202.
Baker, Caleb, 338.
Baker, Major D., 424.
Balcom, Col., 309.
Baldwin, Ebenezer, 186.
Ball, Lieut. Gen., 141.
Bancker, Gerard, 83.
Banyar, George, 36.
Baptist, John, 25.
Barber, Gen., 107.
Barbour, Hon. P. P., 268, 385, 408.
Barbour, James W., 356.
Barnum, P. T., 400.
Barnum, Stephen, 311.
Barny, Joshua, 318.
Barranquilla, 442.
Barron, James, 350.
Barry, Wm. F., 470, 487.
Barten, Judge, 236.
Barton, Mr., 289, 292.
Barun, Lieut. John, 56.
Basset, John, 152.
Bates, Stephen, 311.
Battle, after the, 230-283.
Battle of Queenston Heights, 238.
Bayard, Judith, 10.
Bay, Cornelius, 76.
Bay, Dr. William, 156, 327, 357, 367, 377, 378, 381, 436.
Bay, John, of Claverack, 404.
Bay, Mary, 427.
Beard, Mr., 222, 223.
Bearer of bad news, 530.
Beck, N. F., 486.
Becker, Mr., 432.
Bedell, Col., 53.
Beekman, Caty, 428.
Beekman, Mr. Jerard, 428.
Beeldsnyder, S. C., 120.
Beers, P. Wm., 152.
Belknap, Lieut., 335.
Belli, Jno., 98
Bellingers, Lieut., 224.
Benedict, Col., 199.
Benevolent Society, the Washington, to Cols. Van Rensselaer and Lovett, 281-283.
Benson, 223.
Benson, Capt., 49.
Benson, Mrs., 146.
Benson, Robert, 57.
Benton, Gov., 158.
Berry, John, 321.
Beverly, Mr., 416.
Bewel, Col., 55.
Bibb, George M., 317; to John J. Crittenden, 317.
Biddle, Major, 424.
Birdsall, Major, 333.
Blanchard, Judge, 333.
Bleecker, Harmanus, 328, 367, 415.
Bleecker, John James, Mr., 57.
Bleecker, John R., 486.
Bleecker, Mr. Barent, 158.
Bleecker, Solomon Van Rensselaer, 118.
Blenheim House, visit to, 127.
Blodget, Mr., 34.
Blodgett, Samuel, 33.
Bloodgood, 178, 182.
Bloodgood, Col., 418.
Bloodgood, Francis, 168, 190, 486.
Bloodgood, Mr., 167, 175, 180.
Bloom, Col., 231, 234, 256, 257.
Bloom, Lt. Col., 267.
Blue, Lieut. Wm. K., to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 106, 123.
Blue, R. W., 123.
Bogardus, Gen., 487.
Bogardus, Robt., 366, 367.
Bogart, Isaac, 327.
Bogota, climate of, 473.
Bogota, recuperating at, 512.
Bolivar, Gen. Simon, 437, 440, 454, 462, 499, 500, 517, 521, 522, 523, 524, 531, 532; and Cordova, 523; president, 445; to assume royalty, 499.
Borland, 375.
Bounties, heavy, to soldiers, 324.
Bowyers, Capt. Henry, 34.
Boyd, General, 321.
Boyd, Messrs, 334.
Boyd, Peter, 131, 275.
Boyd, Robert, Junr., 55.
Braddock, Gen., 18, 75, 136.
Bradford, Dr., 327, 355.
Bradford, John M., 149.
Bradley, 402.
Bradley, W. C., 408.
Bradstreet, General, 32.
Bradt, Alida, 91.
Bradt, Peter, 42.
Brainard's bridge, 418.
Brandt Van Hook to Philip Van Rensselaer, 71.
Brant, Capt., 53.
Brant, John, 262.
Brant, Joseph, 3, 53, 122.
Bratt, Alida, 10.
Bratt, Maria, 17.
Bray, Mr., 93.
Brecks, J., 94.
Breech, Ens., 124.
Bresson, M. De, 503, 504, 508, 510.
Bresson, Dr., 515.
Bridgen, Mayor T. A., 418.
Bridge of Pandi, a party visit, 508.
Brinckerhoof, Geo., 519.
British, a brush with, 286.
British fleet, capture of, 320.

Broadstreet, John, 24.
Brock, Gen., 210, 212, 216, 217, 218, 220, 221, 222, 226, 233, 234, 237, 251, 254, 256, 264, 267, 268, 270, 271, 272, 273, 275, 423; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 233; killed, 268.
Brock, Isaac, 215, 250; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 250.
Brook, 110.
Brook, Col., 231.
Broom, Mr., 127.
Broome, Caroline, 297.
Brown, Doctor, 220, 223.
Brown, Gen., 179, 224, 344.
Brown, Hubbard, 54.
Brown, Jacob, 362.
Brown, Mr., 192.
Brown, Mrs. Senator, 353.
Brush, Adjutant, 418.
Brush, Mr., 355.
Brush, Captain, 222.
Brush, John, 364.
Bucktails, democrats and federalists, 338.
Buell, Major, 119.
Buel, Gen. Nath., 55.
Bull fight, a, 514, 515.
Bunch, Mr., 448, 465.
Burgoyne, Gen., 48, 59, 60, 61, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 72.
Burke, 445, 446.
Burlington, Vt., 407, 408.
Burr, Aaron, 112, 186, 193, 402.
Butler, Col. Thomas, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 143.
Butler, Lieut. Col., 145.

Cady, Daniel, 402.
Cady, John W., 402.
Calhoun, John C., 145, 338, 362, 368, 370, 378, 383, 402, 409, 430.
Cambreleng, C. C., 368.
Cambrelling, vice president, 387.
Campaign, journal of, 194.
Campbell, 375.
Campbell, Archibald, 368.
Campbell, Captain, 103.
Campbell, Captain R. M. to Captain Van Rensselaer, 96.
Campbell, Capt. R. Ms., 94, 96, 112, 188.
Campbell, Col., 499, 503, 504, 505, 532.
Campbell, Samuel, 368, 389.
Canada, invasion of, 253; failure of, 249.
Canajoharie, 402.
Canal ball, grand, 428.
Carleton, Gen., 16, 47,
Carelton, Gov., 48.
Carleton, Sir Guy, 53.
Carnival, the feast of, 467.
Carr, 525, 526.
Carr, D. O., 521.
Carr, Lieut., 273.
Carr, the Virginian, 501.
Carter, 522, 526.
Carter, N. H., 357; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 357.
Carthagena, a glance at, 443–448.
Case, Col., 222.
Case, Cornelius G. V. R., 427.
Case, Walter, 338.
Cassin, Capt., 520.
Castillo, President, 521.
Catharine, 10.
Cato, a colored servant, 414; falls into the river, 495.
Center, Capt., 411.
Challenge from Peter B. Porter to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 287.
Chamberling, 375.
Champion, 36.
Champlain, John, 170.
Chandler, Gen., 301.
Chapin, Dr. Cyrenius, 284, 825; to Col. Van Renseelaer, 284.
Charlotte, Queen, 232.
Chester, Rev. Dr., 419, 436.
Chipman, Dr. Daniel, 220.
Christening, a, in South America, 465.
Christie, Lieut. Col., 248, 249, 254, 255, 256, 260, 266, 273, 286.
Chrystie, Col., 252, 253.
Church, Mr., 127,
Church, Mr. and Mrs., 116.
Church, Mrs., 118.
Church, Mrs. John C., 115.
Citizens of Albany to post master general.
Clark, Robert, 378.
Clarkson, Capt., 126.
Clarkson, Gen. M., 335, 411.
Claus, D., note from, 17.
Claus, Santa, 5, 6.
Clay, Mr. Henry, 287, 297, 299, 339, 354, 356, 360, 362, 364, 365, 402, 405, 406, 408, 409, 415, 420, 431, 445; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 405.
Clinch, Abraham, 75.
Clinton, 487.
Clinton, Charles A., 377, 381, 417, 418, 419, 472; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 377, 381, 472.
Clinton, Col., 418.
Clinton, DeWitt, 168, 187, 306, 311, 320, 328, 330, 331, 334, 338, 349, 352, 354, 364, 367, 368, 386, 398, 399, 400, 406, 414, 419, 420, 421, 325, 435; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 349, 352, 355, 358, 359, 362, 363, 369, 374, 380; a grand reception to, 420; visits Ohio, 419; death of, 435; honors at funeral of, 436.
Clinton, Gen. James, 455.
Clinton, Gov., 328, 329, 331, 352, 355, 357, 358, 359, 362, 363, 369, 374, 380, 402, 426, 427, 436; to Gen. Talmadge, 328; to Solomon Van Rensselaer.
Clinton, Gov. and lady, 429.
Clinton, Gov. George, 73, 81, 88, 112, 154, 157, 161, 188, 344, 367.
Clinton, Henry, 68.
Clinton, Lady, the canal barge, 425.
Clinton, Major, 359.
Clinton, Mr., 341, 405, 409, 416.
Clinton, Mrs. DeWitt, 425.
Coffin, Col., 262.
Colden, Cadwallader D., 368, 405.
Colden, Col., 321.
Colden, Gen., 487.
Colden, Mr., 428.
Coldwell, Mr. James, 158.
Coles, Mr., 322.
Collier, Col. James, 260.
Collins, James, 93.
Colonial History, 25, 58,
Colombia, disembarkation at, 445; description of, 440.
Commerce steamboat, 425.
Compromise, the Missouri, 344.
Comstock, Mr., 299.
Confusion, political, 345,
Congressional talk, 305, 308.
Congress, members of, 368.
Congress, representatives of New York in, 338.
Conkling, 419.
Conkling, Alfred, 368, 405, 421, 422, 424, 425; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 402, 404.
Conversation, thoughtless, 531.
Cook, Captain, 332.
Cook, Johnny, 300.
Cook, Lieut. Job, 55.
Cook, Mr., 252, 256.
Cooper, Col., 414, 415, 418.
Cooper, Col. J. T., 418.
Cooper, Dr. Charles D., 169, 170, 190.
Cooper, Gen., 167.
Cooper, Miss, 124.
Cooper, Mrs., 167, 179.
Cordova, Gen., 531.
Cordova, the friend of liberty, 523.
Cornplanter, the Seneca chief, 205.
Cornwallis, Gen., 58.
Cortlandt Catharine V., 45.
Countryman, a, on the plains of the south, 501.
Covington, 110.
Covington, Capt., 119.
Covington, Lieut. L., 94.
Cowards conduct, a, 530.
Cranmer's co-martyr, a paternal ancestor, 11.
Crawford, 378, 402, 409, 415, 416.
Crawford, Mr., 383.
Crawford, William, 338.
Crawford, William H., 368.
Crittenden, J. J., 317.
Cumberland Line, 130–150.
Cuming, Mr. James, 75.
Cushing, Thomas H., 155.
Cushman, Joshua, 398, 399.
Custis, Mr., 277.
Custis, Mrs., 86.
Custom house, 483.
Customs, Spanish, 445.
Cuyler, How, 225.
Cuyler, James, 116, 117; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 116.
Cuyler, Major, 223, 232, 246; death of, 246, 247.
Cuyler, Mr., 232.
Cuyler, Mr. Henry, 108.
Cuyler, Mr. Jacob, 42, 82.
Cuyler, William Howe, 247; to Colonel Van Rensselaer, 232.

Daniel Hale to Philip Van Rensselaer, 71.
Davis, Dr., 487; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 507.
Davis, M., 400.
Davis, Major, 487.
Davis, Wm. M., 506.
DeAlcazer, Buenaventura, 450.
Dearborn, 194, 214; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 214.
Dearborn, Gen., 200, 204, 205, 206, 208, 209, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 224, 225, 231, 233, 236, 239, 241, 244, 245, 251, 272, 276, 280, 297, 308, 310, 314, 319.
DeCastro, Diego, 474, 479.

Decatur, Com., 351; duel of, with Barron, 350, 351; death, 351.
Defeated, 256.
Defense of Gen. Harrison, 526–530.
Deforest, Major, 333.
DeGraff, Gazena, 73.
DeGraff, Mr. Jesse, 74.
DeKay, Commodore, 522, 524.
Delaplaine, Joseph, 400; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 400.
Dennis, Capt. J., 265; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 265.
Denniston, 379.
Denniston, Garrit, 368.
Denniston, Isaac, 168.
Denniston, Mr. G. V., 345.
Detroit, Mich., city of, 211, 424.
Detroit, speech of the mayor of, 423.
DeWitt, Gov., 154.
DeWitt, Jacob H., 338, 360.
DeWitt Major R., 418.
DeWitt, R. V., 486.
Dewitt, Simeon, 170, 425, 486.
Dexter, Samuel, 152, 153, 154, 155; to William H. Van Rensselaer, 155.
Diary, extracts from, 136, 140, 141, 142.
Dickenson, Julia, 504.
Dickerson, Mr., 51.
Dickinson, 370.
Dickinson, John D., 338, 341, 361, 368, 379, 386, 392, 393, 397; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 392, 397.
Dickson, Mr., 208.
Diuner, diplomatic, 505.
Dinsmoor, Mr., 145.
Ditches used for fences, 503.
Dix, John A., 156; his famous order, 156.
Dobbins, Col., 279.
Dodge, Gen., 214.
Dogherty, Capt., 219.
Dongan, Thomas, 5.
Dougherty, W. W., 393.
Douw, Cornelius, 57.
Douw, Mr., 126.
Douw, Mrs., 126.
Douw, Petrus, Capt., 32.
Douw, Volkert P., 57.
Dow, Elisha, 381.
Dox, Captain, 264, 265, 268, 269.
Dox, Garret, 338.
Duane, Col., 172.
Dudley, Charles E., 363, 371, 374, 379, 384, 385, 406, 455; mayor of Albany, 374; to M. Van Buren, 384.
Dudley, Mr., 341, 373, 381, 382.
Duel, a, proposed and frustrated, 289–292; between Smyth and Porter, 284–285.
Duer, Col. William, 78.
Duer, William, 116.
Duer, Wm. A., 357, 435,
Duke, John, of Marlborough, 128.
Duncan, 110.
Dunn, Geo. H., 94.
Dwight, Col. Joseph, 18.
Dyson, Capt., 233, 234.
Dyson, Samuel T., extract from letter of, 233.

Earthquake, destructive, 477.
Editor, Mr., 285.
Egberts, Aunt, 54.
Eights, Dr. James, 414, 418.
Ellicott, Capt., 351.
Elliott, Benjamin, 268.
Elliott, Col., 412; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 412.
Elliott, Lieut. Jesse D., 246, 247.
Elliott, Mr. Robert, 109, 370, 382, 412.
Elmendorf, Mrs., 146.
Elmendorf, Peter, 116, 119.
Elmendorf, Peter E., 68.
Elsie, 10,
Elsworth, Lieut. Peter, 55.
Ely, Isaac M., 366, 367.
Emerson, Mrs., 24.
Emmet, Mr., 165.
Emmet, Thomas Addis, 166.
England and France, war renewed between, 19.
Erie Canal, celebration, 424–429; opening of the, 406.
Erwin, John, 23.
European trip, 109–130.
Enstis, William, 258.
Evens, Gen., 218.
Evens, Major, 210, 250, 252, 269.
Ewing, Thomas, 420.
Excursions in the country, 449–454.

Fairlie, James, 85.
Fandango, the, 466,
Fay, John, 338.
Fayette, De La, 411, 412; Gen., 413.
Federalism, triumph of, 184.
Fenwick, Col., 212, 214, 225, 226, 227, 229, 231, 232, 235, 248, 249, 250, 253, 257, 259, 268, 275, 276, 288, 325
Fenwick, Col. Jno. R., 317; to Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, 317.
Fenwick to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 235.
Ferris, Benj, 366, 367.
Fever and ague, 505.
Fish, Capt., 448.
Fish, Col., 335.
Fisk, Mr., 299.
Fish, peculiar, 493.
Fisher, Christopher, 66.
Fishkil, 81.
Flemming, Col., 203.
Flores, President Gen., 441.
Fonda, David, 83.
Fonda Jellis, 83.
Fonda, Mrs., 119.
Ford, Capt., 140, 333.
Ford, Wm., 338.
Ford, Wm. D., 352.
Foreigners become rich, 474.
Forman, Samuel S., 211.
Forney, Col., 464.
Fort Chambly (illustrated), 46.
Fort George, head quarters at, 233.
Fort Greenville, 110.
Fort Hamilton, 96.
Fort Massac, 95.
Fort Orange, 7; changed to Albany, 8.
Fort Oswego, 145, 146; surrender of, 146.
Fort Washington, 110; merry making at, 138.
Fort Wayne, 110.
Fowler, Mr., 344, 345.
Francis, Col., 60.
Francis, Dr., 331.
Franklin, Benjamin, 81, 403.
Franks, Mr. Moses, 24.
Frazer, Gen., 60, 65.
Frederick, Col., 73.
Freeman, 433.
Freeman, Capt., 28.
French Revolution, 161.
Frothingham, Richard, 76; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 76
Fruit, tropical, 489.
Fryer, Capt. John, 38.
Fulton, Robert, 183.
Funeral, a, in Spanish America, 467.
Fusugazuga, the belles of, 513.

Gage, General, 55.
Gales, a mischief maker, 306.
Gansevoort, Col., 77, 311.
Gansevoort, General, 81, 82, 151; death of, 193; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 81.
Gansevoort, John, 286.
Gansevoort, Leonard, jr., 10, 11.
Gansevoort, Lieut., 232, 253, 254, 258, 263, 273.
Gansevoort, Maria, 123, 129.
Gansevoort, Peter, 46, 193, 338, 365, 395, 396, 486.
Gardenier, Mr. Barent,, 187.
Gates, Gen., 66, 67, 68, 77, 141, 186
Gates, John, 334.
Gebherd, John, 368.
Geddes, Judge, 422.
Gelston, David, 112.
General Orders, 193, 225, 235, 332.
Genet, Citizen, makes a statement of his purposes, 162, 164; unwarrantable conduct of, 160; marries a daughter of Gov. Clinton, 161; his political efforts, 95.
Genet, Edmund C., 164, 166, 171.
Genet, Mr., 160, 161, 162, 174, 175.
Georgetown, D. C., 402.
Gibson, Wood, Fenwick, 324.
Giles, Gen., 321, 335.
Gilston, David, 155.
Glen, Capt. Alexander, 13, 15.
Glen, Captain, 13, 14, 15.
Glen, Catharine, Miss, 149.
Glen, Col. Jacob, 12.
Glen, Edward, 442, 446, 453, 454, 456, 470, 476, 487, 498.
Glen, Henry, 56.
Glen, Jacob S., 433.
Glen, John, 12, 75, 88, 440, 453 456, 461, 462, 465, 472, 473 474, 477, 478.
Glen, John, jr., 12.
Glen, Messrs., 439.
Glen, Mr., 146, 460, 485.
Glen, Mrs. Jacob S , 74, 463.
Godwin, Capt., 46.
Golfs, Col., 33
Gold, Thomas R., 170.
Gooding, Mr., 516.
Gorham, 402.
Gorman, Will, 98.
Governeur, Mr., 82.
Government, jealousy, 530–531.
Gracey, Mr., 353.
Gray, Gen., 135.
Gray, Mr., 290.
Green, Gen., 80.
Greenville, letter from, 111.
Gregory, Matthew, 327, 334, 412.
Gridleys, Mr. Isack, 28.
Groesbeck, Ed., 333.
Gross, Ezra C., 338.
Grosvenor, Capt. Seth, 182.
Grosvenor, Thomas P., 316.

Hackley, Aaron, 338.
Haines, Chas. G., 355, 366. 367; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 354, 358, 364.
Hale, Daniel, 55, 71, 156; issues commission to Solomon Van Rensselaer as A. G. of the state, 156.
Hale, George, 221.
Hall, A., 247; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 246.
Hall, Gen., 245, 246, 287, 291.
Hall, Geo., 338.
Hall, Major, 373.
Hall, Major Gen., 242.
Hamer, Lt., 46.
Hamilton, 404.
Hamilton, Alexander, 190; to secretary of war, 152; birth and descent of, 149.
Hamilton, Col., 79, 153.
Hamilton, Gen., 147, 148, 149, 152, 153, 193, 412.
Hamilton, Judge, 266.
Hammond, Mr., 404.
Hamtramak, Col., 111.
Hamtramck, Col. John F., 109, 110.
Hardin, Colonel, 95.
Harmer, 422.
Harmer, General, 111.
Harrison, 110.
Harrison, Carter, 455, 503, 525.
Harrison, Gen., 220, 245, 310, 416, 438, 439, 445, 453, 454, 461, 463, 464, 472, 475, 498, 500, 501, 503, 504, 506, 507, 508, 510, 512, 515, 516, 517, 520, 521, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 530.
Harrison, Gen. William H., 91, 101, 437, 470; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 436; appointed minister to Colombia, 437; news of his removal, 499; accused of corresponding with the rebels, 525.
Harrison, Lt., 46.
Hart, Herman V., 486.
Hart, Col. John, 21.
Haskill, Major, 119.
Hattie, 1; request of, for a chronicle of Aunt Cuy's life experiences, 1.
Hawkins, Col., 145, 316.
Hawks, 375.
Hawks, James, 368, 389.
Haxton, Gov., 158.
Hayley, 36.
Hazard, Adjutant, 418.
Hempstead, Isaac, 327.
Henderson, Col., 373.
Henderson, Consul, 504, 505. 522, 531.
Henderson, Gen., 530.
Henderson, James, 524, 531, 532.
Henderson, Miss Fanny, 531.
Henderson, reprimanded, 505.
Hendrick, 10, 19, 27.
Hendrick, General, 58.
Hendrick, King, 25.
Hendrickson, Capt., 418.
Henry, James M., 125.
Henry, John V., 85, 158.
Henry, Major Scaton P., 418.
Henry, William M., 29.
Herkimer, Gen., 69, 70, 72.
Herran, Gen., 523, 524.
Hewett, Lieut., 288.
Hewit, Lieut., 219.
Hews, Major, 109.
Heyden, V. D., 373.
Heyward, Dr., 103.
Hill, Capt. Thomas, 19.
Hill, Schuyler, 335.
Hobart, Bishop, 335.
Hodgdon, Samuel to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 147.
Hoffman, Gen., 487.
Hoffman, Mr. Martin, 146.
Hogeboom, John C., 188.
Hogs, a glimpse at wild, 481.
Hole, a fearful, 511.
Holland, news from, 119, 120.
Holmes, Capt., 75.
Homestead at Cherry Hill, 131.
Hones, Gen., 487.
Honeywood, Mr., 200.
Hopkins, Mr., 299.
Horses, sure footed, 509.
Hosack, Dr., 331.
Houdin, Mr., 120.
Houghtaling, Wm. D., 393.
Howe, Gen., 135.
Howe, Judge, 369, 374, 381.
Howell, 352.
Hubbard, Thomas, 23, 28, 30.
Hubbard Thomas H., 368, 375, 389.
Hudson, Henry, 6; expedition to Albany, by, 6; turned adrift on the ocean, 7.
Hughs, W., 68.
Hugonin, Lieut., 263.
Hull, Capt. Wm., 57, 58, 229, 277.
Hull, Gen. William, 58, 203, 204, 205, 206, 208, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 217, 219, 221, 222, 223, 224, 231, 234, 252, 296, 297, 313, 314, 423; surrender of, 215; sentenced to be shot, 314, 317; pardoned by Pres. Madison, 314.
Humphrey, Chauncey, 455.
Humphrey, Major, 412, 413.
Humphrey, Mr., 26.
Hun, Abraham, 129.
Hunt, A., 96.
Hunt, Mr., 93, 102.
Hunting, 459; scene, when, and unexpected game, 492.
Huntingdon, 211.
Huntington, Gen., 305, 315.
Huntington, Mr., 227.
Hutchinson, Gov., 38, 39.
Hutton, Mr., 178.

Incidents and events of the revolution, 77-78.
Indians, warfare, barbarities of, 262; Catholic priest escapes from, 13; trade and manufactures of, 482; long knives, 101.
Inglis, Mrs., 504, 505.
Intrepidity, conspicuous, 263.
Ish, 3, 4.
Isha, 3, 4.

Jackson, 409, 411, 415, 464, 526.
Jackson, Andrew, 362, 463; anecdote of, 463; election of, for pres. U. S., 463.
Jackson, General, 40, 410, 416, 431, 470.
Jackson, Major, 86.
Jackson, Minister, 302.
Jackson, President, 485.
Jacobs, Capt., 261, 262.
James, William, 167, 181, 486.
Jay, Gov., 148, 154, 155, 188, 367; to secretary of war, 154.
Jay, John, 52, 81, 105, 108, 156; as a successful negotiator, 105; elected governor of New York, 105.
Jefferson, Mr., 384.
Jefferson, President, 192.
Jeffreys, George, 21.
Jenkins, 182, 306.
Jenkins, Capt. Ira, 326.
Jenkins, Colonel, 413.
Jenkins, Elisha, 162, 165, 169.
Jenkins, Mr., 173, 174, 175, 176, 189, 190.
Jenkins, Mrs. Elisha, 168.
Jenkins, Robert, 518.
Jennings, Capt., 224.
Jeremias, 10.
Joans, John, 68.
Johannes, 14
Johnson, 27, 223.
Johnson, Col., 341, 380, 397, 402, 410.
Johnson, Col. John, 74.
Johnson, Gen., 19, 27.
Johnson, John, 71, 72.
Johnson, John B., 152.
Johnson, Mr. John, 83.
Johnson, Richard M., 409.
Johnson, Robert, 382.
Johnson, Sir John, 15, 41; marches up the Mohawk valley, 83.
Johnson, Sir William, 8, 23, 24, 25, 27, 29, 327.
Joiney, Corporal, 141.
Jones, Capt., 111.
Jones, Capt. Daniel, 82.
Jones, Colonel, 419.
Jones, David, 65.
Jones, Gen., 487.
Josiah, Capt., 75.
Journey by boat, 477.
Joy, Arad, 259.
Judson, Capt., 326, 333.
Juliet, M., 445.

Kane, M., 119, 126.
Kane, Mr. James, 170.
Kane, Mrs., 119, 126.
Kearney, Lieut., 263, 273.
Keen, Capt., 28.
Keller, Gen., 230.
Kelly, Mr., 445.
Kent, James, 337, 367, 368.
Kidd, Capt., 6.
Kilian, 10.
King, 372, 378.
King, A., 357.
King, Charles, 321.
King, Mr., 301, 345, 373, 375, 380, 395, 397.
King, Mr. Rufus, 165, 166, 268, 321, 328, 338, 341, 381, 387, 388, 389, 392; an oracle of democracy, 301; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 328.
Kinsella, 445.
Kingston, Col., 65.
Kirkland, Joseph, 368.
Kirkland, Lieut. P. H. Van Valkenburgh, 418.
Knickerbocker, Col., 332, 334.
Knickerbocker, Diedrich, 3.
Knickerbocker, Herman, 191, 300, 333, 433.
Knower, Benj., 368.
Knower, Mr., 374, 376, 385.
Knowlton, Col. Lieut., 418.
Knox, Gen., 68, 76, 80, 91, 92, 93; to Capt. Rodgers, 92; Henry to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 91.
Knoxville, 140, 144.
Kortright, Miss, 353.

La Batte, Monsieur, 445.
Lacy, Rev. Mr., 431.
La Fayette, General, 271, 417, 418, 419; Marquis de, visit to the United States, 411-415; travels through the states, 417; escorted to Albany, 414; escort to, orders concerning, 417; departure of, 418, 419.
La Grange, Lieut. Colonel, 333.
Laidlie, Miss, 146.
Lamb, Colonel John, 42.
Landmarks, ancient, 9.
Lane, Colonel, 333.
Lansing, 371.
Lansing, Abraham A., 10.
Lansing, Abraham G., 83, 486.
Lansing, Abraham Jacobs, 28.
Lansing, Captain, 334.
Lansing, Capt. Ten Eyck, 333.
Lansing, Chancellor, 372, 375, 377, 380.
Lansing, G. Y., 486.
Lansing, J. jr., 62.
Lansing, John, 327, 390, 396.
Lansing, Major S., 157.
Lansing, Sanders, 85.
Lansing, the Misses, 518.
La Travasea, 481.
Lawrence, Captain, 255, 260.
Lawyer, John, 17.
Layman, Messrs, 349.
Leaders, distrusted, 284.
Lebanon Springs, 118.
Lee, General, 58.
Lee, Mr., 78.
Lee, W. A., 95, 98.
Legacy, the, why bequeathed, 1.
Leidersdorf, 526.
Leonard, Captain, 206, 227, 232, 235, 253, 269, 270; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 270.
Lerano, Israel, 68.
Leroy, Jacob, 112, 366, 367.
Letter, official, 256.
Letters from Gen. Harrison, 498.
Letters from home, 461.
Letters, old, throw a flood of light, 381.
Lewis, 110.
Lewis, Andrew, 136.
Lewis, Col. Charles, 136.
Lewis, General, 231, 310, 319, 328, 339; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 328.
Lewis, Governor, 68, 157, 158, 158, 162, 171, 187, 280, 367, 471.
Lewis, Morgan, 170, 185, 186, 412; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 185, 186, 187, 339.
Lewis, Samuel, 334.
Lewis, Thomas, 109.
Lewiston, 211, 213, 215, 219, 220, 224, 225, 228, 229; gloomy state of affairs at, 231.
Lexington, Kentucky, 138.
Liberty and equality, 160.
Libre, Antonio, 473.
Lingan, General, 282.
Litchfield, Elijah, 368, 389.
Little Turtle the Miami Chief, 103.
Livingston, 8, 53, 371, 373, 381.
Livingston, Chancellor, 411.
Livingston, Col. Harry, 331, 413.
Livingston, Col. Lewis, 330.
Livingston, Colonel, 76, 296, 331, 334.
Livingston, Dr. John H., 112.
Livingston, Edward, 86, 485, 486.
Livingston, General, 352.
Livingston, James, 43, 44.
Livingston, John R., 271.
Livingston, John W., 295.
Livingston, Judge, 159.
Livingston, Mr., 51, 375, 376, 463, 470, 471.
Livingston, Mr. Walter, 50, 57,
Livingston. Philip, 40.
Livingston, Robert, L., 413.
Lockwood, Mr., 49.
Long, Colonel, 60, 61, 62.
Lott, Abraham P., 52, 54.
Lott, Mrs., 34.
Lovell, Capt., 139.,
Lovell, Mr., 124.
Lovett, John, 196, 197, 199, 200, 203, 207, 209, 219, 221, 229, 330, 243, 268, 269, 271, 272, 274, 276, 280, 281, 283, 293, 298, 300, 301, 302, 303, 305, 314, 315, 316, 319, 323, 325, 335, 336; to Abraham Van Vechten, 229,; to Joseph Alexander, 196, 199, 201, 203, 205, 218, 228, 236, 242, 243, 266, 273, 275, 278, 303; to Solomon Southwick, 293; to Sol Van Rensselaer, 305, 314, 315, 316, 319, 323, 325; to A. Van Vechten, 271; locates at Fort Meigs, 336; loses his hearing, 252; his battery, 252; elected to Congress, 283; portrait of, 324; death of, 336.
Lovett, Major, 201, 205, 220, 228, 236, 242, 255, 256, 266, 273, 275, 278, 291, 292.
Lovett, Mr., 195, 217, 248, 252, 294, 295, 297, 308.
Lovett, Mrs., 237.
Lovewell, Col., 29, 31.
Lovewell, Col. Zecheus, 28.
Lowder, Mr., 136.
Lowrie, 402.
Ludlow, Messrs., 55.
Ludlow, Mr., 39.
Ludlow, Mrs., 126.
Ludlow, Rev. Dr., 436.
Ludlow, Wm. H., 10.
Lush, Major, 255, 258, 263, 273, 286.
Lush, Stephen, 266, 268, 327, 334, 413.
Lush, William, 243.
Lust, Col., 151.
Lyman, General, 19, 27.
Lyman, Joseph S., 338.

Macconnel, Jas., 98.
Mackea, Capt. Wm., 130; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 130.
Macomb, Robert, 295; to Solomon Southwick, 295.
Macon, 410.
MacPherson, J., 516.
MacPherson, R. H., 193.
McArthur, Col., 222.
McCarty, Richard, 368, 389.
McChesney, Capt., 273.
McClallen, John, 151.
McClean, John, 42
McClelland, Capt., 332.
McClure, Gen., 410.
McComb, Mr John, 296.
McCrea, Jane, 65.
McDonald, Col., 252, 267, 274.
McDonald, John, 37.
McDonell, Col., 218, 271, 273.
McElroy, Sam., 203.
McEvers, Miss Mary, 86.
McGea, Mr. William, 54.
McHenry, James, 125, 132, 147, 148, 153; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 132, 147.
McKenney, 110.
McKesson, John, 41, 57.
McKinstry, Capt. John, 53.
McKown, James, 341, 351, 352, 370, 379, 381, 415; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 351, 370.
McLean, John, 168, 430, 431, 470, 471; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 430, 431, 470.
McNaughten, Dr. James, serious accident to, 519.
McPherson, 446.
McPherson, Captain, 48.
Madison, 416.
Madison, James, 301.
Madison, Mr., 231, 294, 297, 300, 314.
Madison, Mrs., 307.
Madison, President, 193.
Magdalena, expenses of boating on the, 488.
Mahar, 455.
Malcolm, Captain, 258, 263.
Mallay, James, 269.
Man, Isaac, 52.
Mapes, Jonas, 366, 367,
Marching orders, 132.
Marcy, Major, 333.
Marcy, Wm. L., 367.
Marlborough, Duke of, 128; his magnificent park, 128.
Marquee, General, 237.
Marriage, 131; an extraordinary, 84.
Marshall, John, 368.
Marshall, Mr., 150; speech of, 151.
Martin, Mr., 82.
Martinez, Colonel, 503, 504.
Mason, Rev. Dr., 335.
Masters, P., 352.
Maumee, battle of, 102.
Mead, Mr., 333.
Mediums of commerce with the Indians, 9.
Meeting, republican, 391; federal, 396.
Meigs, Henry, 338.
Meigs, J., 349, 368, 371.
Meigs, Mr., 376, 380, 383, 394.
Meigs, Return J., 378, 379, 388, 389, 390, 392; narrow escape of, 379, 380; to Vice President and M. Van Buren, 392.
Meigs, R. J., jr., order from, appointing postmaster at Albany, 379.
Mercer, 402.
Merchant, George, 165.
Military, movements of, 194, 186; orders and letters of, 19, 24.
Militia, cowardice of, 255, 256.
Miller, General, 279.
Miller, Morris S., 315, 350, 359.
Miller, Mrs. Catharine, 89.
Miller, Mrs. Mary R., 158.
Miller, Peter, 34.
Mills, Captain, 92.
Minturn, Benj G., 366, 367.
Miranda, 523, 527.
Missouri, admission of, as a state, 365; compromise, 364; constitution, 351, 356, 360.
Misunderstanding between Henderson and Col. Campbell, 504.

Mitchell, Lieut. Colonel, 325.
Mitchell, Doctor, 428.
Mitchill, Samuel L., 328.
Mohawk Indians, and their Customs, 12.
Mompox, description of, 484.
Monroe, James, 268, 338, 389, 416.
Monroe, Mr., 383 385.
Monroe, President, 352, 361, 381, 406; administration of, 381.
Montcalm, General, 146.
Montgomery, Captain, 63, 64.
Montgomery, General, 43, 44. 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 140, 193 332, 333, 335, 414; his remains removed from Quebec, 330; honors paid to remains of, 332, 335.
Montgomery, Mrs. Richard, 413.
Montgomery, Richard, 323, 330, 331, 394, 335; honors, 324.
Montibello, Duke of, 503, 508, 510.
Montillo, General, 445, 457. 477, 516.
Mooney, Captain, 63, 65.
Moore, Colonel, 526, 526; presentation of, 524.
Moore, General, 345.
Moore Major, 506.
Moore, Major Thomas P., 522, 523, 524.
Moore, Minister Thomas P., arrival of, 520, 522.
Moore, Mr., 470, 471, 487, 520, 521, 524, 530.
Moore, Thomas, 235.
Morgan, 375, 379.
Morgan, Colonel, 66.
Morgan, John J., 368.
Morgan, Major, 195.
Morrell, Robert, 338.
Morrison, Major, 253, 256, 279.
Morrow, Jeremiah, 419, 420.
Morton, General, 382, 487.
Mosely, Major, 272, 293.
Mountainous regions, 511.
Mount Hope, sold, 132; the farm of, prospectively in the moon, 324.
Mount Vernon, 147.
Mower, J. B., 409, 410; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 409.
Muhlenberg, Gen., 86.
Mullany, J. R., 250; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 250.
Mullany, Major, 253, 257, 263, 268.
Myers, Capt., 195.
Myers, Col., 209, 210, 237.
Myers, Major, 211.

Naples and Mount Vesuvius, account of, 346, 347, 348, 349.
Newman, Col., 325.
New York, defense of, 320; officers of government of, 338, 368; church record, marriage notice, in, 10.
Nicholas, 10, 49.
Nicholas, St., 4, 5, 6; day of, 4.
Nicholson, Mr. Richard R., 483, 518.
Nicoll, Mr. Harry, 79.
Noon, Capt. Darby, 296, 297; an energetic officer, 297.
North, Gen., 335.
Norton, Mr., 418.
Nott, Mr., 152.
Nugent, Miss, 126.

Oakley, Gen., 487.
Oakley, Mr., 299.
Oakley, Thomas, 256.
Oakley, Thomas J., 338.
Obando, Col., 523, 531.
Officers, proposed council of, 242.
Ogden, Capt., 48.
Ogden, Mr. Henry, 437.
Ogdensburgh, 201.
Ogilvie, Capt., 263, 273.
O'Leary, Gen., 525, 528, 530.
Olmsted, Capt., 326.
Oothout, Abraham, 88.
Oothout, Henry, 50.
Oothout, Mr., 33.
Order appointing Solomon Van Rensselaer, major general of militia, 330.
Ormsby, O., 98.
Orton, Joseph, 432.
Osborn, Capt., 418.
Otis, 402.

Pacific ocean, voyage across, 442.
Padilla, Gen., 446.
Parish, Mr., 202, 298.
Parker, Col., 276.
Parker, Mr., 396, 404.
Parker, Philip S., 331, 395, 486.
Patroon, the, to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 341, 350, 355, 372, 400, 402, 408, 409, 410, 415.
Patterson, Walter, 368, 370, 387, 397; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 387, 397.
Paulding, Col., 333.
Pearson, 375.
Peck, Harmanus, 338.
Peck, Judge, 257, 267.
Peirson, Jer. H., 389.
Pell, Col. Ferris, 331, 358, 359, 362, 374; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 359.
Peñon, Bajo, 480.
Pepper, Calvin, 432.
Percy, Earl, 270.
Perry, O. H., 336.
Peters, Capt., 54.
Phelps, Miss, 54.
Philadelphia, 117.
Philip, 10.
Philology, ignorance of, 18.
Pickens, Gen., 145; marriage of, 145.
Pickering Timothy, 80, 81, 95, 117, 120, 125; secretary of war, 117, 120.
Pickett, Mr., 520, 522, 523.
Pierson, Jeremiah H., 368.
Pinckney, General, 147, 148.
Pinckney, Thomas, 307; invitation from, 147.
Piper, Colonel, 302.
Piracy, 415.
Pirates, preparations to meet, 442.
Pitcher, Nathaniel, 338, 368, 389.
Pittsfield, 418.
Platt, Colonel, 411.
Platt, General, 196.
Platt, Jonas, 337, 368.
Pleasants, Lieut. Isaac, 119.
Political dishonesty, 307; meetings of federalists and democrats, 163-166; surmises, 158, 159.
Pollard, Wm., 76, 80, 82; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 80.
Porter, Agustus, 314.
Porter, General, 205, 213, 222, 230, 231, 232, 279, 284, 285, 290, 291, 292, 295, 405.
Porter, Judge, 204.
Porter, Mr. Augustus B., 317.
Porter, Peter B., 208. 215, 223, 227, 231, 244. 287, 288, 289, 296, 410, 430; assaults John Lovett, 296, 297.
Posada, Governor, 498.
Posey, General, 255.
Posey, John, 96, 98, 112.
Posey, John Cornet, 112.
Posey, Lieut. John, 111; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 111.
Post, Dr., 331, 403.
Postmaster general, letter to, 380; rascally, 352, 357.
Potomac, the enemy's fleet coming up, 305.
Preparations for a skirmish, 526.
Prescott, General, 48.
President U. S., petition to, 389.
Preston, Capt., 38.
Preston, General, 48.
Preston, Major, 47.
Prevost, General, 317.
Prevost, George, 320.
Price, Capt., 46, 119.
Price, Gen., 50.
Price, Major, 101.
Prideaux, Gen., 29.
Prior, 110.
Prisoners, agreement to exchange, 269; of war, proposals to relieve 264.
Proceedings, hasty sketch of, 299.
Proclamation by Gov. Clinton, 386.
Productions, tropical, 510.
Proposals, military, 244, 245.
Provost, Geo. 211, 214.
Punta Gorda, 480.
Putman, Capt., Garret, 74.
Putman, Victor, 74.

Quackenboss, Major, 81.
Quackenbush, Nicholas, 80.
Quartermaster's book, abstract from, 94.
Queenstown, the hero of 147; interesting account of attack on, 249, 260; heights of, interesting account of military operations at, 266, 268.
Quincy, Josiah, 38.
Quincy, Mr., 302.

Randolph, John, 186.
Randolph, Lieutenant, 258, 263, 273, 286, 287.
Randolph, Mr., 339.
Rathbone, Lieut., 253, 254, 258, 263; mortally wounded, 253.
Ray, Cornelius, 76, 82; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 75, 76; fears the ship Luzerne is taken by the enemy, 76; shipment of tea, 76; forwards bills per ship, 75.
Ray, Mr., 39, 112, 321.
Ray, Richard, 20, 26, 34.
Ray, Robert, 31, 40, 41, 52; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 40, 51.

Receipts for military supplies, 91, 95, 96, 98.
Recreations in old times, 85.
Reed, Capt., 125.
Reed, Colonel, 79, 325, 419.
Return to Albany, 281.
Reynolds Joshua, 341.
Richard, Col., 379.
Richmond, Jonathan, 338.
Rides among the hills, 517, 518.
Riedesel, Gen., 60.
River, preparations to cross, 343.
Roads dangerous, 498.
Robbers attacking mail boats, 516.
Robert, 26.
Robinson, J., 283.
Robinson, Josiah, 281.
Robinson, to Col. Van Rensselaer, 283.
Rochester, Wm. B., 368, 377, 378, 389; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 377.
Rochfontaine, Colonel, 121.
Rodgers, Capt. Jedediah, 92, 93, 94.
Rodgers, Com., 351.
Rodgers, Dr., 331.
Rodgers, Mr., 178.
Rocloffesen Catharine, 10.
Romain as speaker, 373.
Root, 110.
Root, Erastus, 356.
Root, Mr., famous mathematical speech of, 356.
Rose, Gen., 281.
Rosecrantz, George, 311.
Ross, Major Gen., 319.
Ross, Thomas R., 372.
Ross, William, 311.
Route, interesting, 133, 134, 135.
Rowland, Alderman T., 421.
Ruggles, Chas S., 368.
Rush, 410.
Rutgers, Anthony, 112.
Ryckman, Wilhelmus, 334.

Sage, Ebenezer, 338.
Sailors, impressing into British service, 122.
Salstonstall, Col., 33, 34.
Sammons, 203, 263.
Sanders, Barent, 20, 103.
Sanders, Catharine, 15.
Sanders, Elsie, 12, 20.
Sanders family, reside in Holland, 12; moved to America, 12; bought land in Glenville, 12.
Sanders, Gen. Lyman, 27.
Sanders, Godfrey Smith, 34.
Sanders, Johannes, 12.
Sanders, John, 11, 15, 51, 79, 83.
Sanders, Lieut., 17.
Sanders, Margaretta, 10, 11
Sanders, Maria, 10, 11, 37, 130.
Sanders, Miss, 146.
Sanders, Moses Emerson, 24.
Sanders, Mr., 15, 98.
Sanders, Mrs., 15, 35.
Sanders, Rev. Lawrence, 11, 15.
Sanders, Robert, 11, 16, 17, 18, 19, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 34; birth of, 17; marriage of, 17; a member of the Albany convention, 17; pays curious items, 17; to Richard Wibird, 21, 32, 33; to Sir William Johnson, 22, 24, 36; to Champion & Hayley, 36;
Sanders, Robert, to New Hampshire commissioners, 28; to Peter Miller, 31; to Sir Thomas Hubbard, 28, 30, 33; to Abraham J. Lansing, 35; to Col. Jacob Wendell, 26, 27, 28; to John M. Wendell, 35; death of, 36.
Sanford, Mr., 119.
Sanford, Nathan, 191, 338.
Sangerfield, Oneida Co., 101.
Santander, Gen., 441.
Savage, John, 368.
Saxe, Marshall, 263.
Schenectady, destruction of, 13, 15.
Schermerhorn, 179.
Schermerhorn, Henry V. R. 386, 387; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 386.
Schermerhorn, Mr., 167, 183.
Schuyler, Ariaantie, 43, 58, 78.
Schuyler, Colonel, 14, 425.
Schuyler, Cornelia, 124.
Schuyler, Elizabeth, 17, 37.
Schuyler, Gen., 43, 44, 53, 54, 55, 56, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 69, 74, 75, 77, 82, 115, 116, 127, 148, 151; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 40; a runaway marriage in family of, 116.
Schuyler, John, 17.
Schuyler, Mr., 369.
Schuyler, old family records, 37.
Schuyler, Peter, 17, 23, 26, 35, 37.
Schuyler, Philip, 17, 37, 59, 87, 157; to secretary of war, 148; death of 157; funeral honors, 158.
Schuyler, Reuben, 235.
Schuyler, S., 66.
Scotia mansion, the old, 15.
Scott, Col., 261, 262, 263, 270; takes charge of troops, 261.
Scott, Dr., 103.
Scott, General, 111, 363.
Scott, Winfield, 260.
Sea voyage, 112.
Secretary of war to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 117, 120; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 125.
Seley, Mr. M., 420.
Sentences, the art of dividing, little understood, 16.
Sergeant, Mr., 393.
Seth, Col., 60.
Sevens, Mr., 458.
Sharks, Capt., 143.
Shaw, Henry, 335.
Shaw, John, 334.
Shaw & Ludlow, Messrs., 55.
Shaw, N., 98.
Shaw, William, 143.
Shaws, Mr., 39.
Sheaffe, Gen., 209, 210, 213, 214, 215, 219, 226, 256, 258, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 268, 269, 270, 271, 274, 280, 285; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 264, 265.
Sheaffe, Margaret, 271.
Sheaffe, R. H., to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 269, 270.
Sheldon, William, 71.
Shepherd, Messrs., 334.
Sherbrooke, John, 330.
Sherburne, Henry, 20.
Shettleworth, Lieut., 46.
Shingleton, Lieut., 69.
Sibley, Judge, 421.
Sibley, Solomon, 422.
Sim, Lieut., 249.
Simmons, Mr., 192.
Simmons, William, 190, 191.
Skinner, Judge, 373, 376.
Slingerlandt, W., 80.
Sloop of War Natchez, 524.
Slough, 110.
Smith, 110, 352, 368, 378.
Smith, Capt., 113.
Smith, Col., 146.
Smith, Gen. Alexander, 239, 240.
Smith, Gen. Samuel, 310.
Smith, Lieut., 224, 273.
Smith, Major, 374.
Smith, Mr., 115.
Smyth, Alexander, 275.
Smyth, Gen., 239, 240, 241, 242, 245, 246, 247, 248, 252, 273, 276, 277, 278, 279, 283, 284, 285, 305, 339, 360; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 239; is rebuked, 240, 242; his pretended attack on Canada, 284, 285.
Snelling, Col. J., 421.
Snow ball, 489.
Soldier, an old deaf, 302.
Song, a new, 277.
South America, interesting letters from, 436-532.
Southwick, 370, 375, 379, 387; affairs of, 370.
Southwick, Mr., 372, 376, 389, 394.
Southwick, Solomon, 293, 295, 296, 373, 378, 380, 381; portrait of, 387.
Spencer, 306, 375, 379.
Spencer, Ambrose, 188, 337, 344, 367, 368, 412, 418; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 344.
Spencer, Capt., 417, 418.
Spencer, Elijah, 368.
Spencer, John C., 175, 231, 340; speaker in the assembly, 340.
Spencer, Judge, 344, 357, 425, 471, 472.
Spencer, Mr., 20.
Spicy discussion in congress relative to the Canada campaign, 300.
St. Clair, Gen., 59, 60, 65, 80, 69, 96, 97, 135, 422.
St. Martha and the country around, 456.
St. Nicholas Day, festival of, 4; toasts and speeches at, 5, 6.
St. Regis, an Indian village, 302.
Staats, Abraham, S.
Staats, Col. Nicholas, 162, 163, 471.
Staats, Dr., 455.
Steamboat, the first, 183.
Stearns, Dr., 248.
Steele Miss, 176
Stephen, Colonel, 66.
Sterling, Lord, 78
Sterling Micah, 368.
Sterry, Peter, 186.
Stevenson, Mr., 390, 519.
Stewart, Gillbert, 203.
Stillwell, 455; artillery of, 326.
Stillwell, John, 381.
Stopford, Major, 46.
Storm, Mr. Thomas, 122.
Storrs, 338, 361.
Storrs, Henry R., 415.
Story, a thrilling, 529.
Stranahan, Colonel, 256.
Strang, Jesse, 432, 434, 435; arrested and executed for the murder of Whipple, 432, 435.

Street, Randell S., 338.
Strife, beginning of the, 531.
Strong, Elisha B., 341.
Strong, James, 338, 361.
Strothers, 402.
Stuart, J. B., 415, 416; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 415.
Sullivan, Capt., 119.
Summary process, 525.
Sunday sports in Bogota, 507.
Surveillance, tender, 130.
Suspicions and fears, 528.
Sutherland, Mr., 371.
Swan, Mr., 226.
Swarthout, B. Mr.,
Swarts, Dick, 54.
Swift, Colonel, 219, 288.
Swifts, George, 219.
Switts, Col., 224.
Swinton, Isaac, 8.
Sword, a presentation that was not, 325.
Symon, 14.
Symonds, Mr., 379.

Talmadge, Gen., 328.
Tannehill, Gen., 302.
Tayler, 182, 396, 415.
Tayler, Governor, 167, 414, 470.
Tayler, John, 166, 168, 189, 338, 394; to the public, 167; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 167.
Tayler, Judge, 169, 178, 180.
Tayloe, Capt., 111.
Tayloe, Col., 148.
Tayloe, John, 147.
Tayloe, Mr., 504, 508, 510, 512, 517, 524.
Taylor, John W., 338, 354, 368; elected speaker of H. R., 354.
Taylor, Jonathan, 95, 98.
Taylor, Mr., 357.
Tea party, old fashioned, 129.
Ten Broeck, Gen., 77, 151
Ten Broeck, Hon. Abraham, 157.
Ten Broeck, John C., 68.
Ten Eyck, 377, 434.
Ten Eyck, Abra., 334.
Ten Eyck, Jacob, 217.
Ten Eyck, Major, 334.
Ten Eyck, Myndt. S., 88
Teneriffe and its cathedral, 481.
Thanks, expression of, 393.
Thayendanegea's exploits and massacres, 122.
Thayer, Col., 412.
Thayer, S., 407; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 407.
The brig Tampico, 439.
The whistle of the muleteer, 529.
Thomas, Col., 315.
Thomas, Gen., 52, 333.
Thompson, Jonathan, 374.
Thompson, Judge, 503.
Thompson, Mr. James, 330.
Thompson, Mrs., 413.
Thompson, Smith, 368, 378, 380, 389, 400.
Thorn, Wm., 57.
Tibbits, George, 391.
Tillman, John, 66.
Tillton, Capt., 119.
Todds, Gen., 105.
Tompkins, 223, 306, 378, 379.
Tompkins, Caleb, 338, 365.
Tompkins, Daniel D., 166, 170, 183, 221, 268, 311, 320, 338, 339, 345, 352, 360, 373, 381, 388, 389, 390, 392, 396; to Mr. Thompson, 373.
Tompkins, Gov., 124, 154, 157, 188, 189, 196, 199, 204, 205, 225, 226, 274, 275, 277, 293, 294, 295, 309, 310, 313, 322, 367; unfeeling conduct of, 295; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 309, 313.
Tompson, Mr., 373.
Torrens, Col., 503, 525, 526.
Torrey, Daniel, 96.
Totter, Mathew, 88, 327, 334, 396.
Tower, Reuben, 402; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 402.
Townsend, Isaiah, 486.
Townsend, Mr. John, 412.
Towson, Capt., 261.
Tracy, 415.
Tracy, Albert H., 405.
Tracy, Robert H., 338.
Traverse, Mr., 485, 487.
Trebout, Capt., 335.
Tribute of respect, 366.
Trimble, Alden, 431.
Troublous times, 150, 170.
Trueman, Major, 95.
Trumbull, 335.
Trumbull, Col., 411.
Trumbull, Governor, 41, 42.
Turner, Capt., 107, 119; to Capt. Van Rensselaer 97; to Lieut. Visscher, 107.
Turner, Lieut., 97; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 97.
Tuthill, Silas, 368.
Tyler, John, 393.
Tyson, John, 68; to Gov. Lewis, 68.

Uncle Peter, 489.
Union College to Philip Schuyler, 87.
United States, officers of government of, 338, 368.
Urdenata, Gen. 510, 525.

Vale, J. L., 486.
Valencia, Monsieur, 444.
Van Alstyne, Jacob, 66, 167.
Van Benthuysen, Jacob, 22.
Van Bunschootens, Domine, 84.
Van Buren, 370, 372, 378, 379 400, 407, 487.
Van Buren, Elsie, 10.
Van Buren, Governor, 455.
Van Buren, Leonard, 41, 42, 82; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 41, 42.
Van Buren, Martin, 337, 349, 358, 361, 363, 376, 377, 381, 384, 385, 387, 388, 389, 390, 392, 396; to Mr. Knower and others, 374, 375, 376; to Mr. Dudley, 382.
Van Buren, Mr., 40, 371, 373, 374, 380, 382, 395, 463.
Van Burgh, 57.
Van Cortlandt, General, 428, 506.
Van Cortlandt, Maria, 10.
Van Cortlandt, Pierre, 411, 487.
Van Cortlandt to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 487; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 506.
Vanderpott, Captain, 42.
Vanderput, Captain, 43.
Van Hook, Brandt, 71.
Van Horne, Gen., 151, 157.
Van Munickhousen, 104.
Van Ness, Cornelius P., 193, 407; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 485.
Van Ness, Gen., 333.
Van Ness, Gov., 485.
Van Ness, John P., 191, 193, 430; to Judge Van Ness, 191; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 192.
Van Ness, Judge, 158, 183, 184, 281, 325, 336, 337, 340, 341, 344, 353, 362, 365, 367, 381; to Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, 183, 184, 281, 325, 337, 340, 341, 344, 360, 362, 367, 403, 407, 408.
Van Ness, William P., 192, 193.
Van Ness, W. W., 159, 185, 326, 335, 342, 345, 352, 356, 360, 368, 403, 404, 407, 408; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 158.
Van Rensselaer, 2, 6, 8, 43, 110, 149, 153, 155, 167, 172, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 182, 183, 186, 191, 207, 209, 215, 218, 224, 227, 231, 234, 276, 301, 329, 340, 346, 367, 377, 379, 384, 518; ancient family papers of, 8.
Van Rensselaer, Abraham, 432.
Van Rensselaer, Captain, 59, 97, 98, 99, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 109, 111, 116, 121, 132, 134, 137, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 188; wounded, 102; receives the gift of sword, from Capt. Campbell, deceased, 102; to Lieutenant Visscher, 104; to General Wayne, 105; to his cousin, 125; to his wife, 132, 133, 134, 137, 138, 142, 144.
Van Rensselaer, Colonel, 27, 43, 62, 64, 146, 200, 201, 202, 208, 252, 253, 254, 257, 259, 261, 263, 268, 270, 272, 281, 282, 283, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 302, 308, 320, 344; riddled with bullets, 254; to General Wilkinson, 311; to Abraham Van Vechten, 226; to Gen. Lewis, 231.
Van Rensselaer Dr., 475.
Van Rensselaer, Elizabeth, 428.
Van Rensselaer, Gen., 5, 164, 166, 170, 180, 181, 195, 199, 204, 206, 210, 214 216, 217, 221, 231, 233, 235, 236, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 256, 264, 266, 269, 271, 274, 275, 278, 279, 280, 288, 289, 290, 297, 298, 332, 342, 353, 356, 358, 360, 362, 366, 369, 372, 374, 382, 387, 388, 391, 395, 396, 397, 398, 412, 415, 416, 438, 485, 487; benevolence of, 77; to Gen. Brock, 226, 264; to Gen. Dearborn, 233, 244; to Lieut. Col. Fenwick, 248; to Major Mullany, 250; to Gen. Sheaffe, 265, 268, 269; to William Simmons, 190; to Alexander Smyth, 240, 242; to Gen. Hall, 247; to Gov. Tompkins, 236; to Solomon Van Rensselaer, 280; to the public, 187-190; to Col. Willett, 241; Margaret Schuyler, first wife of, 77; Stephen, the fifth patroon, 77; in command of forces, 194; visits the British side, 248.

Van Rennselaer, Henry K., 10, 11, 61, 63, 66, 162, 169; death of, 326; funeral solemnities of, 326, 327.
Van Rensselaer, Henry R., 91.
Van Rensselaer, Jeremiah, 117, 128; children of, 10; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 345, 416.
Van Rensselaer, John, 428.
Van Rensselaer, Killian, 7, 10, 37, 43, 78, 79; acknowledged patroon, 7; diamond merchant of Amsterdam, 7; a director in West India Co., 7; selects land at Fort Orange, 7; death of, 7.
Van Rensselaer, Killian H., 139, 156.
Van Rensselaer, Killian K., 11, 107, 108, 120, 123; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 107; 122; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 78.
Van Rensselaer, Killian P, news of his death, 510.
Van Rensselaer, Lady, canal barge, 425.
Van Rensselaer, Major, 148, 152, 157, 213, 226.
Van Rensselaer, Margaretta, 519; to her sister, 519.
Van Rensselaer, Maria M., 510.
Van Rensselaer, Miss, 129.
Van Rensselaer, Miss A., 430.
Van Rensselaer, Miss Arriett, 115, 116, 119, 455.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs., 179, 225, 429, 437; to her husband, 227.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. A., 428.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. H., 85.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Jacob, to Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer, 119.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Philip, 39.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. Sol., 414, 427; to her daughters, 427, 429.
Van Rensselaer, Nancy, 327.
Van Rensselaer, Nicholas, 10, 11, 43, 44, 47, 67, 161, 333, 334; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 47.
Van Rensselaer, Philip, 10, 11, 35, 38, 40, 41, 42, 44, 46, 47, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 62, 69, 71, 75, 76, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 88, 112, 113, 130, 147, 414, 432, 433; to Cornelius Ray, 82; to Gov. Geo. Clinton, 88; to Timothy Pickering, 81; to Col. Van Rensselaer, 248, to Richard Varick, 88; to his wife, 38.
Van Rensselaer, Rensselaer, 2, 442, 454, 455, 463, 470, 472, 476, 506, 516, 519, 523; collects material for a history of Albany, 2; sails to South America, 437; portrait of, 451; to his father, 439, 441, 442, 455, 464, 472, 474, 487, 505, 516, 523.
Van Rensselaer, Robert, Col., 53.
Van Rensselaer, Robert S., 112, 113, 115, 128; in London, 115; to his sister, 113, 115, 117, 126; to Col. Philip Van Rensselaer, 112.
Van Rensselaer, Solomon, 1, 5, 12, 91, 92, 93, 100, 106, 112, 117, 122, 124, 125, 126, 131, 136, 138, 145, 151, 154, 158, 159, 164, 168, 184, 185, 190, 192, 196, 198, 212, 221, 228, 230, 232, 273, 277, 280, 284, 285, 287, 303, 305, 309, 311, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 319, 320, 321, 323, 325, 327, 328, 330, 331, 332, 334, 336, 337, 338, 339, 341, 343, 345, 349, 350, 351, 352, 359, 364, 365, 368, 370, 371, 373, 378, 380, 385, 387, 393, 394, 399, 400, 401, 403, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 424, 425, 429, 439, 440, 442, 454, 455, 470, 471, 476, 486, 506, 507, 515, 520, 523; shot, 1; recovery of, 280; to Dr. Bay, 378; to Philip Barbour, 385; to E. C. Genet, 164; to his wife, 198, 211, 247, 268, 320, 321, 328, 340, 342, 350, 353, 356, 358, 360, 364, 487; to the patroon, 369; to his son, 455, 470, to Gen. Harrison, 438; to secretary of war, 424; to Gen. Porter, 291; application for post master at Albany, 371; appointed cornet of dragoons, 91; elected member of congress, 337; re-elected to congress, 367; removed from adjutant general of state, 367; speech of, in reply to mayor of Detroit, 423; public dinner in Detroit, honor of, 424; appointed Albany postmaster, 379; resignation as a member of congress, 386; promoted to Maj. Gen. of Militia, 3, 11; to Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer, 336; receives commission as major general, 337;
Van Rensselaer, Stephen, 10, 191, 196, 214, 245, 258, 260, 296, 310, 312, 326, 328, 370, 388, 401, 402, 407, 408, 425, 507; to Gov. Tompkins, 199, 204; resignation of, 260; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 326, 328, 336; elected to Congress, 389, 393.
Van Schaack, Major J. B., 118,
Van Staphorst, J. G., 126; to Robert S. Van Rensselaer, 121.
Van Slyck, Cornelius, 88.
Van Twiller, Wouter, 7.
Van Vechten, Ephm. 68.
Van Vechten, Abraham, 158, 170, 184, 185, 198, 220, 221, 230, 250, 251, 271, 272, 325, 357; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 230, 250, 271.
Van Vechten, Mr., 217.
Van Vechten, Mrs., 227.
Van Vechten, Tennis T., 50, 51, 69, 169; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 50, 69.
Van Vechten, Walter, 268.
Van Wyck, Wm. W., 368, 375, 389.
Varick, Colonel, 88, 335, 411; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 146
Varick, Richard, 54.
Veeder, Nicholas, 88.
Vegetables, common, uncommon, 502.
Vergara, 523,
Visscher, Capt., 72, 73, 74.
Visscher, Frederick, 69, 75
Visscher, John, 43, 44, 104, 333, 334.
Visscher, Lieut., 107, 108, 109, 123, 124; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 109, 119.
Visscher, Mr., 149.
Visscher, Mrs., 464, 470.
Visscher, Mrs. Nanning I., 413,
Visscher, Nanning I., 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 110, 119, 145, 146, 148, 418; marriage of, 149; to Capt. Sol. Van Rensselaer, 98, 101, 123, 124, 145; to Major Van Rensselaer, 148; portrait of, 149; death of, 368.
Visscher, Col. Sebastian, 327.
Wadsworth, Gen., 203, 206, 230, 256, 257, 261, 264, 265, 267, 273, 276, 429; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 265.
Wagamar, Col. Peter, 69.
Wallace, T., 298.
Wall, Col., 147.
Wall, Mr., 505.
Walsh, Dudley, 85.
Walsh, Wm., 519.
Walworth, Reuben H., 368, 389.
War, between Colombia and Peru, 521.
War in 1812, declaration of, 194-213.
Warfield, 402.
Warren, Daniel, 29.
Warren, Sir Peter, 8.
Washington, city of, 153; capture of, 319, 320; the British threaten to attack, 305.
Washington, George, commission from, appointing Solomon Van Rensselaer, Lieut. of dragoons, 83; interesting letters from, 303.
Washington, Gen., 42, 57, 58, 74, 80, 81, 95, 98, 103, 104, 135, 147, 148, 150, 151, 153, 238, 259, 329, 411; to John Tayloe, 147; death of, 150; his funeral procession in Albany, 151.
Washington, George, 19, 93, 155, 403, 411; the man of war, 155.
Washington, Mrs., 86; levee, 86.
Washington, President, 86, 91, 164.
Wayne, Anthony, 386.
Wayne, Capt., 147.
Wayne, Gen., 85, 86, 89, 95, 96, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 121, 130, 135, 188, 255, 310, 368, 419, 422; campaign of, 89-108; pushes forward, 100; erects military works at Fort Defiance, 101; the war horse of, 121; returns to Fort Defiance, 104; is neglected by congress, 104; his burial place, 104
Webb, 110.
Webb, Capt., 105, 111, 121; to Capt Van Rensselaer, 105, 121.

Webb, John, 122.
Webb, J. jr., 94, 106.
Webb, Lieut., 123.
Webb, Lieut. J. W., 424.
Webster, C. R., 2.
Webster, Daniel, 405, 520, 519; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 519.
Webster, Lieut., 418.
Webster, Mr., 299, 485.
Wedding invitation, 83; of 1776, 129.
Wemple, Col., 70.
Wendell, Col., 23, 27, 31.
Wendell, Jacob, 26, 28 29, 30, 33.
Wendell, John, 28.
Wendell, John H., 169, 327, 334, 412.
Wendell, John Mico, 26, 31, 34.
Wendell, Madm., 26.
Wendell, Maria, 17.
Wendell Mr., 33.
Wendover, Peter H., 338.
Westerlo, General, 331.
West Point, ideas, 124; Military Academy at, 407.
Whaley, Hercules, 95.
Wheeler, John W., 342.
Whipple, John, 432, 433, 434; murdered, 432.
Whipple, Mrs., 433, 434.
Whipple, Mrs. Elsie, 433.
Whistler, J., 231; to Gen. Van Rensselaer, 230.
Whitehall, Gen. Montgomery, buried at, 331.
White, Henry, 40.
Wibird, Richd., 29, 31, 34.
Wilkinson, 110; appointed deputy adjutant general, 141; to Capt. Van Rensselaer, 140; to Maj. Van Rensselaer, 155; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 186.
Wilkinson, Capt., 53.
Wilkinson, General, 34, 68, 96, 99, 102, 132, 134, 137, 138, 140, 141, 142, 152, 153, 154, 155, 186, 212, 255, 258, 308, 318, 321; to secretary of war, 153.
Wilkinson, James, 145, 152, 187, 313, 316, 326.
Wilkinson, Mrs., 155.
Willard Elias, 334.
Willett, Col., 71, 241.
Willett, Lieut. Col. M., 239.
Willett, M., 335.
Willett, Col. Marinus, 79, 80, 238, 242, 411; to General Van Rensselaer 238.
Williams, Captain, 331, 333.
Williams, Colonel 325.
Williams, Col. John, 332, 333, 334, 102.
Williams, D. R., 310.
Williams, Elisha, 170, 182, 340; death of, 182.
Williams, Lewis, 109, 410; to Sol. Van Rensselaer, 409.
Williams, Major J. R., 409, 421, 422.
Wilie, Walter, 15.
Wilson, Dr., 244, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292; to Maj. Lovett, 291.
Winchester, Gen., 143, 145.
Winder, Col., 268, 269, 270, 279
Winder, Gen., 301, 319, 320.
Winne, Wm. B., 382; Billy, the penny post, 382.
Winston, Major, 112, 119.
Wirt, Mr., 380.
Wisner, Henry, 55.
Woodcock, 375.
Woodcock, David, 368, 389.
Wood, Elias, 338.
Wood, Silas, 368, 405.
Woodstock, the birth place of the Black Prince, 129.
Woodworth, Capt., 422.
Woodworth, John, 170, 185, 368.
Wool, Captain, 252, 258, 273, 286; report of, 272; to Col. Van Rensselaer, 272.
Wool, Capt. Gen., 285.
Wool, John E., 263, 272, 421, 422, 424.
Woolsey, Capt., 288.
Wooster, Gen., 48, 49, 50.
Wolfe, Gen., 31, 330.
Worth, Major, 333.
Wright, Gen., 299.
Wright, Mr., 464.

Yankee dinner party, 487.
Yates, Christopher, 56.
Yates, Col., 335.
Yates, Gov., 409, 414.
Yates, John Van Ness, 432.
Yates, Joseph C., 108, 337, 368.
Yates, Judge, 108, 341, 400.
Yates, Mr., 51.
Yates, Peter W., 158.
Yates, Richard, 52; to Philip Van Rensselaer, 52.
Yates, Robert, 42, 57.

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